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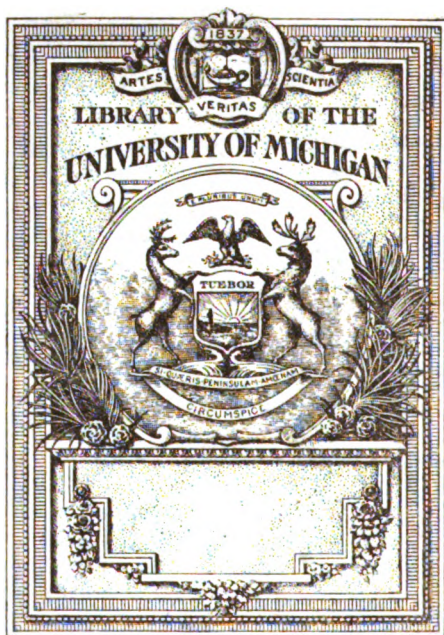
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THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR



Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

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JANUARY, 1885.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EGYPTIAN SPHYNX.

AUNT ADELINE was afraid of winter journeys as well as of the tumultuous festivities of Silverfold; so at twelve o'clock, Colonel Mohun drove the pony carriage to meet the little trim Brownie who stepped out of the station, the porter carrying behind her a huge thing, long, and swathed in brown paper, 'It is quite light; it won't hurt,' she said, 'It must go with us. Put your legs across it, Regie. That's right.'

'Then what becomes of yours?'

'Mine can go anywhere,' said Miss Mohun, crumpling herself up in some mysterious manner under the fur rug, while they drove off, her luggage sticking far off on either side of the splashboard.

'What, in the name of wonder, are you smuggling in there?'

'If you must know, it is the body of a mummy over whose dissection you will have to assist.'

'Ah! Rotherwood is coming.'

'Rotherwood!'

'And his little girl. Just like him. Lily gets a note this morning from London, telling her to telegraph if she can't have them by the 5.20 train. I've just been ordering a fly. It seems that Lady Rotherwood, going to meet Ivinghoe at the station, coming from school, found he had measles coming out! So they packed off his sister to Beechcroft without having seen him, and thence Rotherwood took her to London.'

'And is having a fine frolic with her, no doubt, but he might as well have given Lily more notice, considering that a marquis or two makes more difference to her household than it does to his.'

'Oh! she is glad enough, only in some trepidation as to how Mrs. Halfpenny may receive the unspecified maid that the child may bring.'

'How jolly we shall be! I wish Ada had come.'

'I tried to drag her out, but it gets harder and harder to shake her up. You must come back with me and see her.'

'I say, Jane, have you seen Maurice's child lately?'

'Not very. She wouldn't come with the others last week.'

'What do you think about her? I thought leaving her with Lily would have been the making of her. Indeed, I told Maurice there could not be a better brought up set anywhere than the Merrifields, and that Lily would mother her like one of her own; and now I find her moping about, looking regularly down in the mouth. I got hold of her one day and tried to find out what was the matter, but she only said she would not complain. Can they bully her?'

'I'll tell you what, Maurice, Lily is a great deal too kind to her. She has a kind of temper that won't let them make friends with her.'

'Come now! She was a nice jolly little girl at home. She and I have had no end of larks together, and it is hard to blame her for fretting after her home, poor child—Aye! I know you never liked her or she might have done better with you and Ada than turned in among a lot of imps.'

'I'm thankful it was otherwise!'

'Now do, Jane, set your mind to it. Don't be prejudiced, but make those sharp eyes of some use. I really feel bound to give Maurice an account of Dolly, and tell him what is best for her.'

'I believe,' said Jane, 'that there is some counter-influence at work, and I am trying to find it out; but after all, I believe patience is the only thing, and that Lily will conquer her, if nobody meddles.'

'Tis not Lily I am afraid of, but her children.'

'Nonsense, Regie; one would think you had never been turned loose into school to be licked into shape.'

'She is a girl, not a cub like me.'

'A worse cub, for she has not your temper, sir, and moreover, you had had the wholesome discipline of a large family. Besides, nobody teases but Wilfred. Gillian and Mysie behave like angels to the tiresome puss.'

'Well, I'm bound to believe you, Jenny, but I don't like the looks of it.'

Aunt Jane's mysterious parcel was greeted rapturously, and conveyed into the dining-room, which had a semi-circular end, filled with glass, and capable of being shut off with heavy curtains, when the season made snugness desirable. This bay had been set apart from the first for her operations, the tree, whose second season it was, having been taken up and already erected in the centre of the room, not much the worse for last years excursion, for if rather stunted,

that was all the better. No one was excluded from the decoration thereof, since that was the best part of the sport to those too old for the mystery—and yet young enough to fasten sconces where their candles would infallibly set fire to the twigs above them. The only defaulters were Jasper, who had preferred going down to the meadows with his gun; and Dolores, who had retired to the drawing-room with a book, on having a paper star removed from immediate risk of conflagration. 'They were determined not to let her help,' she said.

So she only emerged when the workers halted for a merry, hurried meal in the schoolroom, where Jasper appeared, very late, very cross at having had to make himself fit to be seen, and likewise, at having brought home no spoil, the snipes having been so malicious as to escape him. Having sallied forth before the post came in, it was only now that it broke on him that visitors were expected, and he did not like it at all.

'I thought we had got rid of all the enemy!' he growled, at his end of the table.

'That's what he calls Constance,' thought Dolores.

'Polite,' observed Gillian.

'This will be worse still, being lords and ladies,' grumbled on Jasper, 'I hate swells.'

'Oh! but these aren't like horrid common fine lords and ladies,' cried Mysie, 'why you know all mamma's old stories about the fun they had with cousin Rotherwood.'

'What's the good of that! That's a hundred years ago. He'll just make mamma and Uncle Regie of no good at all! And then there's a girl too—' (in a tone of inconceivable disgust) 'I don't want strange girls—an awful stuck up swell of a Londoner, not able to do anything! I wish I had gone to spend Christmas with Bruce! I would if I had known it was to be like this.'

The speech brought Mysie to the verge of tears. Aunt Jane's sharp ears heard it, and she looked at the head of the table, expecting to hear a rebuke; but Lady Merrifield turned a deaf ear on that side. Only after the meal, she called her son, 'Jasper,' she said, 'I want to send a note to Redford, if you like to ride over with it. You need not come home till eight o'clock, if it is moonlight, if the boys are disengaged, and if you do really wish to keep out of the way.'

Jasper's eyes fell under hers.

'Mamma, I don't want that.'

'Only you said more than you meant, Japs. If it relieves your mind, it hurts other people. But I do want the note taken, so go and come back in time for the sports; which I don't think you will find much damaged.'

Meantime, Aunt Jane had ensconced herself behind the curtains; where she admitted no one but Miss Vincent and Uncle Reginald, and in process of time, mamma and Macrae. The others were still

fully employed in garnishing the tree, though it was only to bear lights, ornaments and sweets. All solid articles had been for some time past committed to a huge box, or ottoman, the veteran companion of the family travels, which stood in the centre of the bay. Into its capacious interior everybody had been dropping parcels of various sizes and shapes, with addresses in all sorts of hands, which were to find their destination on this great evening. This was part of the mystery that kept Mysie and Valetta in one continual dance and caper. It was all they could do not to peep between the curtains, when the privileged mortals went in and out, bearing all sorts of mysterious loads, well covered up from all eyes. Wilfred *did* make one attempt, but something extraordinary snapped at his nose, with a sharp crack, and drove him back with a start.

A lamp had been taken thither, and there really was nothing more to do to the tree, the scraps of packing had been picked up, and the hands, tingling from fir-needle pricks, had been washed, though not without protest from Valetta that it wasn't worth while, and from Wilfred that it was all along of these horrid swells—!

The sound of wheels summoned Lady Merrifield and her brother from the place of mystery, and she was in the hall when a fresh gust of keen air came in from the door, an ulstered figure hurried in and something small and furred was put into her embrace.

'Here's my Fly, Lily—! Look, Fly, here they all are—all the cousins. Off with the hat. Let us see your funny little face.'

It was a funny little smiling face, set in short light wavy hair, not exactly pretty, but with a bright quaint confiding look, as if used to be shown off by her father, and ready to make friends on the spot. 'And how is your boy?' as the round of greetings was completed, and the wraps thrown off.

'Going on capitally, better than he deserves, the young scamp, for suppressing all symptoms for fear he should be hindered from coming home. His mother was in a proper fright, she showed him to the doctor on the way, who told her to put him to bed at once, and send his sister out of the house. She never set eyes on him, or I would not have brought her here.'

'I am exceedingly glad you have,' said Lady Merrifield, bending for another kiss.

'And Lily, I've done another awful thing. Victoria kept old nurse to help with Ivinghoe, and we brought the Swiss *bonne*, Louise, away with us, but the poor thing found her sister very ill in London, and I hadn't the heart to bring her away, so Phyllis said she would do for herself, if your maid, or some of them, would have an eye to her.'

'There! I'm doubly glad, Rotherwood! If I had any fears it was not of you, or Phyllis; but that like Vich Ian Vohr, she should have her tail on. And, oh! Rotherwood, do you know what you are in for?'

'High jinks of some sort, I've no doubt. We picked up a couple

of boxes at Gunter's and Miller's with a view thereto. Who is master of the revels?'

'Jane. She's too deep in preparations to come forth at present. Gillian, will you take Phyllis to the nursery, and take care of her. We are to have a very high tea at half-past six; but, Rotherwood, I promise that another day you shall have a respectable dinner in this house.'

'Return to the prose of life, eh, Lily? Well, Fly, what do you think of it?'

'O, Daddy, aren't you glad we came?' she cried, dancing off, in Gillian's wake, arm-in-arm with Mysie and Valetta, while he called after her, 'Find the boxes, and make them over to the right quarter.'

This was enough to make the whole bevy of children rush away, and only the three elders remained. Lord Rotherwood said, 'This is short notice, Lily; but I did not know Reginald was here, and I thought you might want help. Don't be frightened, only a queer thing has happened. I went to W.'s bank yesterday. I thought they looked at me as if something was up, and by-and-by one of the partners came and took me into his private room. There he showed me a cheque, and asked my opinion whether the writing was Maurice's. And I should say it decidedly was, but it was actually for seventy pounds, payable to order of Miss Dolores M. Mohun.'

'Seventy!'

'Yes, and dated the 19th of August.'

'Just before Maurice went.'

There was a sudden silence, for the door opened; but it was to admit Miss Mohun, who began, 'Oh! Rotherwood, you are too munificent. Why, what's the matter?' Lady Merrifield hastily explained as far as she yet understood, what had brought him.

'How did they get the cheque?' she asked.

'Sent up from the country bank where it had been cashed—Darminster.'

'Ah!' came from both the aunts.

Lord Rotherwood went on. 'They asked me who Miss Dolores Mohun was, and I could do no otherwise than tell them, and likewise where to find her, but I explained that she is a mere child; and I told them I would come down here, so I hope you will have as little annoyance as possible.'

'It is very good of you, Rotherwood, but I can't understand it at all. Was her name on the back?'

'Certainly; I told them I thought the whole thing must be a well got up forgery, and a confidential clerk was to go down to-day to Darminster to try to find out who gave it in there.'

'Darminster! Flinders!' ejaculated Miss Mohun.

'Regie,' exclaimed Lady Merrifield; 'what did you say about having seen some one like Dolores at Darminster station?'

'I was nearly jumping out after her. I should have said it was herself, if it had not been impossible. Why she was with you at Rockstone, and it was a pouring, dripping day,' said the Colonel.

'No, she was not. She begged to spend the day with Constance Hacket, and we picked her up as we came home. Poor child, what has she been doing? I have not looked after her properly.'

'But need she have had anything to do with it?' said Colonel Mohun. 'How should a cheque of Maurice's come into her possession?'

'She did tell me,' said Lady Merrifield, 'that her father had left one with her to pay for some German scientific book that might be sent for him.'

'I see, then!' cried Miss Mohun. 'That wretch Flinders must have got into communication with her, and induced her to fill up her father's cheque for him.'

'But why should it be Flinders?' said Lord Rotherwood.

'Jane found out that he is living at Darminster, and has been trying to put me on my guard,' returned Lady Merrifield.

'It is all that fellow Flinders, depend upon it,' said Colonel Mohun. 'He is quite capable of it, and you'll find poor Dolly has nothing to do with it. Quite preposterous. And look here, Lily, let the poor child alone to enjoy herself to-night. Most likely Rotherwood's clerk, or detective, or whatever he may be, will have ferreted out the rights of the matter at Darminster. I sincerely hope he will, and have Flinders in custody, and then you will have upset her and accused her all for nothing.'

'I am glad you think so, Regie,' said Lady Merrifield. 'I am thankful enough to wait, and hope it will be explained without spoiling the children's evening.'

'All right,' said the visitor; 'I only hope I have not spoilt yours.'

'Oh! one learns to throw things off. I shall believe it is all Flinders, and none of it the child's,' said Lady Merrifield, carefully avoiding a glance that could show her any gesture of dissent on the part of her sister, and only looking up for her brother's nod of approval. 'Besides, how foolish it would be to worry myself when I have two such protectors! It was very good in you, Rotherwood, I only hope we shall take good care of your Fly, and that her mother will be satisfied about her.'

'She knew the little woman and I should have a lark together,' said he. 'The governess was safe out of reach, holiday-making, so I could have her all to myself. Victoria suggested her brother's, and we must go there before we have done, but business and the pantomime by good luck took us to London first. So when I wrote to you from the bank, I also let her know that I was obliged to take the little woman down here first. I *couldn't* take her to High Court till Louise is available again.'

'So much the better, I'm sure.'

'And what I was going to say is, that Rotherwood has been startlingly munificent and splendid,' said Aunt Jane. 'We shall have a set of new surprises.'

'I don't in the least know what I brought. I only told each of them to put up such a box as they sent out for Christmas concerns. Do precisely what you please with them.'

'Come and see, Lily, for I think there will be enough to reserve a fresh lot of things for Miss Hacket's affair. By-the-by, Regie, did you say it rained at Darminster?'

'Poured all the way down.'

'Well, we had it quite fine.'

'Was it fine here?'

'Yes, certainly,' said Lady Merrifield, 'or Primrose would not have gone out. Take care of Rotherwood, Regie. You know his room.'

And the two sisters crossed the hall, where the 'very high tea' was being laid; hearing from the regions above sounds of exquisite glee and merriment, as perfect and almost as inexpressive of anything else as the singing of birds, so that they themselves could not help answering with a laugh, before they vanished into the chamber of mystery.

Indeed, Phyllis's conversation was like a fairy tale. Her brother's illness, which was not enough to damp anyone's spirits, had prevented or hindered a grand children's party as the Butterfly's Ball, where she was to have been the Butterfly, and Lord Ivinghoe the Grasshopper, and all the children were to appear as one of the characters in Roscoe's pretty poem. Never was anything more delightful to the imagination of the little cousins, and they could not marvel enough at her seeming so little uneasy about anything so charming, and quite ready and eager to throw herself headlong into all their present enjoyments, making wonderful surmises as to the mystery in preparation.

Dolores heard the laughing, and it did not suit with her vaguely uneasy and injured frame of mind; feeling dreadfully lonely too, as she came downstairs, dressed for the evening, but not knowing where to go, for the dining-room was engrossed, the school-room was dark, and the fire out, the drawing-room occupied by the two gentlemen. She crouched down in one of the big arm chairs on either side of the hearth in the hall, and began to read by the firelight. Presently Jasper came in from his ride, and began taking off his greatcoat, leggings, and boots, whistling as he did so, then perceiving the tempting object of a black leg sticking out of the chair, he stole up across the soft carpet, and caught hold of the ankle. He received a vigorous kick in return (which perhaps he expected) but what he did not expect was the black figure that rose up in outraged dignity and indignation. 'For shame! I won't be insulted!'

'Whew! I thought t'was Val! I beg your pardon.'

'I shall ask my aunt if I am to be insulted.'

'Well, if you choose to take it in that way. A man can't do more than beg pardon! I'm sure I would never have presumed to touch you, if I had known it was your Dolorousness.'

And he turned to walk away, just as the babbling ripple of laughter began to flow downstairs, and a whole mass of little girls intertwined together was descending. 'I always hop,' said a voice new to him, 'except on the great staircase, and mother doesn't like it there. But this is such a jolly stair. Can't you hop?'

Hopping in a threefold embrace on a slippery stair was hardly a safe pastime, and before Jasper had time to utter more than 'Hollosa there! take care,' there descended suddenly on him an avalanche of little girls, knocking him off his feet, so that all promiscuously rolled down two or three steps together. Fergus and Primrose, who had somehow been holding on behind, remained upright, but nevertheless screaming. The shrieks of the fallen were, however, laughter. There was a soft rug below, and by the time the gentlemen had rushed out of the dining room, and the ladies from the curtained recess, giggling below and legs above were chiefly apparent.

'Anyone hurt?' was of course Lady Merrifield's cry.

'Oh! no, mamma. Only we are so mixed up we can't get up,' called out Mysie.

'Is this arm you or me?' exclaimed Phyllis, following up the joke.

'Come, sort yourselves, ladies and gentlemen,' said Lord Rotherwood, 'What's this, a Fly's wing?'

'No, it's mine,' cried Val, as his hand pulled her out, and the others extricated themselves, still laughing, so that they could hardly stand, and Fly declaring, 'Oh! Daddy, Daddy, it is such fun! I am so glad we came,' and taking a gratuitous leap into the air.

'Everyone to her taste,' said Lady Merrifield, 'I congratulate those to whom a compound tumble-down-stairs is felicity.'

'She has found her congenial element, you see,' said her father, as the elders proceeded up stairs to their toilette. 'Tis laughing gas with her to be with other children, and the *most laughingest* of all are naturally yours, old Lily.'

Meanwhile Jasper, risen on his stocking soles, looked all over at the little figure, dressed old picture fashion, in the simplest white frock with blue sash, and short cut hair tied back with blue. 'Well, you *are* a jolly little girl,' he said, 'and a cool customer too! What do you mean by knocking a fellow over the first time you see him?'

'And what do you mean by coming like a great—huge—big elephant in our way to stop up the stairs?' demanded Fly, in return.

'Do you mean to *insinuate* that 'twas I that made you fall?' said Jasper. 'I, that was quietly walking up the stairs, when down there came on me a shower—not cats and dogs, but worserer, far worserer! Why, I'm kilt! my nose is flat as a pancake, I shan't recover my beauty all the evening for the great swells that are coming.'

'Jasper, Japs,' called his mother's warning voice, 'you *must* come up and dress, for tea is going in.'

He obeyed, rushing two steps at a time; but meeting, at the bottom of the attic flight, his sister Gillian, he demanded 'Gill, what awfully jolly little girl have they got down there?'

'Why, Fly, of course, Lady Phyllis Devereux—'

'No, no, nothing swell, a comical little soul, with no nonsense about her, in a white thing.'

'Well, that's Phyllis. There's no one else there.'

'I say, Gill, t'is like sunshine and clouds. She and the other, I mean. Why, I gave a little pull to a foot I saw in the arm chair, thinking it belonged to Val, and out breaks my Lady of the Rueful Countenance, vowing she'll complain that I've insulted her; and as to the other, the whole lot of them tumbled over me together on the stairs, and she did nothing but laugh and chaff.'

'I hope she is not a romp,' said the staid Gillian, sagely, as she went downstairs.

But on that score she was soon satisfied, Phyllis Devereux was a thorough little lady, wild and merry as she was, and enchanted to be in the rare fairyland of child companionship. And that indeed she had, Mysie and Valetta, between whose ages she stood, hung to her inseparably, and Jasper was quite transformed from his grim superciliousness into her devoted knight. At tea time there was a competition for the seats next to her, determined by Valetta's taking one side, in right of the birthday, and Jasper the other, because he secured it, and Mysie gave way to him because he was Japs, and she always did. While Dolores laid up a store of moralisings on the adulation paid to the little lady of title, and at the same time speculated what concatenation of circumstances could ever make her Lady Dolores Mohun. On the whole, it would be more likely that her father should gain a peerage by putting down a Fijian rebellion than that it should be discovered that his mother, Lady Emily, had been the true heiress of the Marquisate, and even so, an uncomfortable number of people must be disposed of before it could come to him. She had one consolation, however, for Uncle Reginald, always kind to her, was particularly affectionate this evening, as if he would not have that little foolish Fly set up before her.

The tea and the tree both went off joyously. There is no need to describe the spectacle to folks who can count their Christmas trees by the years of their life, and the memorable part of this one was that much of the fruit that had been left hanging on it was now metamorphosed into something much more gorgeous—oranges had become eggs full of sugar plums, gutta-percha monkeys grinned on the branches, golden flowers had sprung to life on the ends of the twigs, a lovely jewel-like lantern crowned the whole, and as to sweets, everybody—servants and all—had some delightful devices containing them, whether drum, bird, or bird's nest.

Before the distribution was over, it was observed that Aunt Jane and Uncle Reginald, also Harry, had vanished from the scene. There was a pause, during which such tapers as began to burn perilously low, were extinguished, an operation as delightful apparently as the fixing them. Presently a horn was heard, and a start or shudder of mysterious ecstasy pervaded the audience, as a tall figure came through the curtains, and announced :

‘Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to inform you that a fresh discovery has been made in the secret chambers of the Pyramid of Chops, otherwise known as Te-Gun-Ter-ra. A mummy has been disinterred, which is about to be opened by the celebrated Egyptologist, Herr Professor Freudigfeldius, who has likewise discovered the means of making such a conjuration of the Sphynx that she will not only summon each of the present company by name, but will require of each of them to reply to a question. The penalty of a refusal is well known !’

Therewith the curtains were drawn back, and a scene was presented which made some of the spectators start. Behind was the semblance of a wall marked with the joints of large stones, and lighted (apparently) with two brass lamps. On the floor lay extended an enormous mummy, with the regulation canvas case, and huge flaps of ears, between which appeared a small painted face, and below lay a long, gaily coloured scroll in hieroglyphics. Exalted stiffly in a seat placed on a seeming block of stone, was a figure, with elbows, as it were, glued to its sides, and hands crossed, altogether stone coloured and monumental, and with the true Sphynx head, surrounded with beetles, lizards, and other mystic creatures (very chocolate coloured). And beside her stood the Herr Professor, in a red fez, long dark gown, and spectacles, a flowing beard concealing the rest of his face. How delightful to see such an Egyptologist ! Even though one perfectly knew the family beard and fez ; also that the gown was papa’s old dressing-gown, captured for the theatrical wardrobe. And how grand to hear him speak, even though his broken English continually became more vernacular.

‘Liebes Herrschaft,’ he began, ‘I vould, nobles, gentry, and ladies say. You here see the embalmed rests of the celebrated monarch Nic-nao-ci-no. Lately up have I them graben, and likewise his tutelar Sphynx have found, and have even to give signs of animation compelled.’

Touching the effigy with his wand, she emitted certain growls and hisses, which made Primrose hide her face in alarm at anything so uncanny, and Lord Rotherwood observe,

‘Nearly related to the cat-goddess Pasht ; I thought so.’

‘There was something of the lion or cat in the Sphynx,’ said Gillian, gravely, while the three little girls clasped each other’s hands with delightful thrills of awe and expectation.

‘Observe,’ continued the Professor, ‘the outer case with the features

of the deceased is painted. I should conclude that King Nio-nac, etcetera, had been of a peculiarly jolly—I mean frolich—nature, judging by the grin on his face. We proceed——’

As he laid his hand on the wrapper, the Sphynx gave utterance to sounds so like the bad language of a cat that some looked round for one. The Professor waved at her, and she subsided. He turned back the covering, and demanded, ‘Will the amiable Fräulein, there, Mademoiselle Valetta, come and see what treasures she can discover in the secrets of the tomb?’

Val, who in right of her birthday, had expected the first call, jumped up, but the Sphynx made awful noises as she advanced, and the Professor explained that she would have to answer the Sphynx’s question first.

‘But I don’t know Egyptian,’ she observed.

‘Never mind, it will sound like English.’

It did so, for it was, ‘How many months old art thou, maiden?’

Val’s arithmetic was slightly scared. She clasped her hand nervously, and was indebted to the Professor for the *sotto voce* hint, ‘twelve nines,’ before she uttered ‘a hundred and eight.’

The Sphynx relapsed into stoniness, and the Herr professor guided the hands, which trembled a little, to the interior of the mummy, whence they drew out a basket, labelled (wonderful to relate) Val, and containing—oh! such treasures, a blue egg full of needlework implements, a new book, an Indian ivory case, a skipping rope, a shuttlecock, and other delights past description. The exhibition of them was only beginning, when the Professor called for Primrose, who was too much frightened to come alone, and therefore was permitted to be brought by Mrs. Halfpenny. The Sphynx was particularly amiable on this occasion, and only asked ‘When Primroses came?’ and as the little one, in her shy fright did not reply, Nurse did so, with, ‘Come, missie, can’t you find a word to tell that mamma’s Primrose came in spring.’ This was allowed to pass, and Mrs. Halfpenny bore off her child, clutching a doll’s cradle, stuffed with pretty things, and for herself a bundle wrapped up in a shawl from Sir Jasper himself.

After Primrose was gone to bed, the Sphynx became much more ill tempered and demonstrative, snarling considerably at the approach of some of the party, some of whom replied with convulsive laughter, some, such as Jasper, with demonstrations of ‘poking up the Sphynx.’ She had a question for everybody—Fly was asked, ‘Which was best, a tree or a Butterfly’s ball?’ and answered, with truthful politeness, that where Mysie and Val were was best of all. She carried off a collection that had hastily been made of Indian curiosities, photographs of her two friends, and a book; and her father, after being asked ‘What was the best of insects?’ and replying, ‘On the whole, I think it is my house fly, even when she isn’t a butterfly,’ received a letter-weight

of brass, fashioned like an enormous fly, which Lady Merrifield had snatched up from the table for the purpose. The maids giggled at the well-known conundrums proposed to them, and Dolores had a very easy question—‘What was the weather this day week?’

‘A horrid wet day,’ she promptly answered, and found herself endowed with a parcel containing some of the best presents of all, bangles from the Indian box, a beautiful pair of stork-like scissors, a writing case, &c.

‘The Sphynx’s invention is running low,’ observed Jasper to Gillian, when the creature put the same question about last week’s weather to Herbert, the page boy, as a prelude to his discovering the treasures of the mummy, as a knife and an umbrella. His view of the weather was that it was ‘a fine day ma’am! yes, a fine day.’

Macrae came last, and the Sphynx asked him which of the two contrary views was right.

‘It was fine, ma’am, that I know. For I walked down with nurse, and little Miss Primrose into Silverton, to help to carry her in case she was tired, and we never had occasion to put up an umbrella.’

Wherewith Macrae received his combination of gifts and retired; the mummy being completely rifled, and the construction of the body, a frame of light open wicker work, revealed. Aunt Jane had had it made at the basket maker’s, while as to the head and covering, her own ingenious fingers had painted and fashioned them. Every body had to look at everybody’s presents, a lengthened operation, and then there was a splendid game at blind man’s buff in the hall, in which all the elders joined, except mamma, who had to go and sit in the nursery with the restless and excited Primrose, while Mrs. Halfpenny and Lois went down to the servants’ festivity.

When she came down again, it was to quiet the tempest of merriment, and send off the younger folks in succession to bed, till only the four elders and Hal remained on the scene, waiting till there was reason to think the household would be ready for prayers.

‘It was Dolores that you saw at Darminster, Reginald,’ said Miss Mohun quietly.

‘You Sphynx woman, how do you know?’

‘You said it was raining at Darminster.’

‘Yes, that it was, everywhere beyond the tunnel through the Darfield hills.’

‘Exactly, I know they make a line in the rainfall. Well, here it was dry, but Dolores called it a wet day.’

‘Now I call that too bad, Jane, to lay a trap for the poor child in the game,’ cried Colonel Mohun, just as if they had still been boy and girl together.

‘It was to satisfy my own mind,’ she said, colouring a little. ‘I didn’t want anyone to act on it. Indeed, I think there will be no occasion.’

'Besides,' he added, 'it is nothing to go upon! No doubt, if it wasn't raining, it was the next thing to it here, and how was she to recollect at this distance of time? I won't have her caught out in that way!'

'I am glad she has a champion, Regie,' said Lady Merrifield. 'Here come the servants.'

(To be continued.)

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

DULCIE ON HER DEFENCE.

'I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more.'

ALL the comfort and satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Fordham's visit to Sloane House was destroyed by these events, and in spite of the best intentions on both sides, there was a certain awkwardness in their presence at this particular juncture. They had agreed together that it would be highly unfair to visit the late unlucky train of events in any way on Geoffrey, who was, so far as they knew, perfectly blameless, and whom they had accepted with the knowledge of the circumstances that lay in the background; but of course the present state of affairs was highly distasteful to them. Dulcie was reserved, and more unhappy than she understood, May unusually subdued, and though Mrs. Leighton preserved a cheerful demeanour, she was pale, suffering heart thrillings at which the girls could only guess.

Once, as she came on Dulcie standing forlornly by the fire, she drew her close and kissed her.

'My little daughter soon,' she said, and Dulcie burst into tears for which the mother asked her no reason.

But when the evening passed without either telegram, letter, or arrival, the vague uneasiness increased, and 'We shall hear in the morning,' was all that they dared to say to each other. But the morning brought no letter.

'I think papa must have gone to Willingham,' said Mrs. Leighton, 'but it is very odd that none of them have written, though if Frank is very ill they would not leave him.'

It was not till the afternoon that the front door opened, and Mr. Leighton came slowly in.

May flew up to him, with the vehement reproaches that often spring from sudden relief.

'Papa, why didn't you write to us, or send us a telegram? It was a shame to keep us all in suspense.'

'I thought Geoffrey would have told you that I went to Willingham,' he said, surprised.

'But we haven't seen Geoffrey.'

'Not seen him? I sent Geoffrey home yesterday. Alick is staying

at Fordham, and it was necessary for me to see the Osgoods. Isn't he here?'

'He has never been here,' cried Mrs. Leighton. 'Oh, James! what has happened? What reason can keep him away?'

'I wish I had made him promise,' said Mr. Leighton, as if less surprised than the rest. And then, in question and answer, the whole story came out, of Geoffrey's double confession, of his shame and misery, and of the impossibility of his staying at Fordham.

'Alick has behaved very well. He is doing what he can for poor Frank. But I sent Geoffrey back here; I suppose he could not bring himself to tell his tale.'

'Do I understand you to say,' said Captain Fordham, 'that Geoffrey discovered this unfortunate man three weeks ago, and concealed the fact? That he treated him with unfeeling harshness, and was indifferent to the alarm on his account from a selfish motive? I am surprised to hear it.'

'I think he hardly realised what he did in the misery of seeing his conviction confirmed.'

'When I recollect what passed here on Saturday, I am surprised,' said Captain Fordham.

'He was wrong, and he knows it,' said Mr. Leighton, briefly.

Dulcie had stood perfectly still, stunned by the words; but as her mother put her arm round her, she drew away from her with a sudden blaze in her eyes, and went up to May Leighton, grasping her hand.

May hardly heeded her, she was trembling and full of excitement.

'I may speak now,' she said, half sobbing, 'I am quite sure—ever since I thought of it I have been sure—that Alick is our brother. I do think so; but I love Geoff too.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Leighton, with a long deep sigh. 'I do not differ from the view that Geoffrey himself arrived at. I see that Frank thinks so, and the Osgoods all seem to have been always of the same opinion, Marian?'

There was a certain tone of appeal in the last word, she came up to him and pressed his hand hard and was silent.

'I do not care!' said Dulcie, 'I think so too; but I do not care! I don't care whose son Geoffrey is. It does not matter to me.'

'Nor to me,' said Captain Fordham. 'My mind on that point is made up. But it does matter both to me and to my daughter that he has shown himself capable of dishonourable conduct.'

'Oh! hush,' said Mrs. Fordham, appealingly; 'we can't know all about it. Poor Geoff will explain himself.'

'But where is Geoffrey?' said Mrs. Leighton.

'He was in great distress and trouble of mind, and yesterday afternoon I sent him home. I am afraid his heart must have failed him. He would not stay with Spencer or with his brother. Has not Dulcie heard from him?'

Dulcie shook her head, she could not speak.

'You saw General Osgood?' said Captain Fordham.

'Yes; he was very considerate, and will do what is right by the little girl; but I do not myself see any reason why poor Frank should not recover.'

Captain Fordham did not say that this recovery was hardly to be wished; but he looked disturbed in no common degree. He thought that Geoffrey had been both deceitful and cruel, and though he did not intend to be influenced by any new lights on his parentage, he could not but feel that a mere puzzling story in the background was a different thing from all this actual discredit in the present.

'Under these circumstances,' he said, hesitatingly, 'perhaps Dulcie would be happier to return with her mother and me to-morrow morning.'

'No, papa, I shall wait for Geoffrey,' said Dulcie, with decision.

'Don't insist,' whispered Mrs. Fordham, 'let her have time to think. We can settle it to morrow.'

She gained her point, and went upstairs with her husband, and as Mr. and Mrs. Leighton stood talking earnestly together, Dulcie and May crept into the empty study, and crouched upon the hearthrug, clinging together.

'Oh! May, where is he?' whispered Dulcie.

'Are you frightened about him?' said May. 'Oh! I never thought of that! How could he come home and tell us what he had done? Oh! it was very wrong.'

'I can't care—I can't think! Oh! if I could see him!' cried Dulcie, suddenly starting up. 'I'd go to the end of the world if I could find him!'—she cried out sharply, wringing her hands together.

May stood appalled, as frightful possibilities began to crowd upon her mind. She had been thinking all day of the hard decision between the two brothers, thinking that the one of whom she was the proudest was not her own. For May was clever and logical too, and knew the Osgoods, and she had her opinion. And then came the shock of hearing that Geoffrey had behaved so ill. After that anything might be possible. He might have run away, *like his father!* Poor May could have screamed as this horrible suggestion came into her mind.

'Perhaps he missed the train,' she said, vaguely. And even as she spoke, a sharp rap and ring made them both rush out into the hall, as Mr. Leighton, beforehand with them, opened the door, and received a telegram.

'Geoffrey, Exeter, to James Leighton, Sloane House, Chelsea.

'I cannot bring myself to face any one at present. I am going to take a walking-tour on Dartmoor. I will write when my mind is calmer. I claim nothing from any one. Letters will find me at Chagford in a few days.'

'The foolish boy!' exclaimed Mr. Leighton, as he read the com-

munication aloud. 'What good can this do?' while poor Dulcie, between relief and disappointment, burst into piteful sobbing.

'This is selfish of Geoffrey,' said Mrs. Leighton, as she took the poor girl in her arms. 'He has not thought of Dulcie's feelings.'

'Please,' said Dulcie, 'let me go away by myself.'

No one could help her in this miserable strait. She did not want them to pity *her*, and blame of Geoffrey hurt her like a blow. Still, as she lay on her bed in the dark, with hidden face, she did not hide from herself that the blame was deserved. A great trial had come upon Geoffrey, and he had failed to bear it. The stress of personal suffering and the fear of personal shame had made him selfish and harsh. In a critical moment he had done the wrong thing, not the right; and the concealment afterwards when Frank Osgood's fate was in the balance, when he himself had been praised for generous straightforwardness, dashed all her happy, innocent hero-worship to the ground. It was a great fall, a great shortcoming, and it came fully within her knowledge and comprehension. She could not deny it, and she did not try to excuse it. She had once told Geoffrey that she was afraid shame would be easier to bear than death; but at that moment she almost felt that she had rather have stood by Geoffrey's grave; almost, and yet the worst sting of her agony lay in his absence and silence.

She heard someone moving about the room, and presently there was a glow of firelight in the darkness, and looking up, she saw Mrs. Leighton standing beside her.

'Dear child,' she said, 'I have brought you some tea. You must not make yourself ill. That would be something more for my poor Geoff to reproach himself with.'

'Oh! I shall not be ill,' said Dulcie, sitting up. 'Only—only—why does he stay away?'

There was a sob in her voice, and her eyes looked woefully out the curly hair which had tumbled over her face.

'We think,' said Mrs. Leighton; 'his father and I think, that it will be better to leave Geoffrey to come to himself in his own way. You see he has not left us in suspense, and has given us the means of writing to him. He knew well enough, foolish boy, that his best chance of being left in peace was to give an address. He is quite able to take care of himself, and though,' added Mrs. Leighton, trying at a little joke, 'I shouldn't think Dartmoor was an agreeable place in this weather, he must do as he likes.'

Dulcie laughed a little in an absent sort of way.

'He has owned it *all*,' she said, wistfully.

'Yes—all his feelings. But, my dear, when I took those two babies in my arms I prayed that I might never make a choice between them, and I never shall. We can never arrive at certainty; and for my part, I don't see all these strong likenesses. And, of course, there will never be any outward difference made. Geoffrey has taken a

wrong view of the case all his life. From childhood he has seen it in a false and exaggerated light, and now he has made a sad failure, and has been overcome by these long indulged feelings in a time of severe temptation. But, my dear, he is not a dishonourable person; he has often acted most conscientiously and he will do so yet. He will conquer himself, you will see.

'I *know* he will,' said Dulcie, clinging to her. 'Alick never cared so much,' she added.

'Alick is more trustful. But, poor boy, I am afraid it has been hard to him too, and he has other troubles. He has never been jealous of Geoff's successes, and I am afraid Geoff has not been always kind to him.'

'It was because of this,' said Dulcie. 'Perhaps now he will.'

'Then take courage, my dear,' said Mrs. Leighton, 'and let us look at this as a crisis to be got through. I trust in Geoffrey's real principle to conquer his pride, and you must help him.'

'I will,' said Dulcie, with all her heart. And then she drank her tea, and got up and came downstairs, unwilling to admit that Geoffrey had given her cause of sorrow.'

But Geoffrey got harder measure from others; even the good-natured Fred finding nothing better to say of him, in intended excuse, than,

'Geoff always thought himself so much better than any one else, you see, that he can't bear to find out his mistake.'

Captain Fordham was very wroth with him, and early the next morning he called Dulcie away from the letter she was writing to Geoffrey, and beckoned her into the study. She did not look very miserable, her efforts to comfort Geoffrey having reacted on herself. She was not on very easy terms with her father, who had always been particular and hard to please, but she respected him exceedingly, and his high principles and clear views of right and wrong had formed her own. Dulcie had been taught never to utter the smallest white lie, never to allow that expediency might be a motive of action, and she knew that her father would, as she expressed it, 'be angry with Geoff.'

'Dulcie,' he said, after a few words, 'I am going to take you back. Your mother and I both think that at this juncture it is better for you to be with us.'

Dulcie looked very much startled.

'Oh! papa, I think Mrs. Leighton wants me,' she said.

'I am not going to conceal from you, Dulcie, that these events have been a great shock to me. When Geoffrey Leighton asked for my consent, I gave it, considering that his high personal character ought to outweigh the doubt of his parentage. Besides, as things stood then, the story was not likely to be remembered in connection with him. *Now* it cannot but make a talk, and I cannot like the connection. But I should disregard that, had Geoffrey acted differently. He has shown

a sort of weakness that I did not expect. I did not think he was capable of such want of straightforwardness.'

Dulcie stood quite still, looking across the room.

'Yes, I know he has done wrong,' she said, humbly, as if confessing her own shortcomings. 'But I know, too, that he is capable of repenting of it. And he will—he has.'

Captain Fordham looked surprised. He had expected a more vehement defence and a less determined resistance. Dulcie had advanced an argument which had some weight.

'My dear, he said, more hesitatingly, 'I don't wish to put any restraint upon you in the long run. I feel the case to be difficult; but I do think that what has passed has made it right for you to reconsider your engagement, and that you may do so quietly, and without any bias, I wish you to come home with me.'

'Reconsider my engagement!' echoed Dulcie, as much amazed as if her father had said that she was to reconsider her existence.

'Yes,' said Captain Fordham. 'I shall never think well again of Geoffrey. I won't hurt your feelings by using hard words of him; but look what he has done. By his own showing he believed this unfortunate man to be his father, and in fear of the discreditable connection he drove him harshly from his only refuge. He allowed every one to wonder what had become of him; he allowed his identity to be discovered, and he never spoke. And at last, when Aliok found him out, he never said,—he permitted himself to be praised for generous dealing, and never spoke till concealment was impossible. My dear, it grates upon me more than many conventional sins. It shows an inherent want of honour and generosity. It—it resembles the conduct of Tito, a type of such selfish weakness,' concluded Captain Fordham, growing more vehement as he spoke in the distress of grieving Dulcie, and in the wish to convince rather than to control her.

Dulcie had stood with drooping head, and, as he continued, she hid her face in her hands. The words cost her agony; she had never felt as she felt now since she had once peeped at the answer to a hard sum, and had been found out before her conscience drove her to confession.

'Tito was ungrateful,' she said, 'that's not like Geoffrey.' She spoke, but she was not fully thinking of what she said, for the words were not without weight.

Her father drew her towards him, and said brokenly, 'Oh, my little sweet, mamma and I have talked the whole night about it.'

'Papa, papa,' cried Dulcie. 'You're wrong; you're wrong. Geoffrey isn't bad as you say. I know it all. I know what he has done; but he'll make up for it. And I must help him; I can't give him up. Could I give up Jem or Edgar? And what would that be to this? I wouldn't give up myself,' she cried, 'though I'd repent in sackcloth and ashes; I'd do better by-and-by. And he is worth more than I am.'

'My darling, you cannot judge; and I force nothing on you, only I must have you away with me.'

'Oh, don't, papa—don't! It will be so unkind,' said Dulcie, at last in tears. 'Not now—they are so unhappy.'

Nothing, however, stirred Captain Fordham from his desire to take her away, and as she would not consent, he went to lay the case before Mrs. Leighton, though to her he said no word in blame of Geoffrey, only that 'at the present crisis he wished his daughter to be with her mother.'

Mrs. Leighton turned a little pale; but said quietly, 'I understand you. Perhaps in your place I should agree with you. She shall go.'

'Oh, not—not till Mr. Leighton comes back this evening,' entreated Dulcie.

'Will you not stay with us till to-morrow? It will grieve my husband much to find you gone,' said Mrs. Leighton.

Dulcie threw herself into her arms, straining her close.

She knew that she was not the right person to appeal to, especially in her father's presence; but she was too much excited to care.

'I will not give him up. It is not right to give him up,' she said.

'My darling,' said Mrs. Leighton; 'that depends on how much you love him. No—no promises; but think of what I say. I know you can understand it.' And Dulcie thought all through that miserable day.

Mrs. Fordham said nothing to hurt her; but Dulcie knew that she was deeply shocked at Geoffrey's conduct, and how could she deny that her mother was right. She felt that her engagement had suddenly become a thing over which they grieved instead of rejoicing. And oh! why did not Geoffrey write to her; why had he left her alone to bear this trial of her faith—this strain of her love? Perhaps some will say that she ought not to have felt it as a trial or a strain, and that even if forced against her will to believe that Geoffrey had done wrong, since the wrong was not against his love for her, she ought to have cared much less about it. Geoffrey was not false to *her*; he was as true a lover as ever. Was it for her to have scruples about his conduct when his heart was true?

But Dulcie was made of another kind of stuff. She had not grown up to think right conduct the one thing needful, and to measure every detail of her own, to think that it did not matter in her lover; and though she realised his excuses and his temptations as she would have realised her own, so also she saw his shortcomings. And she was very young, and what has been called 'the purity of the angelic judgment' of right and wrong had never been blunted or softened by her own or others' failures. This was the first time that any one dear to her had fallen short of the standard to which she believed all 'good people' to attain. It was not possible for her to say, what some of her friends were saying for her, that much as Geoffrey had erred in this particular case, yet, taking him all round, he was so free from

many other common failings, that she was not likely to find a better. She had not the instinctive defence of believing that her king could do no wrong. Was it merely the instinct of her heart that made her cling to him still; and must she do so *against* the dictates of her conscience. Crouching over the fire in her own room, shut up away from them all, away from Geoffrey, and with no creature on her side, Dulcie thought the matter out. She weighed her love and her lover in the balance, and she made up her mind.

She loved him well enough to bear with him, and for him, discredit and displeasure. Many girls would have so chosen. Dulcie made the choice knowing that they were deserved. She could not be blind to his faults; but she could do more: she could see that he was capable of rising above them, she could see that he was better than his behaviour. Geoffrey was no Tito in the depths of his heart; he loved the right as well as she did, and in the end he would do it.

The clear and truthful eyes, which could not blind themselves to the evil, were keen also for the good. Girl as she was, Dulcie was capable of that absolute justice which is the foundation of mercy, if not its very self, and which can never contradict it.

She held up her head, and a certain strength came into her soul. There was much to grieve for, much to endure, but she would not be utterly cast down. She went downstairs into the drawing-room, as she heard the door-bell ring, and found that Mr. Leighton had come in with her father.

Dulcie did not feel shy: she went up to her father, and stood by him.

'Papa,' she said, 'I have considered, and I shall not change. I shall help Geoffrey to gain back your respect. For I know that he can and will.'

'I did not call on you to decide to-day,' said Captain Fordham, rather repressively.

'I think he will, Dulcie,' said Mr. Leighton; 'but your father cannot be blamed for taking you away from us; for indeed I think Geoffrey has more in you than he deserves.'

Dulcie was too simple-minded to guess that the clinging embrace which she exchanged with Geoffrey's father could be unwelcome to her own, as showing where her heart was; and soon she went away to finish what was a hard letter to write to Geoffrey after all. She did not know that Captain Fordham had written his views to Geoffrey strongly enough already.

She had made up her mind; but though she was indeed still a helpmeet for Geoffrey, he had forfeited the right to her first joyful, unchecked pride in him for ever.

She went back to Fairfield with her parents early the next morning; and there, freed from the restraint which delicacy towards the Leightons imposed upon them, both father and mother showed her a special tenderness that went to her heart.

'They left her,' they said, 'to her convictions.'

But, oh! how hard those convictions were to maintain when Geoffrey sent no word to reinforce them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

'When a felon's not engaged in his employment,
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.'

DURING the week which followed these disclosures, Frank Osgood recovered sufficiently to be moved back to Laurel Villa, the doctor considering the risk of removal less than that of remaining in his present very uncomfortable quarters. He was very weak, and quite crippled with rheumatism, and his final recovery was thought doubtful, though he was no longer in immediate danger. The Osgood uncles undertook the necessary expenses; but they were in no hurry to seek for an interview with their nephew, and, against Mr. Leighton's opinion, General Osgood requested that he would continue to bear the name of Oakenshaw for the present, as it would conduce to less awkwardness. Their idea was that when he was better, an allowance should be made to him, on condition that he lived abroad, and that Minnie should be sent to school and educated for a governess. Frank said nothing; he knew they were doing their duty by him; but in his secret heart he thought that he had earned his bread for more than twenty years without their help, and that if he could only get well, he would take care that he and Minnie were neither separated nor interfered with. Frank disliked his respectable relations heartily, as is often the case with his kind. He resented old lectures and old contests, and did not see that their superior virtue gave them any right to dictate to him. He entertained none of this feeling towards his cousin James; but a press of business kept Mr. Leighton in London, and worried as he was about Geoffrey's affairs, perhaps he was not sorry.

Alick meanwhile paid his new relation a good deal of kind attention. He had got over the first awkwardness of the intercourse, and Frank never referred to the revelation which Mr. Leighton had made him. Alick felt very sorry for him, and found it possible to sympathise very heartily in any implied distaste of Osgood supremacy. Poor Alick was not aware of it, but it gave him quite a warm feeling towards Frank when the latter hinted that in old days Dr. Osgood had been priggish and dictatorial. Alick cultivated a high respect for his successful rival, still it was somehow soothing to hear that he had not been a popular young man, especially as nothing was ever said distinctly enough to make it right to contradict. But side by

side with the grudge he bore them, Frank had a certain odd pride in his good connections, and liked to talk about them, and to wonder how, being such as he remembered them, they had managed to be so prosperous and successful.

Minnie was supposed to know nothing, but she was a little pitcher with very long ears, and she used to sit and stare at Alick for minutes together, while her affronted avoidance of notice, certainly recalled Geoffrey's childhood.

Not that Alick's mind had consciously received the distinct impression which late events had brought to light in the others. As his mother said, 'he did not see all these strong likenesses.' If the Osgoods, as he put it, were sandy and carrotty, so were the Barlows, and Geoffrey, to his eyes, was quite as much like Alice as he was like Minnie; while Frank himself had a Leighton face. He advised his family to 'drop the subject;' it was a point on which Geoff had always had a screw loose. Of course, he would not have behaved ill about anything else; and, in his opinion, the truth could never be known, and he wrote to Geoffrey to the same effect. It was very odd, he thought, but since all this explosion, he did not mind the perplexity a bit; the finding of Frank had been agony to him, but now he could talk to him, and show him attention without feeling that anything lay behind. He was glad to do what he could. Besides, though the loss of Annie was ever present to him, he was honestly trying, on the highest motives, not to fall into the lazy languor, which was the form that low spirits took in him, and he had the comfort of in a measure succeeding. Frank Osgood received his attentions pleasantly, and was always glad to see Arthur Spencer; but as he got a little better, the latter felt that his *mind* was by no means passive in their hands, whatever might be the case with his person.

'Do you think,' asked Arthur one day of Alick, as they walked up Oxley High Street together after one of these visits, 'that he has any scheme of his own about his future?'

'I don't know,' said Alick, 'but somehow I think that he hasn't exactly *given in* to us, or to anybody? Do you know what I mean?'

'Yes. It seems to me that if he gets better—and I think now that he will—he could not do better than go out again with me. He could easily find a situation such as he had before; and now Minnie has friends who are bound to look after her. She could be left in England for her education like any other child.'

'Yes, he would hate to part with her,' said Alick; 'but of course it would be a very good plan in many ways.'

'He cannot well live in England, and I'm sure that he will wish to be independent.'

'I don't see,' said Alick, considering, 'what good it would do him for us to see him constantly.'

'No good at all,' said Arthur; 'my view is that if Minnie needed help, her first claim is on you and your brother, and of course that is

true of her father also. But if they can take care of themselves, I must own that I think the less said of your relationship to them the better. In particular, none of the ordinary feelings can be looked for on either side, and no one should blame themselves for what is inevitable. That is as it strikes an outsider.'

'I wish Geoffrey thought so!' said Alick.

'Have you heard from him?'

'No! he won't answer anyone's letters, and he has given no further address than Chagford. I've a great mind sometimes to go and look for him. It's so hard on mother and on Dulcie.'

'So it is,' said Arthur, 'I should have thought he could hardly have kept away from them.'

'I believe,' said Alick, 'from what I know of Geoff, that he is making up his mind to do something desperate. To give everyone up, you know, and proclaim himself an Osgood, perhaps! And you don't think that would be right?' and he looked at Arthur, with rather misty eyes.

'Certainly not,' said Arthur, 'I think it would be most uncalled for, very unkind to your parents, and also that it would bring most needless distress on Miss Fordham. And I don't think it would even gratify Oakenshaw.'

'Besides,' said Alick, 'Geoffrey cannot be sure. I don't feel at all sure myself.'

'No,' said Arthur, 'no one can be sure.'

Alick walked slowly on, evidently thinking deeply, and Arthur, added,

'I have the greatest pity for all Mr. Osgood has suffered, but I think he can have nothing to complain of in the way in which his return has been received by you all, except, of course, by Geoffrey, in the first shock, and there, Osgood acted most hastily and rashly.'

'You think,' said Alick, 'that if we, Geoff and myself, feel kindly, and hold ourselves ready to help in an emergency, and for Minnie to fall back upon, that's all we need do.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'that is how I see it; I am sure it would be quite a false view of duty to disturb in anyway existing relations.'

'But,' said Alick, 'it's not likely to be much in my power to help anyone.'

'You have certainly managed to feel kindly,' said Arthur, with a smile.

'Of course,' said Alick, walking on with his eyes on the ground, 'that business was a long time ago. But now—' Alick hesitated and stammered, and at last used the first formula that came into his head, 'now—do you think he is really an altered man?'

'Well,' said Arthur, 'I don't think that anyone could lead a long life, and go through such trials as his, without a softening influence. He was a good husband and father, and led a very inoffensive life

But I think seeing his relations again has renewed a kind of feeling towards them, belonging to defiant, ill-conducted days, and I should think he had never been in the way of such religious impressions as would lead him to any real *repentance*.'

'But nothing else will do,' said Alick, under his breath; 'and I shouldn't like any arrangement to be entered into, however convenient, which would not be good for him from *that* point of view. My mother always told us that we owed him *that* duty.'

Arthur felt quite a new respect for the young man beside him.

'I greatly respect what you say,' he answered, with the cordial gentleness, that had perhaps won Alick to this confidence; 'I am afraid I had only thought of how this awkward matter might be arranged most easily for all parties. Your view is the highest possible. But you know, we can't always judge what *is* the best for people, and certainly working for himself and Minnie is *his* immediate duty, so long as he can.'

'Oh yes,' said Alick, 'there's no use in doing anything definite. He took care to show Mr. Blandford that. You see, it isn't like a young fellow in a scrape.'

'I think the kindness you have shown him is likely to do him more good than anything,' said Arthur.

'I—oh! no—because if he knew anything about me, he would see no use in any principles I held. But if Geoffrey could see his way to that sort of view—'

'He is responsible for himself you know,' said Arthur, 'and I am much mistaken if he leaves us much choice as to his movements. And I suspect that he will see good and evil, and all else most keenly through his child.'

'She's not a very nice child,' said Alick, disconsolately; 'and she does hate me so, as if she was jealous— Why, there's Dr. Osgood.'

As they raised their hats, Dr. Osgood, who was riding up the road, saw them and stopped.

'I have come up from Oxford,' he said, 'with a view to seeing my unfortunate nephew. Do you know if he can receive me?'

'I think so,' said Arthur, 'he is certainly better. Shall I show you the way?'

Dr. Osgood thanked him; while Alick, suddenly remembering that he was due at Fordham, took leave in a hurry, and, after leaving the horse at the inn, the Master, in his turn, began to impart to Arthur his views as to his inconvenient relation.

'I am given to understand,' said Dr. Osgood, 'that my brother, General Osgood, has expressed a wish that Frank should retain his present disguise of name and position. Do you regard that as wise?'

'Well,' said Arthur, 'I think he prefers it himself, and has borne it so long that it hardly seems like a disguise to him. But I don't think it ought to last, on account of the child.'

'Quite so, Mr. Spencer. I am fully sensible of all the inconvenience this poor young man's return has cost the excellent Leightons and ourselves. But while youth lasts, there must be a hope of improvement.'

Arthur half smiled at this contradiction of Alick's previous remark; but the next words showed a yet more surprising agreement with his sentiments, however differently worded.

'Well, I feel that the strange, and I may say, providential manner in which this wandering sheep has been brought home to us, lays upon us a duty. We should, indeed, be to blame, if any selfishness or harshness in our conduct towards him should alienate him from the softening influences of a return to his early friends.'

'That is exactly what young Alick Leighton has been saying to me,' said Arthur. 'He is a very good fellow, and has been genuinely kind to your nephew.'

'Yes; and the other one has shown the strongest repulsion towards him. It is hard to say where the instinct of kindred blood may speak.'

'I am not sure that it speaks at all,' said Arthur; 'but Alick sees the duty, and Geoffrey the disgrace. Here we are, however. I will tell him you are here.'

Frank Osgood was sitting up in a chair by the fire, and though his limbs were stiff and helpless, his eyes were bright, and he looked like getting better. Minnie was sitting in the window, reading a story book lent to her by Flossy; but when the visitors entered she came up to her father, and stood by him like a sentinel.

'It is very good of you to come and see me, sir,' said Frank, very formally.

'I was sincerely glad to hear of you,' said the Master, mildly. 'Before his too early death, your father, the nearest in age to me of my brothers, was by far the dearest to me.'

'I don't remember my father,' said Frank.

'No, doubtless to your great loss. Your little girl is like him. Come, my dear, and let me shake hands with you.'

Minnie advanced reluctantly, withdrawing in a moment.

'We lived in such a nice house in Calcutta,' she said, *apropos* of nothing, in her abrupt voice. 'We had two black servants to wait upon us. I liked it; it wasn't nasty and cold.'

'Hush, Minnie,' said her father. 'Little girls shouldn't interrupt. You had better go to Mrs. Jones.'

'Well, I don't mind if I do,' said Minnie, retreating; but she stopped in the passage outside the half-open door, and said audibly:

'I had two little brothers in Calcutta, and they died. I haven't got any more.' And then she flew down stairs in a hurry.

It was hardly possible to help a smile, and Frank laughed rather grimly.

'Minnie appreciates the situation,' he said. 'That is my own

opinion exactly. My young cousin, Alick Leighton, has been very kind to me.'

'He is an excellent fellow,' said the Master, warmly. 'But what I came to say is this. Apart from that relationship, which you are right, I think, in not pressing, I and my brother are your nearest relations, and the nearest relations of your daughter. When you are able to form plans for the future, we wish you to remember that she has a nearer claim on us than on any one else.'

'Thank you,' said Frank. 'But I don't think, under the circumstances, that she has much claim on any one. But we shall see.'

Arthur marvelled why a person who was always pleasant to himself, and knew how to receive favours gracefully, should take this tone towards the courtly old gentleman; nor was this ungracious independence consistent with the previous desertion of Minnie. But he guessed that interviews with his uncles in early life might be overpoweringly present to his memory in their once familiar company. Frank's manner presented no novelty to his uncle, whose comparative youth at the time of the early misconduct, had perhaps made dealing with a nephew more difficult than it might have been for the elder brother. Pride, and the refusal to acknowledge himself to blame, had always been his characteristic, and though this had been in abeyance with Arthur, it revived in full force at the shadow of family authority; since poor Frank, to use Alick's words, was by no means 'really an altered man.'

The good Master remounted his horse and rode on to Bridgehurst. Easter fell early in this year, and his marriage was to take place in Easter week, so that Annie had little time before her in which to find the cottage dull, or to seek amusement by strolling about in the muddy lanes. Her other aunt, Lady Julia Lockwood, had promised to meet her in London and superintend the buying of the trousseau, which she had offered to present. Annie had accepted this kindness gratefully, but she had not allowed Lady Anne to be at any extra expense on her account, and now met her lover in the brown merino, which was seeing its third winter, but never looked otherwise than graceful on her slim, elegant shape. Annie, in her secret heart, wished her marriage over, and her new life begun. She felt that her engagement set her a little apart from her old companions. They did not know how to sympathise with it; and were shy of chatter about it. A little of the Master's mantle of dignity had fallen on her. She felt ashamed too, when with Florence Venning, of the half-heartedness and unreality of all her former schemes and aspirations. And she herself felt the stretch and strain of anything like equal intercourse with a person at such a different stage of life's journey. Her youthful temptations, her crude and childish thoughts, had been so long left behind by her lover. His tastes were all formed on the best models, her young preferences for new poetry or modern fiction, her growing opinions on the questions of the day, were regarded by him with the

same sort of indulgence as her love of dancing or of dress. Annie's tastes were not very intellectual, but she liked an argument and an equal fight, and it was not quite easy to acquiesce in the distance between them. She was, however, a person of much self-control, and she took these little drawbacks into account, and set against them the secure sense of protection, and the comfort which she experienced. She did not think she should really have been happier snubbing Alick, and scolding him for being lazy, as a variety to walking through the mud in the brown merino.

To Lady Anne the Master's visits were a source of unmixed pleasure. His views and his conversation were thoroughly congenial to her, his old world courtesy delighted her. She brushed up all the cultivation of mind which she had ever imbibed in her youth, and listened when he quoted 'The Excursion.' Frank Osgood was however an interesting subject to both ladies, and they listened to the account of the interview with him, and the disappointment caused by his impracticable manner.

'I am inclined to think,' said the Master, 'that old prejudices stand in my way. Young Alick Leighton is more likely to influence him for good.'

'Alick?' exclaimed Annie, in surprise.

'Yes. He has acted all through in a most unselfish and right-minded way, and with a kindliness which I think shows unusual good feeling.'

Annie felt that Alick must be worth more than she had fancied, if the Master could speak of him in such high terms.

'And now, mistress mine,' he said, changing the subject. 'It was with pleasure and surprise that I heard of your classical studies. This little gift will help you to continue them, and no doubt they will have enabled you to appreciate it.'

Annie, when at the Manor, had thought it well to learn Latin grammar enough to teach little boys, and, moreover, went through life with her ears open. But the Master had been much surprised and charmed at her comprehension of a not uncommon classical quotation, and now presented her with a tiny Horace, an Elzevir, bound in white vellum, with all the exquisite finish dear to the bibliomaniac.

Annie received it most graciously, and admired it very much, listening while the Master, with complimentary intention, translated some of its dainty expressions of love and admiration.

'Such perfect form!' he said.

Annie replied that it was very pretty, and when he was gone she put the little book neatly in tissue paper, and made up her mind to get up one of the odes with a dictionary against his next visit. But before that, she should have time to finish that delightful magazine story which Agnes Royland had lent her, and she spent the evening comfortably in its perusal.

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEPROY.

CHAPTER V.

THE harsh command, wherewith her royal mother was driven forth from Windsor, was at first unknown unto the Princess, she being still at Richmond, and no one caring to repeat unto her the tale of her Grace's ill usage. She supposed, therefore, that the Queen had removed unto Ampthill of her own free will; nevertheless, she was often very sad, albeit we had that summer many visits from mine Uncle Reginald, which always seemed to pleasure her and to cheer her up. He had been sent unto the University of Paris to obtain the opinion of its most learned doctors, and had brought back a verdict from them declaring the King's marriage illegal, at which his Highness was highly rejoiced. But mine uncle confessed unto his mother the verdict had been given under such compulsion from the King of France, that he himself could attach no importance to it. Nay, he returned very uneasy in his own mind, for the arguments on the other side had been so weighty, that the more he thought of them, the more he became dissatisfied with his own conduct; with shame he acknowledged that his great love for his Highness, and dread of displeasing him, and also his love for the Princess, and his hope that she might be bestowed on him if her mother were divorced, had so warped his judgment that he had acted an unworthy part, and yielded to wrong. No man ever fought a fiercer struggle with himself than did he e'er he could resolve to redeem his 'past cowardly dishonesty,' as he called it, and confess his change of mind. His affection for the King was at that time no idle word. So intolerable was his dolore in having to oppose him and draw on himself the fury of his wrath that when one day he would speak of the sorrow it would be, his emotion choked him, and the anguish of his spirit wrang the tears from his eyes. Presently, when he had regained his composure, he turned to his mother and said, 'Those knowest well that it would be the blackest ingratitude in any one of my father's children to turn against his Grace, but in me* it seemeth more specially damnable, for I owe all that I have and all that I am unto him. How shall I bear to outrage mine own heart, and so foully requite his past kindnesses, as it will seem unto him, by opposing him in this matter. Had I at first done it e'er he was so set on it it would have been easier. 'But must thou speak?'

* The King had been at all the expense of his education. Google

his mother asked. 'Could not thy conscience be satisfied by thy withdrawing in silence from the Court; true it is, his Highness hath ever been unto thee like a most loving brother, as well as a most gracious and excellent lord, but well we wot how soon his warmest love can turn into the most cruel hatred. Thine head I fear would be no safer than that of any other man for all thy nearness of kin unto his Grace.'

'And if I knew I must lose it,' he replied, 'that would not grieve me so much as does my seeming ingratitude. Fain would I be silent, an' I might. But One mightier than mine own will urgeth me to speak, His bidding I must needs obey even before the King's. I have paltered with my duty too long; thou must not hold me back mother, even though a traitor's death be my reward for striving to advert the consummation of the evil threatening our good Queen. That which I should do, I must do at whatever cost. His Highness hath, as thou *wotteth* sometimes listened unto my counsel and been thereby restrained from wrong, and I be the more bound to speak, inasmuch as there be but few who love him enough to risk their lives to save him from sin.'

Hitherto he and the Countess had been talking together in the ante-chamber to the room in which the Princess Mary was sitting with her maids, she and I side by side working at the same broidery frame. We could not hear what passed, but we could see how much in earnest and how much moved they both were by what they were saying, and her Grace's eyes wandered often from her work, and her needle remained idle, the while she watched them. Catching her glance the Cardinal moved towards her, but pausing in the doorway bowed low as asking her permission to approach and speak unto her.

As he stood thus facing us methought that, albeit his eyes were brilliant with the lofty courage of his high resolve, yet was there a more than usual sweetness and tenderness in his smile.

Dismissing her ladies with a courteous word, the Princess arose from her seat, and approaching him with both her hands held out, said, with a most gracious expression, 'Surely yes, my cousin, stand not thus at my door, as if thou doubted thy welcome; see, I offer thee both mine hands in token of my goodwill.'

Then he stepped forward and took them in his own, on his bended knee, and kissed them, and when she would have withdrawn them and bid him arise, he said, 'Suffer me, my Princess, to kneel here and to retain these precious pledges of thy sweet goodwill in mine own for a few moments, while I tell thee on what a perilous enterprise I am about to enter for the sake of honour and conscience; albeit, if I fail it may cost me mine head, and if I succeed, a hope that is dearer unto mine heart than is mine own life. For I am resolved to set before the King's Grace, with what wisdom I may, such arguments against this hateful divorce as I trust in God may yet stay him therefrom. If I prevail, he may perchance pardon mine officious zeal, but

if not——,' he paused, kissed her hands again, and releasing them as he arose, he drew himself up to his full height and added proudly, 'I be God's soldier, and thine own most faithful servant. I cannot die more nobly than in His service in thus defending the cause of the innocent, and in thine.'

As he spoke, the Princess became as pale as death, and turning to my grandmother who, as decorum required, had followed her son and was close beside her, she threw her arms about her neck and exclaimed with tears, 'Ah, madam, see what a strait I be in, how can I bid him forbear to make this perilous attempt, when my mother's honour is at stake; and yet how can I bear he should thus for us risk his precious life?' The Countess's face was as white as her own, but laying one hand on her son's shoulder as if to steady herself, she replied, 'We must not stay him, my Princess, for it is his duty to God, and the King's Grace hath a generous temper, and if he act not in his first rage he may be great hearted enough to honour the courage and fidelity that moveth my son to speak. We will not bid him forbear, we will only say, "do nothing rashly," and whether thou speakest or writest, let it be with such humility as becometh a subject unto his sovereign, and a younger unto an elder, yea, as a son unto a father.'

It was not many days after this that the King sent the Duke of Norfolk unto mine uncle to offer him the Archbishopric of York, in the room of Cardinal Wolsey, whose sorrowful death had just occurred, bidding the Duke at the same time ascertain what his true opinions about the divorce might be, as he suspected him of having changed his mind. For, above all things, his Highness was always craving to be assured by others that he was right in putting away his wife, because in the secrecy of his own heart he so doubted thereof. The offer of such noble preferment was meant to bind mine uncle unto him afresh and to silence him. But the Cardinal had no wish to become a priest, and he wrote therefore unto the Duke and declined with all imaginable gratitude the archbishopric, and as humbly as he could, writing as one constrained to speak with the utmost reverence and respect, he confessed his change of mind about the divorce, and set forth such arguments on the Queen's behalf, so weighty, and pleaded for her with such tenderness, and for pardon for his own boldness with such warmth of love and devotion to the King, and acknowledgment of all his past goodness unto him, that he told his mother he thought he had so written that his Highness could not but perceive what bitter grief it was unto him to oppose his will, and would have the generosity to pardon him.

But the Duke of Norfolk was no friend unto anyone who stood well with the King; wherefore, instead of reading the letter unto his Grace, as mine uncle intended, he only told him its contents, and that in such a manner as highly to incense him, so that he ordered mine uncle to appear before him at Whitehall, and there received him with the greatest fury and reproaches, frowning upon him and laying his

hand significantly on the hilt of his sword. But the Cardinal, albeit so deeply afflicted at his displeasure that he could hardly steady his voice, yet would he not go back from what he had writ, so that the King exclaimed, 'He saw very well, that in spite of all his fine professions of humility, it was only his knees that were bent and not his stubborn will and hard heart.' And in good sooth his humble attitude did but mean the submission of his body. He knelt, as duty to his King demanded, and like St. Paul, declared 'he would not refuse to die did his Highness find anything in him worthy of death, acknowledging his earthly life wholly his Grace's. But unto the King of Kings he owed an higher fealty, which constrained him to plead as best he could for truth and justice.' And so forcible was his defence of the Queen, so tender and pathetic his appeal unto the conscience and better feelings of his Highness, that his Grace broke abruptly away from him to hide his emotion, unable to bear the whips and stings wherewith his own heart enforced mine uncle's words. But when alone, his rage gathered fresh force, and he sent for my Lord Montague and my father, and bade them 'see to it that master Reginald changed his mind, or he would have the heads of all three.

Wherefore they came unto Salisbury Court, where the Cardinal was abiding, and bitterly reproached him that *he*, their younger brother, whose duty it was to defer his judgment unto theirs, should presume to differ from them in so grave a cause, and bring them, their wives and their children, into such imminent danger through his unbecoming rashness. It was in vain mine uncle tried to explain matters, for my father refused to listen, saying 'He knew very well that he had such a gift of the gab, and such a flow of high-sounding phrases and sweet words, that he could well nigh charm a man's heart out of his bosom; and so, for his part, meaning to keep his head on his shoulders, and leave his worldly goods unto the little lad it had pleased God to send him, he would have nought to do with him, nor listen to any of his treasonable talk,' and thereupon he banged out of the hall, muttering that 'he would take care he did not lose *his* pate either for Queen or Princess, he having no stomach for the block.'

My Lord Montague, who had a more patient temper, remained, and when he had read the copy of the letter which his brother had writ unto the King, its humble and respectful language and weighty arguments so softened him that he agreed to show it unto his Highness, and endeavour to appease his wrath. And when his Grace had perused it and pondered thereupon, he saw in it such an affection for his person, and such a sorrow for the ungrateful part he was compelled to act, as well as such a trust in his own highmindedness, that after pacing the hall in silence for some minutes, he returned unto my Lord Montague, and said, 'Reginald hath rightly read my character. I bade the Duke of Norfolk ask his true opinion, and I must, of necessity, take his answer in good part. Tell him, therefore, I pardon the freedom of his reply, and that if he can bring himself

to go with me in this matter of my divorce, no man shall be dearer unto me.' And so the matter ended for the moment. But the King, finding that his gracious message wrought no change in the Cardinal's opinion, chafed under what he called his 'obstinate opposition,' and showed by his black looks and harsh manners in what evil odour he and his brethren stood with him. His displeasure, and the fear of what might come of it, made mine uncle's life a burden unto him, wherefore he prayed his Grace to give him leave to return to Avignon, there to pursue his studies, protesting he could better bear not to see him at all than to see him thus estranged and angered; and hinting that possibly he might there find learned men who might convince him of his error. I do not think any two men could more truly love each other than did then his Highness and the Cardinal, and the King granted his request, and took a gracious leave of him. We all rejoiced that he had obtained the permission to depart, for every hour we expected to hear that he was carried to the Tower; but yet his departure was a sore grief unto his mother and the Princess. The fear that Mistress Anne Boleyn might induce the King, an' she had time, to change his mind, made the Cardinal resolve to be off without a moment's delay. He came straight from his Highness unto Richmond to take leave of the Countess and Lady Mary. As he knelt at my grandmother's feet for her blessing, she fastened her burning eyes on his face and looked at him as if she would fain have engraven on her heart each of his lineaments. 'When thou art gone I will weep,' she said; 'but now I will keep mine eyes dry that I may see thee to the last!'

'I shall surely return,' he answered, 'it may be ere long.' 'Thou wilt return, I doubt not,' she replied, 'but not for me. Come now, and take thy leave of the Princess, who is waiting to see thee; with her permission, Moll and I will go with thee a little way to thy barge.' He followed her across the hall into the withdrawing room, in which her Grace was sitting alone, her hands lying idly in her lap, and her head resting against the back of her chair, her pale cheek wet with the tears that stole out of her downcast eyes. Truly no village maiden, about to lose her lover, could have looked more sweetly and simply sorrowful than she. He hurried to her and knelt down, and laid his face upon her folded hands without a word. 'Thou wilt be safe, my cousin,' she said, after what seemed a long silence, 'and we will find our comfort in that thought and in praying unto God for thy quick return.' 'And on these precious hands,' he replied, kissing them with ardour, 'I swear unto your Grace an eternal fidelity. Whatever may betide poor Reginald Pole, he will know no other Queen but thee;' and in a lower tone, 'and have no other love.' And he looked at her with pleading eyes, as seeking some answering promise on her part. Methinks she strove to maintain the coldly dignified demeanour she felt to be becoming her royal birth; but maidens be but maidens, even though princesses, and so she, finding

her voice not steady enough for words, lifted one of her hands unto his shoulder and bowed her head until her cheek rested on his, and so he was emboldened to give her the first sweet kiss of true love she had ever known—the first, and truly, I believe, the last; for by the time that King Philip touched that cheek it had lost the softness and roundness of youth, and all that could make it tempting to the lip of man.

They parted with that embrace, mine uncle hurrying away to conceal his own feelings and spare himself the sight of her tears. That night he left London, and the next crossed to Calais, and from thence hastened on to Paris. Looking back, it seemeth unto me that a great sadness fell on the Princess after his departure, not altogether on account of that, for to it must be added her separation from her mother, and the distress and pain of the King her father's anger and reproaches, because he could not bring her to acquiesce in the illegality of his first marriage, nor to allow that she herself was anything less than his lawful and true daughter. All these causes working together, made her of so melancholy a humour that she would sit silent and unoccupied by the hour together, and my grandmother used often to bid me wile her out into the garden, or persuade her, under the plea of mine own wishes, to take a ride, an exercise most needful for her health.

It was at this time we began working together a banner of white satin, and to amuse her I one day proposed that I should embroider thereupon a border of marigolds, for her Grace, and that she should mingle them with purple pansies for Pole, as emblematical of her future union with the Cardinal. 'I need not the flowers to think of him, Moll,' she said, 'but an it will pleasure thee, so let it be.'

Some days she was so fretful and irritable, though never unto me, it was hard to please her, and then my grandmother would tenderly chide her, and urge on her the duty of practising that patience and self-restraint her circumstances so much required; and I remember her telling her one day 'that, when she came to be Queen, as she felt sure she would, all she was now suffering should make her use her authority with such mercy, and love, and justice, as becometh them who have learnt wisdom in the school of adversity, and themselves borne many crosses.'

'But what if I do not learn wisdom,' she replied, 'sometimes, madam, I will confess unto you, the cruel injustice of her Grace's treatment and of mine own, seemeth only to harden mine heart, and I long to wreak my vengeance on mine enemies, and deal them blow for blow.'

In the summer of 1533 Archbishop Cranmer pronounced the marriage of his Highness and Queen Katherine to be illegal, and the King immediately proclaimed his union with Mistress Anne Boleyn, and had her crowned at Westminster. The day of her crowning was spent by the Princess in tears and fasting; and kneeling on the floor at the foot of the crucifix, she would take no food, nor would she suffer even me to be with her. It chafed her to hear of the goodly show of the coronation, and how the people had shouted, 'God save

Queen Anne!' and of the pageants that adorned the streets, and the conduits running with wine, and the golden arras wherewith the hall at Westminster was hung, and such like matters, and very soon the new annoyances and cruelties which were inflicted on the Queen, her mother, and the sharper edge wherewith the King, her father's, anger visited her, added to her misery and irritation. Sometimes the fire which consumed her burst out into contemptuous words and scoffs, which somehow (for in an household of many scores of persons it could not be but that some should lack discretion or, perchance, fidelity) got carried unto the ears of them that sought her ruin, and came home to her in fresh humiliations and ill-usage. At last she fell ill, and though Dr. Butts was sent unto her, she was harshly refused permission to visit her mother, or that her mother should come to her. But her illness did her good, it seemed to clear off the evil humours which had so long affected her, and though it left her as sad as ever, yet she was her own kindly courteous self again.

About this time it pleased his Highness to appoint my Lord Lisle Governor of Calais, who being a bastard son of the late King Edward IV., was, after a fashion, our cousin german. My grandmother, therefore, at the request of mine aunt Ursula, knowing he stood high in his Grace's favour, prayed him to receive young Stafford into his service, deeming it good for him to be in the train of his cousin, and also to go where he might perfect himself in the French tongue. My Lord Lisle, therefore, having received a gracious permission from the King, who bade him tell the boy that if he minded himself he would hereafter befriend him, wrote unto him to come and join him presently in London. So he came up to Salisbury Court with his mother, and from thence came down to Richmond to take leave, and thus it chanced that he and I met again. Truly I think he was the handsomest youth I ever saw, and withal of a sweet stateliness and courtliness of manner such as I have been told the great Duke, his grandfather, was noted for. So handsome was he, that when my grandmother presented him unto the Princess, she told him with a gracious smile, that with such a face he could not fail to make friends where'er he went. And presently seeing us standing together, nothing would serve her but that we must dance a pavon before her, and bidding them clear the hall she took her virginal and condescended herself to play to us. We were too glad to see her cheerful even for half an hour, and were willing enough to do anything that would amuse her. And so, those in the room gathering round, my cousin and I stept forward, and after bowing and curteseying low to her, danced our pavon, and proud enough I was of mine handsome partner, and pleased enough to perceive, as he took care I should, how fair he thought me. My grandmother stood beside the Princess, smiling down at her two grandchildren, and her Grace smiled also, and looked up at her and said kindly, 'It is a pretty sight to see so well matched a couple, thou wilt scarcely find a fitter mate for Moll.'

'I shall never find one,' my grandmother answered, 'so much to mine own mind, albeit the poor lad hath but a small pittance of his own, but your Grace wotteth it cannot be, unless the King permits. He hath, however, sent the boy a gracious message, and so perchance he may consent unto the match one of these days.'

He stayed with us that night, and he took my pearl ring from my finger and gave me one from his own of a large turquoise. Before he left, my grandmother placed beneath the lining of his jerkin a letter for the Cardinal, bidding him send it unto Master Throgmorton, at Paris, who would have the means of forwarding it, and within it were a few lines from Lady Mary. So we kissed and parted, and promised ourselves to meet again and walk through life together. I think this was the last time I ever saw the Princess Mary cheerful and smiling.

In September the Princess Elizabeth was born at Greenwich, and thither, as the heir apparent, her Grace had been summoned, and there she heard such evil reports of Queen Anne, invented, as I believe, by those who loved her not, that her Highness was moved to speak of her and the infant with most imprudent scorn, and thereby stirred up afresh the King's wrath, and increased the hatred wherewith Queen Anne regarded her. She refused to give up her title of Princess, but agreed to call the babe sister, whereupon his Highness, to show his wroth, declared his new-born daughter the heir to his throne, and ordered Lady Mary to leave Greenwich and repair unto Beaulieu, near Chelmsford, in Essex. Some rumours of his harshness and of his intention to despoil her of her royal rank must have been noised abroad, for when she and we and the rest of her train left the palace, we found the streets filled with a tumult of women, many well dressed, and even some ladies, who surrounded her coach so that we could scarcely move, and who kept crying out, 'God bless thee!' and 'we won't have any Princess but thou, whatever the King may say.' And her Grace stood up and held out her hands unto them by way of greeting, and said, 'My good kind friends, I would fain shake hands with you all an I could. I thank you with all mine heart, but draw not down his Highness's wrath on your heads for my sake, for God wotteth he doth not bear the sword in vain. Break not the King's peace lest ye suffer thereby, and hinder not my journey.'

And moved by her words they allowed us to go on, the crowd dividing, some walking in front and some following behind, until we were well out of the city. We went with a somewhat diminished retinue, as Lady Bryan, who had so long formed part of the Princess's household, was appointed governess to the infant, under the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, who was placed at the head of the splendid establishment his Highness formed for her at Hunsden. Had my grandmother been younger, Queen Anne would have rejoiced in forcing her to accept the latter post, which it would have been death to refuse, so we were all thankful when the danger of such a command was past.

'Since I keep thee,' her Grace said, 'I can bear parting with Lady Bryan, and truly methinks something less than a Princess of the blood royal such as thou art, may serve the turn of that bastard.' We had not very long unpacked our *coffres* and arranged ourselves at Beaulieu, when my Lord Hussey arrived and demanded to see the Lady Mary. He had recently been made one of the Privy Council, and had remained, albeit her chamberlain, to attend their deliberations. He often had come in former days with messages from their Highnesses, bringing her presents and loving inquiries as to her health, her progress, and her needs, but now he came on a very different errand.

He entered her presence without kneeling, with a mere bow, and walked up to her with as scant ceremony as had he been approaching me or any other demoiselle, and addressing her as Lady Mary, he told her he came from the Privy Council, to inform her, that it having been proven unto the satisfaction of all loyal persons, that she was only the natural daughter of the King's Grace, she might no longer call herself Princess, nor be addressed as such, nor suffer those about her to render unto her as heretofore the homage due only to legitimate royalty, and that, furthermore, she was immediately to remove herself unto Hunsden, there to attend on her sister the Princess Elizabeth, who had just been declared the heir to the throne.'

She had risen from her chair at his approach, and remained standing whilst he spoke; and albeit her cheek turned from red to white, and from white to red again, she had heard him in silence, and with a carriage so composed and dignified as abashed his insolence, and made him keep his eyes fixed on the ground as afraid to look at her.

'I marvel, my Lord,' she replied, when he paused, 'at the assurance which has enabled thee, of all men living, to come hither on such an errand, seeing how often thou hast sought our presence to bring us the precious tokens of our father's care and munificent love, as well as those of her Most Gracious Highness the Queen, my——'

'Madam,' he exclaimed, rudely interrupting her, 'I may not suffer ye thus to speak. I come at the King's bidding, now as then.'

'Thou hast come, nevertheless,' she answered, 'without any credentials from him. I hold myself, as well ye wot, as the King's lawful daughter and Princess of these realms; and it is truly wonderful unto me, that the Privy Council should dare take on itself to minish aught of my natural state and dignity. My Lord, when I was but an infant ye have been glad to kneel before me and to kiss mine hand, and it is a sorry sight to see ye now standing, nay, I cannot say with unabashed front, for there is, I perceive, still enough grace left in ye as to cause ye to be ashamed of this your rude behaviour, but in so unmannerly a fashion. We acknowledge not the authority of those who have sent you, and, as ye have therein our answer, we will not stay to receive further insult.'

And so she turned her about and walked out of the room, I and the other ladies following her. But as my grandmother was leaving, my

Lord Hussey called her back, and implored her to remain a moment, and hear what he had more to say.

'I beseech you, madam,' he said, 'and I speak not in enmity unto her Grace, for I be but the messenger of the Privy Council, that ye will do your utmost to persuade the Lady Mary unto submission, for I do assure you, her present conduct comporteth not with the safety of her life. Judge me not her enemy, because I must needs execute my commission. But consider how powerful be her adversaries.'

'My Lord, my Lord,' she answered, 'tell me not that his Highness be so changed that he would slay his own child whom he hath hitherto regarded with such singular tenderness. Remember, she hath powerful relatives who would visit on this unhappy kingdom so foul a wrong.'

'Aye, madam,' he replied; 'but no vengeance I trow, would set her head on her shoulders again if once fallen therefrom. I speak as a friend. The King's wrath is such that those about him have dared speak unto him of her death, and were unrebuked. Unto Hunsden she must go, whether or no; and she will be permitted to take with her only two waiting gentlewomen, and two tire women, no equerries, no maids of honour, she is to be altogether given up unto the tender mercies of Queen Anne; an you have her safety at heart, I beseech you to urge on her the most wary prudence and watchful caution, and to choose her attendants of a most tried fidelity, for certes it will be needed where an indiscreet word carelessly repeated would bring her to the block.'

'And from my care,' my grandmother exclaimed, 'she is to be entirely removed?'

'Even such, madam,' he said; 'it paineth me to tell you, is the will of his Highness. Neither you, nor Mistress Marie, will be allowed to attend her or hold any communication with her in future. This household is to be broken up. Lose no time in preparing for your own journey and for hers. See that she goes not hence empty-handed, or empty-handed she will likely enough remain.'

And with a profound bow, he quitted her presence.

For a few minutes she sat down as one stunned by the shock of the blows dealt both to her and the Princess. But soon she rallied and gathered her wits and her energy about her. She knew the royal humour well enough to be sure that the threats would be executed with the utmost speed, and so, albeit her knees shook under her and her face was ashen gray, she set herself to work to provide as far as she might for the comfort of one who was as dear to her as a daughter. Saying nought to anyone of what my Lord Hussey had just told her, she yet summoned her gentlewomen and attendants, and made them repack the coffres of the Princess with all her clothes, a good store of bedding and nappery, her books, her lute, her virginal, and such of her plate, cups, and spoons, as she could collect together. She also put into the casket containing her jewels, most part of the money she had in her own purse, knowing that the Princess had none, the King

not having given her any for many weeks. Thus, 'ere night, everything was made ready for her immediate removal, though she knew not of it. For my Lord's visit had so greatly distressed her that she came not again amongst us all that day, but spent it alone in her withdrawing room, writing unto his Highness repeating what she had said unto the Privy Council, *i.e.*, that though she would never wottingly or willingly acknowledge herself to be anything less than his lawful daughter born in true wedlock, yet would she go without demur wherever he should choose to send her, not doubting his fatherly providing.

It was not until noon the next day that she left her own apartments, knowing nought of what Lord Hussey had said, or had caused to be done. For he had not only warned all the household that for the future it would be at their own peril did they address the Princess as such, or pay to her such homage and obeysances as are due only to royalty, but he had ordered the canopies to be removed from her chairs of state, and had had broken off therefrom her coronet of strawberry leaves and lilies, and had caused the carpets for her feet, whereon were emblazoned the royal arms, to be carried away. Although he had written an account of how the Princess had received him, and what she had said, yet had he thought it best, having executed these his orders, to return unto London to assure the Council thereof.

No one liked to tell her Grace what had been done. So when she came as usual leaning on my grandmother, her maids of honour walking two and two behind her, she was quite unprepared for the change. It was customary at her appearance for all present to kneel, and for her to salute them with a courteous bow and curtesy, and to say, 'I bid ye all welcome, and wish ye an excellent good appetite, and that the viands may be to your taste,' and then seat herself and tell them to take their places, which, at her bidding they did, each kneeling again 'ere sitting down. Now, as she saw her dismantled chair, she stopped abruptly, and looking down the hall, and observing that all were standing erect, though for the most part shamefacedly and ill at ease, her cheeks flushed with anger and her dark eyes seemed to flash like red lightning, and in her loudest and harshest voice, she demanded, 'Who had dared thus to strip her throne of its canopy and tear off her coronet.' She paused, looking around her, from one to the other, growing more and more angry as all remained mute and standing.

'Take your places, ladies and gentlemen,' she continued, in an accent of the keenest scorn, 'and I wish ye all an excellent appetite for the food before ye; but ye will pardon our withdrawing. We came thinking to dine, it may be for the last time, with our true and well beloved friends and faithful attendants. We stay not to eat with enemies and base deserters; we sit not down with those who refuse to pay us the homage that is our due.'

And with that she turned away, and regardless of the cries and entreaties that she would remain, she hurried to her own chamber, and there paced up and down in an agony of tears half sorrow and half rage. My grandmother followed, and tried to soothe her, but long in vain; no, she would not forgive, nor see again those who had so basely deserted her.

'I marvel, Madam,' she said haughtily, 'to hear you pleading their cause,' and she burst out into fresh reproaches, wringing her hands and stamping with her feet.

'Your Grace should remember,' my grandmother said, when her anger was somewhat spent, 'that they must kneel to you at the peril of their lives. There is not one who is not out to the heart at your wrongs. Throw not away by such undue harshness the love you so sorely need. Thus on mine old knees I entreat you to pardon them.'

But seeing her most honoured guardian and friend about to kneel, her rage changed into repentance, and the Princess threw her arms round her neck to prevent her, and exclaimed 'Think not I am so mad that I will suffer one who has been to me as the best of mothers to kneel at my feet. Forgive mine anger, I be too o'erwrought to return and dine with them, but tell them they must pardon mine impatience and I will meet them at supper if I be able, send Moll unto me, and she and I will have somewhat to eat together.'

I had been in as fine a temper as she had, when I saw her despoiled seat, and like an angry child had put my hands upon it and shaken it as if I would shake it to pieces, but everyone was too sad to laugh at my foolishness, and I was still standing by it red and ashamed when my grandmother came back and bade me go to the Princess. I flew to her, and throwing myself at her feet, I said as well as I could for my tears, that I would never call her anything but Princess, not if I died for it.

Smiling, albeit sadly, she stroked mine head and said, 'Nay, Moll, thou shalt not draw down the King's anger by such a wilful change as that would be, since I wot I be more often thy dear *cousin* than anything else. Come and sit beside me, and let me feel thine arms about my neck, and tell me that thou lovest me.'

And so we sat together on the same settee in a close embrace, and eat our dinner out of the same plate and drank out of the same cup. Ah! me! how little I dreamt of how wide apart our lives would be! She living to be bloody Queen Mary, and I to end my days in this unsumptuous house, well nigh forgotten by all that once I knew.

I think nearly every one of her household craved an audience of her in the course of that afternoon, to kiss her hand and pray her to pardon them for addressing her only as Lady Mary, and she was gracious and kind to all. Towards evening, my grandmother joined us, and then she told the Princess all that my Lord Hussey had said, to prepare her for the cruel strokes impending, for the parting with all she loved, and the being stripped of the attendance due even unto

the daughter of a peer. A film gathers over mine eyes e'en now, as I recall the bitter tears we then shed, my grief was so violent that my grandmother bade me go into the chapel, and there pray that God would preserve the Lady Mary from the perils which surrounded her and bring us together again in peace and safety. When I was gone and they were left alone, the Princess gave her many tender messages to convey to the Queen, her mother, should she ever have the chance, and some to the Cardinal, and then, kneeling at her feet as any daughter might, she implored her pardon for her yesterday's violence and for all her past transgressions, for any pride, impatience and inattention she had ever shown, and entreated her to bless her, first for her mother and then for herself. 'Promise me, madam,' she said, 'that as long as you live you will never cease to pray for your unhappy and forsaken child.'

She joined us at supper and strove to be cheerful and like herself. As she was leaving the hall, she paused, and returning to the table, she said, 'I wish to speak a word of farewell and entreat your pardon for my late angry words, and to thank you all for your faithful service and your kind good will. I fear me that if I be removed unto Hunsden to-morrow ye will nearly all be dismissed. I wish I could pay each what is owing, but I can but commend you unto the consideration of his Highness. It is his will to place me defenceless into the hands of my cruel enemy. I beg you to pray for me, as for one whose life is in constant jeopardy. For all the love and kindness ye have ever shewn me, I once again most heartily thank you, God bless you all and keep you in safety.'

She spake like one holding back the flood gates of her grief sternly and with difficulty, and hoarse with suppressed sorrow, resting her hands on the back of her discrowned chair to steady herself.

As for those who listened they wept aloud, many sinking on their knees, and those that could pressing round her to kiss her hand or even her dress, and as she moved away the hall resounded with sobs and cries of 'God bless your Grace.'

It had been a long, wearisome day, every one had been busy preparing for their approaching dismissal by collecting their own property and repacking their coffres. My grandmother had had ours filled, and she had despatched one of her grooms to Salisbury Court to inform her steward that he must get her apartments ready as she should shortly arrive there. Everyone was tired out in body and mind, and none more than the Princess. But she could not sleep, and of the last night we ever passed together we spent nearly the whole in talking.

It was about ten o'clock the next day, that the Duke of Norfolk arrived, attended by Lord Marney, the Earl of Oxford, and his almoner, Bishop Fox. They came with peremptory orders that she should instantly depart, and the Duke spake to her as roughly as if she had been some kitchen wench, and had he had any provocation would

have hauled her out of the room. But the Princess answered him with such calm and dignified acquiescence as rendered violence impossible on their part; he could but insult her by turning his back on her, kicking away the stool for her feet and talking to his companions as if she were not present. He ordered her to be ready to depart at one o'clock with the Earl of Oxford and Lord Marney, who were to conduct her to Hunsden, escorted by a numerous band of well armed yeomen, not, as the Duke insolently told her, out of any compliment to her royal birth, but lest there should be any attempt at a rescue. He himself should stay behind to pay off and dismiss her household. He was evidently provoked at finding us all so well prepared for departure, and muttered something about my Lord Hussey's having given more warning than was meant. But the Princess disdained to make him the smallest answer, and my grandmother, with a stateliness he could not resist, compelled him to listen with decent courtesy while she explained to him what was due to each of the attendants and servants, and gave him the list of all the things, such as plate, bedding and hangings furnished for the use of the household, and which she insisted he should then and there verify by walking with her through the various rooms. All the things belonging to the Princess were in the Princess's own coffres, and of which also she gave him a list. She thus so occupied his attention that we were allowed to remain unmolested in the Lady Mary's withdrawing room, and there, when at noon dinner was served for the household and for these our most unwelcome intruders, we dined quietly together, though in a melancholy silence, my tears indeed kept running down so fast I could scarcely eat.

A few minutes before one an equerry came to the door to say that the horses were ready and my Lord Oxford waiting. The Princess rose at once, white as a sheet, but with that kind of lofty composure wherewith she would have faced death or gone to the stake. She looked at each one of us, taking thus a silent farewell, and seeing that all rose to follow her, she begged us to remain where we were.

'I took my leave of you yesterday,' she said, 'let me now go alone. I would not shed a tear in the sight of these my jailors, and therefore I beseech ye spare me the sight of your sorrow. Come, my mother, let us not tarry,' and she took my grandmother's arm, and together they left the room immediately. But the next moment, unable to endure such a parting, I rushed after them, and catching them at the head of the staircase I snatched hold of her hand and kissed it again and again. She turned and kissed my cheek, and said, 'Come with me then, sweetheart, if thou so wilt, and see the last of thine unhappy cousin.'

She passed through the hall where all the household were assembled, the most part in tears, my Lords Oxford and Marney standing at the open door. My grandmother led her up to Lord Oxford, and said, 'My Lord, it is with a most sorrowful heart that I yield unto you this

my most precious charge. For nigh upon twenty years I have watched over her day and night with unremitting care. Now I pray God and all His holy Saints to keep her in safety and to preserve her from her enemies.'

'Madam,' the Earl answered, 'an she guide herself by good advice she will be as safe at Hunsden as she hath been here.'

And so he set her on her horse and gave the word to start. Every window that commanded the road they were to traverse was thrown wide open, and hands and kerchiefs waved therefrom in tokens of farewell.

An hour afterwards we also departed, taking with us many of the other ladies, who were glad to avail themselves of our escort. We passed through Chelmsford and then rode on to Brentwood, and the next day reached Tilbury, where my grandmother's barge met us, and conveyed us up the river as far as Blackfriars stairs, where we landed, and so reached home.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXV.

1632—1637.

THOROUGH.

WHETHER we admire and venerate William Laud simply depends on this question. Is there a Church Catholic, instituted by Christ, with fixed laws, or ought religion to be just what best pleases the nation? By this he stands or falls, so far as principle goes. As to the mode, he lived at a period when it was still felt as the office of the Sovereign to direct his people's religion. This was recognised all over Germany; and the Emperor had succeeded in effecting immense changes in his hereditary dominions. The English had veered about most obediently at the will of the Tudors, not a century ago; and had made far more decisive changes than merely conforming to the precise ritual arranged by their own Reformers, and the stubbornness of the spirit of resistance that had grown up had not yet been realized.

No one could be less inclined to Romanism than Laud, but the Puritans, already inclined to believe everything not barely Calvinistic was Popish, were led to further distrust by the Queen's religion, the King's reluctance to persecute, and the lapses of some of the courtiers, who were perverted by her chaplains. Moreover, Laud, in trying to restore the Church to her full weight, and in his distrust of the profligate courtiers who had grown up under James I., thrust himself and other prelates into political life, in a manner most unfortunate in the temper of the nation, who had only to look across the Channel to see an ecclesiastic trampling on all the remaining liberties of his nation, and who were not likely to understand, that whereas Richelieu was a priest by accident as it were, and made the Church subservient to statesmanship, Laud only treated politics as a means of rendering the Church effective.

His manners too were against him. A small, eager tempered man, of the country tradesman class, could hardly acquire the grand and gracious manner suited to high position, making commands and exhortations palatable, and giving to rebuke authority without a sting; and though the persons of all classes who knew him best, loved and honoured him, outsiders hated and derided him; while some historians have no better name for him than the Meddling Primate, or Charles' evil genius, not understanding that what they term meddling arose from a resolution to see the worship of God made seemly and reverent, and

to train the nation in doctrines too much forgotten. Whether this could have been done in a better fashion, causing less exasperation and prejudice, there is no knowing. Laud did train the clergy to his principles, but had not time to train the people, save by dying a martyr to his cause. The power of resorting to Government for assistance was a great temptation, and probably was what chiefly worked against him.

In August 1633 King Charles heard the tidings of the death of old Archbishop Abbot. When he next saw Laud, he received him smiling, with 'My Lord of Canterbury, you are very welcome.' It is a strange thing, that at this very time, a person asserting that he was commissioned by authority, twice came to him secretly with the offer of a cardinal's hat, which he decidedly refused. He was so much disliked by the Roman Catholics that there is reason to think that the offer was simply an attempt of his enemies to bring him into disgrace by exciting suspicion.

Lady Eleanor Davies prophesied that the new Primate would not survive the 5th of November. It was a mischievous prediction, for threatening notes were often sent to the Archbishop, and the fate of Doctor Lamb, and of Buckingham, were warnings that they might not be treated lightly. So the lady was called before the Star Chamber, where she defended her prophecy with the anagram of her name, 'Reveal O Daniel,' whereupon Doctor Lamb, Dean of the Court of Arches, put into her hand one which he had concocted from 'Dame Eleanor Davies,' 'Never so mad a ladie.' It absolutely threw her into confusion, and her judges seem to have satisfied themselves that she was half mad.

Armed with the authority of a Primate, and favoured by the King, Laud proceeded in his work of raising the tone of his Church, chiefly by enforcing old rules. Under Bancroft, in 1603, it had been enacted that nobody should be admitted to Holy Orders without what is now called a title, namely, security of immediate employment and maintenance, but this was continually neglected, and led to the ordination of necessitous persons of irregular habits. A royal letter was therefore issued, commanding this canon to be carefully observed, and threatening proceedings in the High Commission Court against any Bishop who transgressed. The High Commission Court represented the supremacy of the King over the Church, established by Henry VIII., and was wielded as a powerful engine for putting down irregularities, such as lecturers omitting to read prayers before their sermon, preaching in cloaks instead of gowns, the administration of the Holy Communion to a seated congregation, and the like. Fines could be imposed by it, and were so, with much severity; and it was equally hated and dreaded with the Star Chamber, which just at this time fined one Mr. Edward Sherfield £500, for dashing his stick through an ancient stained-glass window in Salisbury Cathedral which he considered to be idolatrous.

The Sabbatarian controversy was at the same time revived. At the Somersetshire Assize some offences were shown to have been committed at village feasts, whereupon the two judges, Richardson and Denham, issued an order against all such entertainments, commanding it to be read in church every year on the first Sunday in February and the two Sundays after Easter. This was greatly exceeding the authority of a judge, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells was commissioned to enquire into the matter. Seventy of the clergy of the diocese were assembled, and most were in favour of the wakes, saying that the services were most fully attended on those Sundays, and that they were opportunities for friends to meet, and the poor to enjoy themselves. Chief Justice Richardson was sent for to the Council. He justified himself by saying he had been requested by the Justices of the Peace to issue the order; but in fact there was a strong party on each side, one half the gentlemen favouring the feasts, the other wishing to put them down. It may be believed, that though there was church-going, the day often ended in riot, and that each side might find good reasons for their views; but it was still certain that Richardson had greatly exceeded his powers, and he received so sharp a rebuke, that he left the Council Chamber in tears, and afterwards said, 'I have been almost choked by a pair of lawn sleeves.'

Meantime, Charles republished his father's *Book of Sports*, and proclamation about it, with a special supplement in favour of dedication feasts, and commands, that though disorders should be repressed, manlike and lawful exercises might be used on Sunday; the duty to God having been first done; and this deference to religious services was extended till after evensong.

The Puritans regarded these enactments as a horrible scandal, and many of the clergy refused to read them in their churches, but no one was summoned before the High Commission Court for disregarding them, except when there were other offences to answer for. About the same time a very sharp rebuke was sent to the Archbishop of Glasgow, for permitting a Sunday to be kept as a fast.

Land proceeded to hold a Metropolitcal Visitation, instituting inquiries into the state and furniture of the churches, and the administration of the Sacraments. Moreover, he found that the position of the Communion Table led to serious evils. It had been brought down in the days of Edward VI. from the chancel into the nave, and there stood lengthwise. All reverence had been lost. It was the place where people put their hats, vestry meetings assembled, churchwardens' accounts were transacted, and children's writing lessons were given, and it was a favourite seat for persons who came to church only in time for the sermon. At Taplow, a dog came in and ran away with a loaf that was provided for the Holy Sacrament, and as no other white bread was to be had in the parish, there could be no Communion.

In Royal Chapels and Cathedrals the altar stood at the east end,

and there was an injunction of Queen Elizabeth to that effect, which seems to have been generally disregarded. Laud now issued directions as Primate that in every church the Holy Table should be removed to the east end of the choir, stand on a step, and be railed in, explaining and arguing out his reasons, and showing that there could be no Popery in treating the Lord's Table differently from a man's own board. Nothing that he did, however, raised a greater storm than did these commands. Prynne was in the field again with all his abuse; Bishop Williams, of Lincoln, wrote against the change, and also resisted the right of visitation, on the ground of certain Papal bulls, exempting his diocese. The Attorney-General decided against him, but he took his own way, by railing in the tables where they stood in the chancel. Bishop Matthew Wren, of Norwich, and the Bishops of Winchester, Salisbury, and Bath and Wells gladly carried out the orders, and in many churches there was great improvement; but in London there was much resistance, and, in fact, the position of the Communion Table was regarded as a badge of party. The Puritans everywhere withstood the change, and it rankled in their minds where it was effected.

Another difficulty was respecting the Dutch and French refugees who had settled in England, and had chapels of their own. Many of these had come to the second or third generation, and could understand English perfectly well, while their privileged chapels were towers of strength to the Nonconformists. It was decreed that all the children born on English soil should go to the parish church, and that the foreigners should use the Anglican liturgy translated into French or Dutch. On this the Duke of Soubise presented a petition, declaring that any harshness to the refugees would lead to a worse persecution of the Huguenots in France, and the rule was relaxed with regard to the French congregations in Kent. In Norwich, however, Bishop Wren carried out the regulation strictly, and some Dutch families left the country in consequence. It was said that thousands went, and, in truth, the Puritans were more and more migrating to America, there to set up a State fashioned according to their own ideas. Yet Laud had a letter from the Dutch and French congregations of Norwich, thanking him for his consideration towards them. He also insisted that regular chaplains should be appointed, and services performed, in English factories abroad, and among English soldiers serving in Germany. His view was, that these things being done by authority, the people would be educated by them, and opposition would die away, especially as the clergy brought up in the Colleges he was influencing at Oxford and Cambridge would take the place of the elder and more Calvinistically inclined. The lectures were discouraged as much as possible, and absolute edicts issued against meddling with the Arminian controversy. As Archbishop, Laud was also censor of the press, he kept a strict hand over the books that went forth, endeavouring to prohibit Calvinistic and

sedition books. Among those he strove to suppress was *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, a great favourite with the Puritans, but which was well-known among educated persons to be extremely incorrect as to facts. The Archbishop's dislike to it was naturally attributed by its many admirers to love of Popery. If Laud had lived two generations sooner, his authoritative reforms would probably have been submissively accepted, but coming as they did when the country was in a ferment on political accounts, they produced strong enmity and hatred.

It told further against him, that, much against his will, he was made Lord Treasurer, chiefly because, among the secular courtiers at hand, the King could find no one whose honesty he could completely trust against the traditional perquisites and temptations. Laud kept the office only long enough to see its temptations, and to resolve to recommend as his successor in it, only a man who was not only of perfect integrity, but who had neither wife nor family to tempt him by solicitations, and this person he found in William Juxon, his successor in the See of London, who fulfilled the office excellently. But, unfortunately, the joining State offices with ecclesiastical ones had a very bad effect in adding to the popular dislike and dread of the Episcopacy. Nobles and lawyers who expected offices, were angered at their being conferred on prelates. Moreover, Laud sharply censured crime in the high nobility, who had grown up in the evil days of the end of the reign of James I. King Charles himself was of blameless life, and there were many gentlemen of great worth and excellence at his Court, highly cultivated, and of graceful manners; but the Queen was frivolous and pleasure-loving, and there was a good deal of dissipation among those who went the further out of contempt for Puritan strictness. Laud spared no ecclesiastical censures where they were incurred, and his one failure in duty, when he had wedded the Earl of Devon to Penelope Devereux, made his strictures be the more resented.

Much was also in hand for the improvement of the Irish Church. Lord Falkland was the Lord Deputy till 1629, a good but stern man, who cast off his eldest son, Lucius Carey, for a marriage which displeased him. Under him the struggles were chiefly religious ones. The cavern called St. Patrick's purgatory, in an island of Lough Deargh, a great place of pilgrimage, was dug up and destroyed by the Lords Justices, and, on the other hand, the Carmelites in Cork raised up a great tumult, and insulted the Mayor and Archbishop of Dublin. The Protestant clergy were of a low stamp, and it was said of them that the King's priests were as bad as the Pope's priests.

James Usher, a good and learned man, and a strong Calvinist, was Archbishop of Armagh, and in 1629 a most excellent appointment was made, namely, of William Bedell, to the united see of Kilmore and Ardagh. He had been in Italy as chaplain to the admirable Sir Henry Wootton, ambassador at Venice, and there had been an intimate friend of Father Paolo Sarpi, the historian of the Council of

Trent, so that he was far less narrow than most of the clergy who came to Ireland. He was sent thither as Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and did his best to raise the tone of the young men, especially by lectures on the Church Catechism. He was afterwards appointed to these bishoprics, which had been so much despoiled and robbed, that it was supposed that a bishop could hardly support himself except by selling the most sacred offices.

The whole population, except the English settlers, was Roman Catholic, and no wonder, for the few vicars held three or four parishes apiece, and could not speak a word of Irish, and even the parish clerks were pluralists.

In 1632, Viscount Wentworth, Laud's greatest friend, had been sent as Lord Deputy to Ireland. Strong-handed and high-hearted, clear-headed and resolute, loyal to the backbone, and indefatigable, he was judged to be the fittest person to deal with the troubled waters of Ireland. He was a devoted churchman, and in constant correspondence with Laud, not merely as a statesman, but a friend. 'Thorough' was a kind of watchword between them, expressing the fullness of loyalty and obedience to Church and King, on which their own souls were set, and into which they expected to drive all with whom they were concerned. Their mistake was in thinking such coercion possible at the period, and under a master who was not passive like Louis XIII.

Wentworth arrived in Ireland suddenly, on the 23rd of July, and entered Dublin so rapidly as to disconcert the preparations for his public reception. A few days later he was married to his second wife, Elizabeth Rhodes.

Almost the first petition presented to him, was one from the people of Cavan, headed by Bishop Bedell, complaining of the ferocious and disorderly soldiery, and the excesses they committed. Wentworth was displeased with the Bishop for what he thought disloyalty in complaining of the King's soldiers; but he took the army in hand, drilled it, sometimes putting idle officers to shame, by himself showing men how to go through their exercises, insisting on discipline throughout, and punishing all offences. At the same time he forced on the understanding of the Irish Parliament, that if a soldier was neither paid, clothed, nor fed, he could hardly be expected not to help himself. And he obtained, not without strong pressure, contributions for the support of the army, which was absolutely necessary for the security of men of English blood.

Special orders were sent from the King in Council to the Primate, for the improvement of the activity and discipline of the Church, especially against the simoniacal appointments of incompetent persons, which were constantly taking place, and the almost universal neglect of duty.

Usher followed up this letter by his example and injunctions. He himself preached every Sunday, and he directed his clergy to

catechise 'the youth' before public prayers, and likewise after the Second Lesson, to spend half-an-hour in teaching the principles of religion, going clause by clause through the Creed, Commandments, Lord's Prayer, and doctrine of the Sacraments. He had drawn out a scheme of fifty heads, so that the whole course might be yearly gone through. Bedell also worked vigorously, and even revived diocesan synods among his clergy.

In 1633 a royal visitation was held, of which John Bramhall was one of the commissioners, as the Lord Deputy's chaplain. How lamentable the state of things was can hardly be described. The revenues of the See of Cloyne amounted to five marks a year! Those of Ardfert came to £1 1s. 8d. Cork and Ross fared the best, having been held by gentlemen of the Boyle family, who had been more honest men than such as had let off estates for a large fine, paid to themselves, and a nominal rent. 'The inferior sort of ministers,' wrote Bramhall, 'are below all degrees of contempt in respect of their poverty and ignorance.' Forty shillings a year was frequently their whole stipend! Many benefices were leased to noblemen. The Earl of Cork rented the whole bishopric of Lismore at forty shillings a year. As to the churches, the Lord Deputy found the altar thrust out of his private chapel, and his own seat in its place, while an enormous monument, five storeys high, had been erected in the place of the altar in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and St. Andrew's church was converted into a stable. What, then, must have been the state of things in remoter places?

Strange people, too, were in office, especially in the Protestant north. One Christopher Sands, a schoolmaster at Londonderry, was absolutely a Jew, denying the Gospel. Mr. Robert Blair had been invited from Scotland to Bangor, in County Down, by the patron, Lord Clandeboy, though he openly objected to episcopacy and the Liturgy, and was inducted with a presbyterian ordination, and no conditions, by 'the old, yielding, and submissive Bishop Echlin;' and his first act was to rebuke his patron for kneeling at Holy Communion. Mr. John Livingstone, silenced in Scotland by Archbishop Spottiswood, received a unanimous call from Killinchy, also through the interposition of Lord Clandeboy. By his own account, the Bishop of Down, the diocesan, 'being a corrupt and timorous man, would require some engagement.' Therefore Lord Clandeboy sent the minister to Andrew Knox, Bishop of Raphoe, who 'told me he knew my errand; that I came because I had scruples against episcopacy and ceremonies, according as Mr. Josias Walsh and some others had done before, and that he thought his old age was prolonged for little other purposes but to do such offices.'

This obliging bishop 'behoved to be present' when Livingstone was ordained by Mr. Cunningham and other ministers; but the Book of Ordination was used with everything marked out that Presbyterianism objected to.

Mr. Blair was called on to preach a visitation sermon in 1626, when two Bishops, commissaries for Archbishop Usher, were present, whereupon he took the opportunity of proving—to his own satisfaction—that episcopacy was not a divine institution, and modestly exhorting the Bishops to use moderately that power which custom and human laws had put into their hands. The Bishop of Dromore mildly accepted the advice, only requesting Mr. Blair ‘to behave as moderately to them as they had done to me.’

The caution might be necessary, for though Livingstone pronounced Ussher ‘a godly man though a bishop,’ Blair would not stay in the Primate’s house, because he had ‘once met the English Liturgy there, and he expected other things than formal liturgies in the family of so learned and pious a man.’

Ussher had, however, considerable sympathy with the ministers, and when, on some illegal proceedings of theirs in Scotland, Bishop Echlin took heart of grace to suspend them, he required that ‘the erroneous censure should be relaxed.’ This was done, but in 1632, the general quickening of discipline made Echlin require them to conform, and on their refusal he deprived them. They applied again to Ussher, but he could not interfere, as the command to enforce conformity had been issued from the King.

At the same time, Bishop Bedell declared, that though the Romish priesthood in Ireland more than doubled the English clergy, besides that there was ‘a rabble of irregular regulars,’ most of them were frightfully ignorant. The priests could only read their Latin offices without understanding them, and only taught the people to repeat the Pater and Ave. The friars preached and made collections at their services, but their insolency and wild superstitious legends had come under the censure of the Sorbonne, although this had been withdrawn by order of the Pope. At a synod of these ecclesiastics at Drogheda, it had been decided that it was unlawful to take the oath of allegiance!

Bishop Bedell’s mode of meeting these difficulties was both wise and gentle. He studied Irish, had Irish services in his cathedral, and began adding a translation of the Old Testament to the one already existing of the New, into the vernacular. He also sent about papers with parallel columns of passages of Scripture and prayers, in English and Irish, and he promoted schools in the parishes. He maintained friendly intercourse with the priests, and succeeded in converting some of them, to whom he gave preferment, and he even infused instruction into a neighbouring convent of friars.

Unfortunately, there were but few like this good man, and in 1634, Wentworth wrote a formal and most piteous statement of the general disorder and neglect.

A convocation was summoned at the same time as a Parliament at Dublin, and much was done, to remedy the temporal poverty of the clergy. At the same time they were called upon to adopt the English

canons and the Thirty-nine Articles. Ussher was unwilling, because of the Articles contradictory to extreme Calvinism, but in the end they were adopted, with only one dissentient voice, that of a minister from Down. The canons were somewhat modified, chiefly under the direction of Bramhall, who had become Bishop of Derry. There was much discontent, and the Lord Deputy wrote to Laud, 'I am not ignorant that my stirring in this matter will be strangely reported and censured, and how I shall be able to sustain myself against your Prynnes, Pymes, and Bens, with the rest of that generation of odd names and natures, Heaven knows. Sure I am, I have gone herein with an upright heart to prevent a breach, apparent at least, between the churches of England and Ireland.'

At the Parliament of 1634, the Lord Deputy, as the representative of royalty, was escorted by the Earl of Kildare, bearing the cap of maintenance, and the Earl of Ormond the sword of State. There was a regulation issued by Lord Deputy Chichester, that no member of the Irish Parliament should wear his sword, and an usher of the Black Rod was stationed at the door to receive them. Ormond, then twenty-four years of age, refused to yield his, and on the usher insisting, said, 'If he had it at all, it should be in his body.' The Deputy, much displeased, sent for the young nobleman to answer for his disobedience. Ormond said that he knew of the order, but that he had another to show, and produced the royal writ, summoning him in the old form to Parliament, *cum gladio cinctus*, girt with the sword, as a belted earl. Wentworth held the answer sufficient, and afterwards held council with his two friends, Sir George Radcliffe and Mr. Wandesford, whether such a spirit should be crushed or made a friend. Happily, the latter alternative was decided on. Ormond, the head of the house of Butler, was found a brave, honest, honourable man, he was made a privy councillor at once, and never failed in hearty loyalty. He was 'thorough.'

Wentworth's iron will was quite ready to crush those whom he thought to deserve it. He did not choose to see King or Church robbed, and his hand fell heavily on the swarms of persons who had enriched themselves in contravention of their engagements. He squeezed £70,000 out of the London companies settled in Ulster, making the citizens thus his deadly enemies; he looked into all men's titles to their estates, and forced them to give compensation to the Government which they or their fathers had cheated, thus handing to Charles large sums, which enabled the Government to be carried on, and amazed statesmen, by making Ireland a source of revenue instead of expenditure. Of course, the undertakers and their sons were furious, called him 'Black Tom,' and execrated him—all the more that they found themselves hindered in maltreating the mere Irish as usual, and perceived that the penal laws were kept in suspension. A great manufactory of flax was set up under Wentworth's auspices, and for centuries later, Irish linen was the chief export;

but the narrow political economy of the day forbade woollen cloths to be exported, lest the trade of England should be damaged. The overbearing and greedy nobility of Ireland were among those whom Lord Wentworth treated with stern contempt and indignation, and who became his enemies. Lord Cork had some good qualities, and seems to have been a good and beneficent landlord, building schools and almshouses, but he had been a great robber of Church lands, and of tithes, and many prosecutions were needed before he came to a composition, and made something like restitution.

While this was pending, the Earl of Kildare, who had married one of Cork's daughters, first refused to come to Parliament, and when compelled to come, made a factious opposition. Wentworth reproved him, on which he secretly embarked for England, repaired to the Duke of Lennox, an old friend, and requested to be conducted to the King, to make his complaint. Charles, however, had received letters from the Lord Deputy, and refused to hear or see the runaway, who was obliged to return home, and behaved himself suitably afterwards.

Another affair that made a great disturbance, was that of Francis Annesley, Lord Mountmorris, who was vice-treasurer, and had several times had disagreements with the Deputy. One of his relations, a lieutenant in the army, for some breach of discipline, had, after the custom of the time, been caned by Lord Wentworth. He, some time after, let a stool fall on the Lord Deputy's gouty foot. The story was told at a dinner-party at the Lord Chancellor's, and it was said to have been done on purpose. 'Annesley has a brother who would not have taken such a revenge,' said Mountmorris—words that certainly might bear the meaning that a more serious vengeance might be claimed from the representative of royalty. Mountmorris, being a captain in the army, was tried before a court-martial for mutiny, found guilty, and sentenced to death, but Wentworth, only wishing to give him a lesson, recommended him to mercy, and he was released, but with a bitter feeling of hatred and enmity.

One of his great efforts was to secure that the heirs of Romanist families, if left orphans, should be bred up by Protestants. A law to that effect already existed; and the youth, on coming of age, could not obtain possession of his lands unless he took the Oath of Supremacy. Charles had promised to repeal this law in 1628, but Wentworth avoided doing so, and also overthrew an arrangement by which the rule had been evaded by leaving lands on hundred years' leases to trustees. There was tyranny and injustice in thus educating orphans, but it was one in which all the statesmen and sovereigns of the time concurred, viewing it as their paternal duty to the young wards to have them brought up in the faith they themselves held to be right. The weak point was that in 1628, Charles had made an engagement to the contrary, as likewise he had undertaken to confirm all the existing titles of those who had occupied Crown lands. There was,

however, some informality, and Lord Falkland had avoided getting the resolution confirmed, as had Lord Cork and Chancellor Loftus, who governed in the interval between him and Wentworth, who thus thought himself justified in throwing over the whole.

A severe investigation of titles, backed by 500 horsemen, and intimidation of juries, resulted in the recovery of large amounts of Crown lands, including the whole of Connaught, which was claimed for Charles as heir of the Irish Earls of Clare through the house of York. Wentworth meant to return three-fourths to the former possessors, reserving one-fourth to the Crown, and there making a "plantation" after a fashion of his own.

Complaints and appeals were constantly sent to Charles, but in 1636, Wentworth paid a brief visit to the English Court and fully satisfied the King. Of his perfect integrity there could be no doubt, nor of the grand statesmanlike ability which was making a new country of Ireland. The ragged, starving army, once terrible only to the peaceful, was now orderly, efficient, well-clothed, fed, and paid; where there had been one ton of shipping in the harbours there were now a hundred; the land was peaceful and better cultivated; the nobles and gentry restrained from maltreating the unhappy Irish. The bishoprics were being filled up by conscientious men; their revenues, and those of the clergy, had been partly restored; doctrine and discipline were improving, and learning beginning to thrive at the University of Dublin, of which, much against his will, Archbishop Laud had been elected Chancellor.

Certainly Wentworth had been 'thorough.' His enemies held that all this had been effected by the most blood-thirsty injustice and tyranny, trampling on rights everywhere, for the sake of personal ambition and greed. As to these two last, Wentworth gained nothing; he simply worked for the King, and for the prevention of bloodshed. Intimidation there was, but it is to be remembered that the men he had to deal with were proverbially incapable of returning an honest verdict; and as to their outcries about the injustice and oppression of Government, we have heard the like in our own day. The proprietors of English blood, and the nobles of the English pale, had been used to lord it as they chose over both the Crown and the native population, and to trample the Church under their feet; and when they found themselves in the powerful grasp of a true king of men, they laid up hot indignation against the time of vengeance.

Now, however, all went well, the King was grateful to the only man who knew how to deal with Ireland; and Queen Henrietta, though she could not like any one so 'thorough' and earnest, pronounced that the Viscount Wentworth had the most beautiful hands in the Court, and Wentworth's fellow-worker was finding response of Church feeling in many quarters. Good George Herbert had just ended his beautiful and tranquil life at Bemerton, taken away from the evil to come, but his poems and his 'Country Pastor' were doing

their work. And at Little Gidding, Nicolas Farrer with his mother, brother, nephews, and nieces, were living in a perpetual round of devotion and good works.

The King and Queen made a State progress to Oxford, accompanied by their two eldest nephews, Charles Louis, the young Elector Palatine, and Rupert, who had been sent by their mother to visit him, and showed none of their father's aversion to the English Church.

The Archbishop received them as Chancellor, and Christ Church presenting the King with a Bible, the Queen with a pair of gloves, Charles Louis with Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and Rupert with a translation of 'Cæsar's Commentaries.' They attended the cathedral service, where the King knelt very devoutly: 'his long left lock shelving over his shoulder.' He went daily to church, as usual, during his stay, and the evenings were mostly spent in seeing plays acted by the undergraduates.

This was the first visit of Charles's two nephews to England, under the care of their mother's champion, Lord Craven, and they were very happy there. They showed no objection to the English Church, and Rupert, being bright of wit, Laud proposed to let him take holy orders and be provided for with a bishopric. But Rupert was too soldierly for such a course, and it was then proposed to make him Viceroy of Madagascar or St. Lawrence, as it was then called, while Charles Louis was to set up another kingdom in the West Indies. No one seems to have had any scruples as to the rights of the inhabitants, but the youth's mother put a stop to the plan, by writing that she would have none of her sons go for knights errant, and saying it was like Don Quixote's promise to make his trusty squire king of an island. Then there was a scheme of marrying Rupert to Marguerite de Rohan, daughter and heiress to the great Duke, but this fell through, after long negotiation. The lads had been very happy in England, and when their mother recalled them to the Hague, fearful of the dissipations of Henrietta's Court, and of the spirit of proselytism there, Rupert, as he went out for his last hunt with his uncle, was heard wishing that he might break his neck so that he might leave his bones in England.

Elizabeth declared that, 'if her son had staid ten days longer at St. James's he would have come back a Catholic,' and Henrietta rejoined, that if she had thought so she would have kept him. But he showed that both ladies were wrong.

There is a most graceful portrait of him at this period, when he was eighteen years of age, with a spirited, gentle face, long floating hair, and deep lace collar and cuffs, presented by his mother to Lord Craven, painted by Antonio Vandyke, the Fleming, who was commemorating the gentlemen of the Court of England, with unrivalled perfection. This great artist gave the King's features a wonderful dignity and pathos, such as made the Italian sculptor, for whom Charles' head was painted in three aspects, the full face and the two

profiles, exclaim, 'That man will die a violent death.' His ladies were less successful, though the dress of the period was simple and tasteful; but his children, especially the royal ones, petticoated and tight-capped little things, were full of character.

All these years, however, spent without convoking parliament, were adding to the spirit of disaffection, which broke forth from time to time in libels. Prynne brought himself into trouble again with a bitterer book than ever, in which he spoke of the Archbishop as arch-agent for the devil, said, 'Beelzebub himself had been archbishop,' and called the whole Bench 'Luciferian lords, execrable traitors, devouring wolves.' Bastwick, a doctor of medicine, wrote a book called *Medico Mastix*, in which he said the bishops were more disobedient and worse than the devils themselves, and called them 'rook-catchers, murdering hirelings, atheists, a commonwealth of rats;' 'like the giants of old, making war against the clouds.' Barton, a clergyman, preached two sermons with equally remarkable terms of abuse of the whole Bench,—such as 'miscreants, traps and wiles of the dragon dogs, new Babel-builders, blind watchmen, dumb dogs, ravening wolves, factors for antichrist, antichristian mush rumps.' In an apology, or rather defence, he proceeded to term them 'Jesuitical polypragmatics and sons of Belial.'

The three were brought before the Star Chamber, sentenced to stand in the pillory, have their ears cut off, and be branded in the face, besides undergoing imprisonment at His Majesty's pleasure. Laud was in the court, but only to defend himself from their accusations, and he did not vote on their punishment. 'I shall forbear to censure them,' he said, 'and leave them to God's mercy and the King's justice.'

Of course, it was well to silence such foul-mouthed railing. In the Tudor times this would have been done by death, and the mitigated law was still a savage one. The public punishment did nothing but harm. Prynne's ears had been only clipped before, now they were more cruelly hacked. The people cried out with sympathy, and Prynne, as he stood in the pillory, was stung by the pain into making a discourse on his wrongs, which embittered the people more and more. Laud was much concerned at the folly of allowing him to speak, and when, on their way to imprisonment in Caernarvon Castle, the Sheriff of Cheshire actually gave a public banquet to the prisoners, that gentleman was deservedly summoned to the Star Chamber, and fined for this contempt of the King's justice.

Bishop Williams had been under prosecution since 1627 for revealing the King's secrets; and a correspondence was discovered between him and Lawrence Osbaldistone, the Master of Westminster School, in which Laud was abused by the names of 'the little urchin,' and 'the little meddling hocus-pocus.' Williams was further accused of having embezzled the cathedral money as Dean of Westminster. This charge was not proved, and it was denied that the letter applied

to the Archbishop; but there was evidently false swearing in the matter. The schoolmaster was sentenced to the pillory, but escaped. The revealing of secrets was sworn to by four gentlemen, and Williams was imprisoned during the King's pleasure and fined. It would have been wiser in Laud to have abstained from taking any part in the prosecution of Williams, being known to be at enmity with him; but he knew the Bishop of Lincoln to be a mischievous intriguer, exceedingly clever, and his eager desire to prevent the affair from failing led him on. Few good men have been more hated than William Laud, yet a good man he was, and his errors arose from want of tact, from zeal and impetuosity, which gave an opportunity to his enemies, and prevented his high and noble aims from being understood. But for Laud's being raised up, the English Church would have sunk into mere Puritanism and forgotten her Catholicity. Nor could his work succeed save through present failure and martyrdom. He and Wentworth were alike 'thorough,' and they paid for their steadfastness with their lives.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

VII.

THE RULER OF THE NIGHT.

‘Let there be Lights
High in th’ expanse of Heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years.’

‘HAST thou not dropt from Heaven?’ Caliban asks Stephano, who replies, ‘Out o’ the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.’ *Cal.* ‘I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.’

The fact that the object known as ‘the man in the moon,’ is visible to the naked eye, teaches us that we can discern, unassisted, the irregularities of her surface. Some people see a full face; and astronomers have been found to point out which mountains make the eyes, which plains the cheeks, and a range of mountains for the mouth. Some see a man with a bundle of sticks, and others add a dog, which in one representation on an old seal in the Record Office, sits up, begging in the most sprightly manner, on one horn of the moon! He is of course supposed to be the man mentioned in Numbers xv. 32. Children like the old German tale, with its fine moral: A man went out to gather faggots on a Sunday, and being asked if he did not know that all the earth rested on Sunday, he replied, ‘Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven is all one to me.’ On which he was caught up to the moon with the sentence, ‘As you value not Sunday on earth, you shall have a perpetual moon-day in Heaven!’

Just now we may picture him with plenty of companions; for the latest scientific hoax is that a Berlin professor has found men in the moon, with ‘signs of industry and traffic.’ As some vegetation would be useful under these circumstances, the Professor has been good enough to find *verdant* plains, and has thrown in several ‘oceans of water’ in the most beneficent manner, overturning a few mountains to make them; while as to an atmosphere, as that would be difficult to prove, by one bold stroke it is taken as an axiom which no one seriously doubts. It may be interesting to mention that the means of this discovery was putting a lunar photograph under the microscope, which seems to have revealed the very colouring of the vegeta-

tion! It is needless to remark, the Professor's name is unknown to science.

Before considering the moon as a ruler we will enquire whether she gives any heat, and what is the extent of her light-giving power. We unlearned folk would mostly say, 'Yes,' if asked the former question, especially if we had been in warmer countries where the moon's rays are much stronger. Plants are the better for moonlight, and those in our windows should be allowed their share—as the hymn says:

‘So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below.’

It is curious how difficult it was to *prove* that there is heat in moonbeams. First, two scientific men—Saussure and Melloni—said there was heat. Tyndall showed they were mistaken in the means they had adopted to try it. Dr. Huggins, who had found heat even in starlight, tried the moon with a thermopile, could not detect any, and that seemed settled. But Lord Rosse has at last succeeded in showing for certain that we do receive about the nine hundred-thousandth part of solar heat; it is greatest at full moon, but it is also thought (though sometimes disputed) that the full moon's heat may disperse clouds in our atmosphere, and so indirectly make our nights colder.

As to the moon's light, it is seldom realized what a weak light even the full moon's is. One candle close at hand gives a far stronger light than the moon. Indeed it is said that 144 such moons would only give as much light as a good wax candle close to us.

We may have remarked how large the moon sometimes looks on the horizon, when rising or setting. This is a very good example of how our eyes deceive us; for when measured, the moon actually measures *less* on the horizon than when nearer the zenith. Perhaps we unconsciously compare it with other objects or with the length of horizon we can see, or possibly the red rays may produce the optical illusion. But with a little reflection we can see why the moon in the zenith must be nearer us than the moon on the horizon; because then we see her with only the distance from the earth's circumference, on which we stand, to the moon in a perpendicular line. When we see her on our horizon, she is perpendicular to another part of the earth's surface, and our distance from her then is the distance from the moon to the earth's circumference, *added* to the bulge of nearly a quarter of the earth's surface.

The moon's mean distance from the earth (which always signifies distance from centre to centre) is 239,000 miles, a distance which could be accomplished by a champion walker in a little over twenty-six years, at twenty-five miles a day; nine voyages round the earth would over-do the distance. An express train would run there in about ten months. Her greatest distance is 253,000 miles, her least 222,000. Her diameter is 2160 miles, and her real motion from west to east averages a space equal to its own diameter in an hour.

A great advantage ensues from the fact that the moon's and sun's apparent diameters are much the same; and that is that in a solar eclipse the moon either entirely covers the sun, or only leaves a ring of light, according to its distance.

The moon's actual shape is uncertain. Her disc certainly appears circular, but this is probably owing to her position. Whereas the earth is an oblate spheroid, it seems the moon is an example of a prolate spheroid, and some people believe her to be veritably egg-shaped, with a large and small end. If so, the small end is towards the earth. Hold an egg at arm's length with the small end towards you, shut one eye, and after a second or two you will see the egg so held is circular in outline.

The precise path of the moon round the sun is very hard to take in without illustration, and almost impossible to draw for oneself. It all depends on this fact: owing to the comparative distances and sizes of sun and earth with regard to the moon, the sun exercises just twice as much power over the moon as the earth does: therefore the moon travels in a curve which is *always* concave or hollow towards the sun, and in fact differs little from our own path. It will be understood that though this is so, it might conceivably be different, and indeed, Jupiter's satellites travel in very different paths. But with our moon we can quite understand that when she is full and has earth and sun on the same side of her, she obeys the double pull, and her path is concave to both, but at new moon when she is between earth and sun, their pull is exactly opposite ways; as the sun's pull is the hardest the moon obeys it, and the earth can only modify the curve, making it less concave to the sun, but still it is slightly convex to the earth. Therefore you will at once perceive that the expression *round* the earth is misleading, if it makes you conceive of the moon's path as a succession of looped curves, as would be the case if she really turned back in her journey and retrograded at new moon, on account of the earth's attraction. Quite as delusive are figures which represent her as pursuing a wavy curve, like Hogarth's Line of Beauty, alternately concave and convex to the sun. The moon crosses and recrosses the earth's path in a curve slightly more concave to the sun at full moon than at new.

Now let us approach the moon's majesty, and consider her power as a ruler. First, as a ruler of time; she is the best time-measurer we have, twelve times better than the sun whose changes only take place once a year, while the moon's are completed more than twelve times in the same period. The heavens have been likened to a clock, of which the sun is the hour-hand and the moon the minute-hand. The greatest practical use of the moon as a time-measure, is to calculate a ship's place at sea. Her place for every night of the year at certain given places—Greenwich being one—is published in the Nautical Almanac, and elsewhere, for three years beforehand. Therefore, when a sailor wishes to determine his longitude, his best way is to

observe how far the moon is from such a star; by reference to the tables it can be ascertained how far it is from that star at Greenwich at the same hour. A calculation of the difference between the two positions gives the longitude. These calculations must be accurate, as a mistake of one minute of time in English latitudes, means a mistake of about ten miles in place, and more at the Equator. A passenger on a voyage to the Cape amused himself on the last day by calculating the ship's place, and he made a mistake of a few minutes in time, which caused an error of forty miles in the longitude. 'Oh,' said he, 'that's not so bad for a passenger.' 'And how would you like it if we landed you forty miles off shore?' was the reply. And quite as bad would it be to be cast on a rock that should have been miles off.

We must remember that Easter, like the Jewish Passover, has always been ruled by the moon; Easterday being the Sunday after the first full moon that falls on or after March 21st; in other words, the Sunday succeeding the 14th day of the moon of the Vernal Equinox. Thus there has always been a full moon in Holy Week:

'Among the olives kneel,
The chill night-blast to feel.

And watch the moon that saw thy Master's agony.'

Intimately connected with the keeping of Easter is the Metonic cycle, by which it is regulated.

The Athenian Meton discovered, B.C. 433, that almost exactly every nineteen years all the changes of the moon recur just as they did nineteen years before, new moon coming on the same dates. The moon making 235 revolutions round the earth in that time. Therefore if we have nineteen patterns of years for finding the moon that rules Easter, we can always predict the dates of all the Holy days depending on Easter. This arrangement is so nearly accurate, that it only requires the correction of a day in 322 years. The Cycle was written in letters of gold on the walls of the Temple of Minerva, hence the term *golden number*, used of those numbers in our calendar, marking the days on which the Paschal full moon can fall. Thus 1885 is the 5th year of the present Metonic Cycle. The golden number 5 is prefixed to March 30th, showing that in the fifth year of each cycle the Paschal full moon falls on that day, and Easterday will be the Sunday after.

Hence we see Easter day falls this year on April 5th. This cycle was four days wrong in the time of Pope Gregory XIII., who assisted by his astronomer Clavius, reformed the Calendar. This reform is generally noticed in astronomical books; perhaps the following is as simple an abstract of the subject for beginners as can be made:—

1. The real length of the year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 51 seconds. Therefore an arrangement of equal years of 365 days only would in four years move the longest day from the 21st to the 22nd of June, and so on, until it had moved all the year round. The Ma-

hometans, who use a year of 354 days, in fact begin their years eleven days sooner each year, all their dates retrograding. So that if their New Year's Day corresponded with ours one year, next year ours would be eleven days later and next year twenty-two days later than theirs.

2. Julius Cæsar, helped by Sosigenes the Egyptian, perceiving that in four years there is *nearly* a day over the 365×4 , ordered the system of adding a day every fourth year, now known as Leap-year.

3. Friar Bacon, about 1267, discovered that as the year is not *quite* six hours over the 365 days, too many Leap-years had been added, and that therefore some days ought to be taken out of the year. He requested Pope Clement IV. to reform the Calendar, and was imprisoned for ten years for his pains.

4. Gregory XIII., in 1582, *did* so reform the Calendar, taking out ten days between the 4th and 15th of October. All countries in the Roman obedience did so, but unfortunately England and some other countries thought this an exercise of Papal Supremacy, which their religious convictions compelled them to resist.

5. The Protestant states of Germany reformed the Calendar in 1700, politely telling the Pope they did not do it to obey *him*.

6. England reformed her style in 1752, and being now eleven days wrong, she struck out all the days between September 2 and September 14th. Thus the day that would have been the 3rd was called the 14th, and the riots about the eleven days of which the working people felt defrauded, showed that social pig-headedness is as intolerant as religious bigotry. A relic of the Old Style is the fashion of calling January 6th 'Old Christmas Day,' and so forth. The old folk-lore and weather predictions have to do with Old Style. Thus:

'Barnaby bright; all day and no night.'

dates from the time when we were ten days wrong and kept S. Barnabas at the summer solstice.

7. The Russian Church still asserts its independence of the Roman by keeping all the errors of Old Style—the twelve days wrong in the Calendar and the four days wrong in the Metonic cycle.

8. In order to hinder the year from getting wrong again, Pope Gregory gave this rule: leave out one leap year in each century. Thus 1700 and 1800 A.D. were not reckoned as leap years; 1900 will not be leap year either. But as this makes rather too few leap years all centuries divisible by 400 are to keep their leap year. The year 2000 will be leap year.

The moon also rules our tides. And here she shows her full strength. We all know that about twice in twenty-four hours there is high water and twice low water wherever the sea comes. These tides are formed chiefly by the moon's attraction. The moon attracts the whole earth, but the water answers to that attraction most easily, so that it rises under the moon into a high tide. At the same time there is high tide on the opposite side of the globe, caused by the moon drawing the

earth's centre away from the water on that side. Half way between these points there is low water. The high tide anywhere is just as much later every day as the moon is later in coming to the meridian of that place. High tide, however, is not exactly under the moon, but always a little behind it, because gravity takes time to do its work, so the moon *apparently* goes round the earth, dragging the tidal wave after it, as it were.

And what of spring and neap tides? What visions of seaside delight, of anemones, urchins, shells, jelly-fish, and seaweeds does a spring tide at low water bring to us! Spring tide occurs when the sun and moon are pulling together, as at new moon, or on opposite sides, as at full moon, and so raise both high tides as well as if they were on the same side. For the sun attracts the tides, only on account of his greater distance, his attraction is a good deal less than half the moon's. When the two are added to each other they raise a spring tide; when they work against each other, as at half moons, there ensue *neap* tides, which are those that flow and ebb least, and are due only to the excess of the moon's attraction over the sun's.

The great Laplace undertook to invent a moon which should be such an improvement on the present arrangement, that it would be always full and always shine the whole night. Besides the fact that the moon he constructed required to be seventeen times lighter than water, and so of some quite unknown substance; and that no one wishes the stars always to be put out by moonlight, such a moon being always opposite to the sun, would produce perpetual spring tides, we should have no differences, and the dangers of our seashores would be multiplied. In fact, "Laplace's Moon" was rather a failure, for as it had to revolve round the earth once a year instead of over twelve times, it lost its use as a time measure.

Truly creative power, or any form of omnipotence would be a terrible misfortune in the hands of the wisest of us; and we may say with Southey:

'Madman! to seek for power beyond thy scope
Of knowledge, and to deem
Less than Omniscience could suffice
To wield Omnipotence!—'

Bog-Oak.

(To be continued.)

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY.

VII.

THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM.

WHEN we say that 'the blood is the life,' we are speaking of the material, mechanical life. There are other and subtler influences at work in directing the wonderful machine called a human body. We have seen that a network of veins and arteries is spread through the body, and that the centre of these is the heart. There is another and equally important network, which consists of nerves connected with the brain.

The mere anatomical study of the brain and nervous system does not present any peculiar difficulties, but when we come to the physiology and disordered condition of the system we meet with peculiar perplexity.

It is a subject pregnant with interest, and how can it be otherwise when we consider that the nervous system is the medium through which we communicate with all those things which are external to us, and that it is the brain through which, by its mysterious workings, are produced the grand intellectual efforts of the world!

The brain itself is not unlike a walnut (*inside* walnut, of course, not shell). If you take a walnut and split it in halves, each half, with its two broad and two narrow points, will give a rough idea of the brain with its two hemispheres. The substance of it, however, is not hard, like the walnut, but soft, and the appearance of it white and grey. The walnut is covered with a skin, which, when the fruit is fresh, can be readily removed. In like manner the brain is enveloped by a membrane called the *pia mater*, or tender mother, because it protects the pulpy substance from harm. This membrane is entirely composed of blood vessels held together by connective tissue: and thus a copious supply of blood is brought to this important part.

The brain is divided into two portions, the *cerebrum* or brain proper, which fills the forehead and the top of the head, and the *cerebellum*, or little brain, which is placed in the back of the skull or cranium, the latter being represented by the walnut's shell. The cerebrum is supposed to be the seat of the reasoning faculties, and of the will. It is the organ of thought, the seat of perception and memory, and of *ideation*, or the formation of ideas. Hence, too, it is named the centre of *ideo-motor* phenomena. Of the cerebellum we will treat hereafter.

The brain is so delicate and susceptible of injury that slight local pressure disturbs its action. Thus a solid covering like the skull was required, with those parts of it made stronger and thicker which are most exposed to injury. It is well known that the form of an arch bears transverse pressure in a marvellous way, because by means of it the force that would destroy is made to compress, not one side only of the mass, but all parts of both sides, nearly in the same degree. The brain required the most perfect security, and in the arched form of the skull has this without much weight. The resistance of this arched form may be seen any day by comparing the strength of a watch glass with that of the ordinary glazing of a picture. A common eggshell is also a good example—the force required to break in the top of it being comparatively great.

In quite young babies the skull is soft and yielding, and may be described as scales or shells of bone applied on the surface of the brain, and held together by membrane which has not yet ossified or become bony. This is what nurses mean when they talk of a baby's head not being 'closed.' These scales or shells become firmly fixed together by projections of bone, from the edges of each, shooting in among similar projections of the adjoining ones, until all mutually cohere by a perfect system of vandyked joints. These joints are called the *sutures* or seams of the cranium, and are visible to extreme old age. As long, however, as the child is very young, its skull retains a certain degree of elasticity, so that the falls which Baby gets in learning to walk do not inflict anything like the same amount of damage as they would in the case of a grown person. In order still further to protect the brain from injury, the skull is lined with a fibrous, semi-transparent membrane of a pearly-white colour, thick, and of great resistance, which is called the *dura mater* (literally *hard mother*); 'dura' from its hard, tough quality, and 'mater' because it was supposed to give origin to all other membranes of the body. The upper surface of the *pia mater* covering the brain, and the under surface of the *dura mater* lining the skull, are both lined by a membrane called *arachnoid* on account of its thinness, arachnoid meaning cobweb-like. The two layers of arachnoid membrane meet at certain points, so that a sort of shut sac is formed, into which the membrane secretes a fluid called the arachnoid fluid. Thus an arrangement greatly resembling a thin water mattress is interposed between the cranium and the brain, so that any blow on the hard bony box is deadened and modified before it can reach the precious treasure within.

We have seen that the cerebrum is the seat of the reasoning faculties and of the will; indeed, some have supposed it to be the residence of the soul. However this may be, there can be no doubt but that man's intellect is closely bound up with this mass of soft and carefully shielded matter, the impalpable with the palpable, the invisible with the visible. For as the skill of the player is shown through his instru-

ment, so the power and bent of man's soul and spirit can at present only manifest themselves through the appointed medium of the brain, with its curious convolutions, which have given rise to so many speculations, but which remain an unsolved enigma to this day. The number and depth of these convolutions are the feature which chiefly distinguishes the brain of man from that of the lower animals. The pia mater, with its network of blood-vessels, dips down into the furrows so as to supply each part with life-giving blood.

Everybody has seen the little plaster heads which may be bought at any bazaar, on the denuded scalp of which are drawn divisions marked 'Ideality,' 'Combativeuess,' 'Causality,' and so forth. These are intended to illustrate the so-called science of phrenology, which took its rise from the teachings of Gall and his disciple Spurzheim, in the eighteenth century. Gall fancied that each faculty of the mind has a separate organ in the brain, and that those organs are marked externally by elevations or protuberances on the cranium. This theory has been partially exploded as false in detail, but there is no doubt but that, generally speaking, a high order of intellect is closely associated with a certain development of the skull, and *weight*, not always *size*, of brain. If a horizontal line were drawn across the middle of the ear to the tip of the nose, and a vertical line from the top of the forehead to meet it, the two lines would form what is called the *facial angle* of Camper. In the highest type of the human skull the vertical line would be very nearly perpendicular, but in the case of idiots, and the savage and debased races, it would slant backwards, while with monkeys and animals in general it would invariably take a sloping direction.

When we spoke of the brain being divided into two portions, we were only giving a rough outline of the organ, the subdivisions of which are numerous. The hindermost of these is the *medulla oblongata*. To explain the functions of this and of the cerebellum, we may observe an analogy between the brain and nervous system and the working of an ordinary telegraph. The *mind* of the sender of the telegram corresponds to the soul or *Ego* which acts upon the brain; the electric machine which is brought into play is the brain itself; and the message, which, in telegraphy, is transmitted by wires, in the human machine is transmitted by nerves. Some of these transmissions are mechanical and instinctive, performed without thought; others bring into play the intellect, and are connected with the cerebrum, the great mass of the brain. The cerebellum presides over the co-ordination of the voluntary movements—that is to say, enables us to carry food and drink to our mouths, walk across the room, write, draw, do needlework or dance. By this we do not mean that the *ideas*, the conception of how and what to draw or write, or the taste of the food and drink, are derived from or through the cerebellum, but merely the mechanical power of carrying our ideas and conceptions into effect. The *medulla oblongata* gives rise to

the contractions of the respiratory muscles and keeps the lungs at work.

Nerves are given off from the brain in pairs, and twelve pairs are derived from that organ. Each nerve consists of a bundle of nerve fibres, held together by fibrous tissue, and each fibre is an exceedingly delicate tube of transparent membrane, enclosing a band or conducting cord, which is insulated by an oily substance which fills the rest of the tube. There are two kinds of nerves—sensory and motor. The sensory nerves are those which transmit *to* the brain the impressions of sight, touch, smell, taste, hearing, and sensation in general. The motor nerves are those which carry *from* the brain an impulse which puts in motion the muscles in different parts of the body. Hence the sensory nerves are called *afferent*, and the motor nerves *efferent*, afferent from the Latin *afferens*, bearing to, and *efferent* from *efferens*, bearing out.

The medulla oblongata, surrounded by the pia mater and the arachnoid membrane, passes down into the spine, where it is called the spinal cord. This latter is a greyish-white soft substance, which extends to about the second joint of the spine, where it tapers off into a thread or filament.

The spine itself, which contains the spinal cord, is composed of twenty-four joints or vertebrae, which increase in size in proportion as they approach the base of the column. Between each two of these joints there is a soft elastic substance which yields readily to any sudden jar. This 'intervertebral substance,' as it is called, when subjected to the weight of the head during the day, is said to cause shortening of the spine in the evening to some extent. It has been asserted that this was known to those liable to conscription during the wars of the first Napoleon, and that the men *just about* the regulation height remained a long time in the upright position, in the hope that when they were measured they would be found a little below the military standard. The strength of the spine is shown in the fact that a man can carry upon his head or back a weight heavier than himself. There are thirty-one pairs of nerves connected with the spinal cord, which pass out of the spinal canal by apertures between the vertebrae called the *intervertebral foramina*, from the Latin *forare*, to bore or pierce.

We have said that the brain is the great nerve centre, but there is another set of nerves and nerve centres called the *sympathetic system*, which is distinct from the *cerebro-spinal system* which we have just been considering, though connected with it. We will consider this subject in the next chapter.

SOME DEAR DOGS.

BY GWYNFEYN, AUTHOR OF 'FRIENDS IN FUR AND FEATHER,' 'THE OTTER STORY,' ETC.

I.

'Out of sight out of mind,' seems to be an axiom in dog philosophy as well as man's. Dogs are of course always burying spare food, making what Arctic explorers call a *cache*, in which to hide scraps and bones against a hungry day, but to make a grave for a foe, bury him alive, and so put him 'out of sight and out of mind,' is a carrying out of the spirit of the proverb never thought of in *our* philosophy.

Three instances, about to be told, in which dogs disposed of their rivals by burial are perfectly well authenticated. A tortoise, a toy, and a baby were carried to untimely graves by aggrieved dogs of very different characters and sizes, and in each case the motive was ungovernable jealousy.

And here let me plead for pity for the pain we see with so little thought, and even are amused by; pity for the evident suffering we see when a loving dumb creature shows that strangely human feeling of jealousy; jealous fear lest any other creature should take the place near us he values so dearly. The life of a faithful dog is one of absolute devotion to his master, whose every tone and movement he watches and listens to, only waiting to do his will, and only at rest when he is sure his master is pleased with him. Very little kindness goes a long way with him, and makes him comfortable upon this point, but let a rival appear on the scene, and all assurance is gone, and with it his peace. He suffers torments of jealousy, and every look shows apprehension. Who has not seen the sad, wistful watching of the beautiful eyes of a dog gazing up to the master, who hardly sees the creature waiting for a word, while the love for which he lives, the poor dog believes, is all going away in pats upon a rival's head.

Apparently, from a dog's point of view, there is and can be in the world only a certain number of bones and a certain amount of affection, and if a rival comes to share love and bones, there will be so much the less for him; a point of view which has borne considerable fruit in regulating the affairs of his masters also, ever since the world began.

We fight our rivals, and if we can, we kill them, but I don't think we bury them alive, as dogs do when they want to 'improve an enemy off the face of the earth,' and determine to do with him as they do with their spare bones.

Jock, the prettiest and cleverest of silken-haired terriers, who never in his whole life had to face the fear of famine, and probably

had therefore never exercised the family tradition of bone burying, suddenly in a frantic fit of jealousy made up his mind to dig a grave, and therein to bury an enemy.

There was, however, every excuse for him, for the enemy was one whom it was simply impossible to do anything else with ; biting, and scratching, and growling going for less than nothing upon a foe in joint armour, who when attacked, tucked his greaved feet and helmetted head into his hard shell-clad back, and made himself, as sailors say, 'all taut,' and quite impregnable.

This impracticable foe of Jock's, a large and very amiable old tortoise, lived his lazy life in summer in a walled garden, doing nothing at all, not even eating : now and then he drank a little, but no one ever saw him eat. Creeping wearily along, as if his shell was too hard and heavy for his tired legs to drag about, as perhaps it was, getting slowly over the ground with one foot stretched out after another at the rate of a step a minute, and never with more than one eye open at a time, he looked a pitiable, half-alive, sort of creature ; but stupid as he was, he had his feelings, knew when he was well treated, and responded amiably to kindly touches and gentle ways.

He certainly recognised people who were kind to him, for if picked up by any one he knew he held his head well forward out of his shell to be tickled and stroked, an attention he seemed to like, although through his helmet he could hardly have felt it.

The tortoise and Jock had often seen something of each other, and with perfect indifference on both sides, when one day some little girls (old friends of the tortoise) took Jock and the spaniel (Spark) into the garden, and spying their ancient ally under the leaves, they ran to him, picked him up in their arms and talked to and patted and kissed him.

The horny head went tightly back into the shell, but soon came out again, while the creature's small dull eyes peered at the faces close to his own, the children stroking the ugly little head, for they were delighted to see their old friend again, and thought he must be as glad to see them.

Jock looked on in astonishment at what he saw. That anything should be kissed and petted when he was by, was always considered by him a personal affront to be resented in every possible way at the time, and sulked over in the future for hours, or even sometimes days.

As the children put the tortoise down, Jock, who had been trembling with anger and excitement, flew at it, and, helped by the old spaniel, tried to bite it to pieces, both dogs barking savagely and growling as they snapped at the hard little monster, who, tucked tidily into his shell, felt their attack no more than if he had been a beach stone.

At last, exhausted by their exertions and, I suppose, rather perplexed by the result, the dogs stopped to pant and think, and then it was that Jock's quick little wits suggested a *cache*.

It was clear the tortoise could not be killed, but he could be buried. Nobody should ever pet him and kiss him again, for he made up his mind to dig a hole, put him in, and bury him there and then.

At once he began making a grave at a little distance from his victim, who remained passive and tucked up. Spark quite agreed in the plan, and worked with a will at the hole, the two dogs slaving like railway navvies until they had made a trench deep enough to bury the creature, and at least three times too long for it.

Jock's engineering seemed faulty in respect of measurement, for when repeating his exploit of burying the tortoise, as he did more than once, he always made the same mistake, and got ready for a thing that was almost round, a long and narrow trench-shaped grave that would have held three tortoises in a row.

When all was ready, after shaking themselves and much panting for breath, the dogs went for the tortoise, trying to carry him in their mouths to the grave, but as he was much too big they gave up that idea, and, pushing him with their noses, tried to make him walk to it. As his legs were tucked in, and he steadily declined to untuck them, this plan also failed, and so they set to work to roll him over and over, and at last, fairly shovelled him with nose and paws, with fuss and fury, to the edge of the hole, and then tidily upset him into it, upon what ought to have been his feet, had they not, with his head and tail, been safe inside. This done, the earth was vigorously scratched back again, and the creature was left to its fate; but little thought the grave-diggers, as they rushed away to find some fresh bit of fun, that their victim was only waiting for a few moments of stillness to stir himself in his hole and dig himself up to daylight, crawling, covered with earth, out of his grave, and none the worse for being buried alive.

Being buried alive in winter weather, such as it then was, ought in fact to have been rather a treat to a tortoise, for with head and legs folded away in his shell, he might have gone to sleep quite comfortably for a few weeks or months, and awoke to spring and sunshine, as his forefathers had often done in other lands; but perhaps it was not quite cold enough to settle himself for a long sleep, or probably he preferred choosing a grave of his own making, for as soon as he got out of the hole he walked steadily away from it, and hid under the shelter of some large leaves, where his tormenters always, however, knew where to find him, and from whence, I am sorry to say, they from time to time fetched him to bury, until they got tired of the amusement, and were also, I fancy, warned off by the indignant gardeners, who were afraid they might really succeed in hurting their garden pet and did not like to see it so teased.

Jock when he goes into the garden generally takes a little trouble to ascertain where the old tortoise is, but if he finds him, he no longer ill treats him, and seems to have decided that, as things are at present, the world is large enough for them both.

II.

THE burial of the baby was a tragedy, not to the baby, but in its results to the dog who did the deed, and who in an agony of jealousy thought out the plan for getting rid of his little rival. Mac was a beautiful retriever, the pet of a young lady who took him, upon her marriage, to her new home. There for two years Mac lived in much comfort, held in high honour and consideration, no less for his lady's sake than his own.

He was much with his beloved young mistress, and when in-doors had the favourite's place on the hearth-rug, lying at her feet.

A day came when all was changed. Mac wandered disconsolate about the silent house, but no kind voice spoke his name, no gentle hand patted his silken head, and everywhere, inside and outside, there was an unaccustomed atmosphere of fuss and of mystery enough to disconcert a regular and well-mannered dog, who, like all his tribe, liked everything to happen every day as it had happened the day before—and the day before that. A domestic disarrangement is felt more by the dog than his master, so completely is he dependent on habit for his comfort and peace of mind.

But this state of things also came to an end, and Mac had made his way to a forbidden room, and had seen his beloved mistress, but . . . with a baby in her arms!

Poor Mac felt it to his very heart's core. His keen instinct told him that a new pet had supplanted him, and probably also, pats grew rare and kind words few, while the wonder and delight of the new baby absorbed the young mother and occupied all about her.

Mac looked on, and pined and grieved as dogs do, missing the loving looks and tones they live for, but at last it was observed the dog was getting sullen and morose, and when the baby was in the room, showed so much temper, that he once tried to snap at it. This was so serious that Mac was at once turned out altogether, and so, poor dog, for the first time in his life he found himself humiliated to the lowest grade, no longer a drawing-room favourite, but only a poor chained and collared yard dog, expected to be thankful for the bones he got thrown him, and having nothing to do but to fling himself to the end of his chain and bark at the beggars.

He was probably too sulky to eat the bones, however, and in his trouble would not have cared much about the beggars, as he brooded over the wrongs brought him by that baby.

The baby had turned him out of house and home, and none knew that better than Mac himself, and he must, after much consideration in his kennel, have concluded that to get back to the house he must get rid of the baby.

So he watched his opportunity, and one day managed to get loose, and to slip into the house and up to the nursery, when, fortunately for his designs, he found the nurse absent.

She had left the baby in its cradle. When she came back it was gone, and so was Mac, but a whimper in a corner of the room, coming from under a small heap of clothes, revealed what had happened, and betrayed Mac's wickedness—his crime—for he had buried the baby, and no doubt supposed it would never come out again, any more than the bones did when he had dug holes for them, scratched them well over and left them. He had not hurt the little thing, but he had picked it up, long clothes and all, out of its cradle, put it in a corner and covered it up with everything he could find about the room.

And having done his evil deed, Mac seemed to think, that as now there would be no more baby, he would go and take his old place on the rug—where he was soon after seen, complacently sitting by the fire as if nothing had happened, and as if he now had nothing else to do but to feel good and be happy.

Poor Mac went back to collar and chain, and lived many a long year in his slavery, but though no longer a house pet, he died in a good old age, dearly loved and much lamented.

* * * * *

The toy dog interment occurred at a country house, where the little grave-digger was the pet and delight of the household, and the play-fellow of the children.

Unluckily for him, he was one of those white and fluffy little dogs, who are so exactly imitated in lambswool by the toy dogs of the shop windows.

Poor Pero's double in wool and fluff, a life-sized likeness having been seen in a window, was bought and sent down to the children by a bachelor uncle, who thought they would be enchanted with such a reproduction of their pet.

And very much delighted they were, especially when they found their new Pero bore being hugged and pinched, and dragged about with a string to his leg, in a way their old Pero never would have allowed.

For awhile the toy was everything to the children, and the real dog was hardly noticed. The poor little creature felt the change miserably, pined and sulked in corners, brooding over his wrongs, and no doubt pondered, in his sore trouble, over ways and means for ridding himself of his rival; his meditations at length taking shape in a careful and very well arranged burial scheme. This ultimatum was of course suggested by his various hoards, where, hidden away in holes, he kept safely out of sight his various reserves of scraps and bones.

Pero's scheme requiring secrecy of the strictest kind, could only be carried out on Sunday, to which day he therefore deferred the execution of his arrangements.

When Sunday came, as he knew by long experience, the front of the house was deserted, and he had the grounds very much to himself, as the household and family were at church.

But at a bedroom window, alas! for poor Pero, an invalid looked

out, and soon became intensely interested in the little comedy going on; and what she saw was this:—

Walking in a very laborious way along a garden path which led into a shrubbery, Pero was toiling along with a great white thing in his mouth. Then the lady guessed what it all meant: Pero was taking the opportunity to do away with his rival, and although he evidently found him a very inconvenient mouthful, he toiled along, hardly resting until he reached an obscure part of the shrubbery. When there, he dropped the dog, and very soon showed what he meant to do with him, for he set to work to dig a grave with all his might, scratching the earth and throwing it out behind him, tearing away roots with his teeth, and then to work again harder than ever, until he suddenly seemed to think he had done enough.

There appeared to be rather a large hole, and he was seen to put the woolly dog into it, and to pull him out again. It was a misfit, for he set to work as hard as ever, and then tumbled the dog into the hole again, hurriedly covered him up, and ran back to the house.

When he had disappeared, the lady at once sent a servant to undo his work, and bring back the buried toy.

Pero, who in the meantime had got home, and had made his way to his favourite place upon the drawing-room rug, waited impatiently, but in the happiest state of mind, for the return of the family from church.

His sulks were gone, he had forgiven everybody, and as he sprang with all his old delight to welcome the children, he felt no doubt that all his bad time was over; he had got rid of the horrid fluffed dog, and he could never be wretched again.

But in his gambols he turned round, and saw the thing he hated, the horrid creature he had just buried, standing with glassy eyes and woolly coat on the end of the rug. With a howl of despair, the dog rushed from the room, and out of the house, and was never seen again!

What became of him was never known. Had he wandered about in that country neighbourhood, he must sooner or later have been heard of, but not a trace of him was ever found, and his friends always believed he was drowned (and wild as such a notion seems), that he had drowned himself.

This seems at first sight impossible, and yet we know emotion in these poor humble fellow-creatures is so powerful, joy so keen and grief so cruel, that dogs will die with delight at the sudden return of a beloved master, as they have pined to death at his loss; but that a suffering creature could leap to its death and know that oblivion would end its pain, is almost incredible, almost too strange to be true—but, if true, *how* piteous!

There are, however, several, what appear to be well attested cases of such self-destruction on record, and the subject is worth inquiry.

If one such case is proved, it means that we have at our feet

creatures who share with us, not life and death alone, but a capacity for mental pain which can end in despair.

An apparently well authenticated instance of a dog suicide from grief, appeared in the papers some little time ago. A large retriever, who had shown great distress at his owner's death, was found with its head so placed under some shallow water in a water-course, that it seemed impossible it could have got into such a position unless the dog had lain himself down deliberately to drown. He was quite dead when found.

Whether trouble in dogs is strong enough to bring despair, as we know it, may be impossible: they certainly suffer from one form of mental torture much as we do. They feel remorse, and so keenly, that consciousness of wrong done by them to a beloved master, seems to drive them wild.

Two instances are known to the writer, where dogs have run away from home for days, upon a sudden impulse of distress, which looked like what, in man, we should call remorse.

Homeless, and still more, masterless, to a dog, means the last extent of misery, and yet, in the two instances above mentioned, remorse, or whatever the feeling was, overpowered natural instinct for home, and even self-preservation, and drove the creatures to run away from everything, and to wander, hungry and hopeless, for days.

One of these poor conscience-stricken dogs was of that fine breed often seen in the West of England, and especially on the Welsh border, and used by the drovers and cattle drivers, and more rarely by shepherds. The coat is a curious mixture of grey and black, and the eyes are usually of different colours. The dog belonged to a butcher in the village of Chirbury, in Shropshire. She was a strong and very handsome dog, and much attached to her master.

One day a man in the shop, to see what she would do, pretended to strike the butcher. Instantly the enraged dog sprang to the attack, and her master, who caught hold of her to keep her back, got savagely bitten through the hand.

With a cry of distress, the dog leapt the half-door of the shop and disappeared.

No one ever knew what became of her. She was nowhere about the place, and so must have run away. But at the end of the third day, she crept home again, humbled and miserable, begging forgiveness as plainly as ever penitent pleaded for pardon, and looking very thin and hungry from her voluntary exile and three days' starvation.

* * * * *

Thinking and acting, loving and hating, suffering and dying creatures. Oh! the mystery of the life around us. Life of creatures which in outer aspect in so many ways resembles our own, but of whose inner being we know nothing.

Creatures so near to us in feeling, so far removed in thought.

Face to face with a great mystery, man thinks not of it, and passes

by with utter indifference that inner life of the creatures to which he thinks he has no clue.

Such a clue alone as he gathers from signs, he is too often too careless to watch.

And were he not so careless he could not be so ruthless. And here lies his responsibility. He shuts his eyes to torments, he will not think about, not even see, else would it be impossible for men to harry to their death scared and hunted creatures fleeing for life, and call it 'sport.' To stir his blood, the wild-man rapture of the chase, he will not see or believe in the agony he gives. But what of him who sees and experiments upon every pang he causes, cutting to pieces a sentient creature, illustrating upon it every agony that quivering flesh can feel, and this too often for evil curiosity, to demonstrate a lecture, or point a scientific speech.

While enduring all, the victim has been seen to plead for pity, and trying to lick the hand of the torturer, owning, even then, in the ruthless being that cut him to pieces, his master and his friend. Over the Creation, of which he is the discrowned king, man wins back by harsh rule or patient kindness his lost dominion, and finds here and there in the creatures under his hand, a perfect loyalty, and a love that is almost piteous in its intensity, a devotion of affection far surpassing the kindness the creatures feel for their kind, and almost, alas, too often, all that we know of love for each other.

What do the creatures see in us to make them love us so? Surely they see beings alien to them and yet above them. A being instinct with a *life* whose power they dimly recognise. The being into whom God breathed the breath (the spirit) and set him king over His fair Creation.

They see their *king*, into whose hand they were given, whose reign over them has been one long story of injustice, cruelty, and wrong, but whose dominion shall yet be one of justice, of mercy and love, in that time of which the poet sang and which the seers saw, when they prophesied that over this sad and sin-stained earth 'A king should yet reign in righteousness'—a day would come when 'the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth as the waters cover the seas.'

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XL

THE DEPRECATIONS.

Susan. The Deprecations are prayers that harm may not befall us.

Aunt Anne. Yes. The *Libera nos*, deliver us—used to follow on the mention of each evil in the Latin, but the translators threw several together before each response—classifying them, as it were.

S. I see. The first clause is about the evils from the devil, the second those from the world, the third those from the flesh; then come temporal dangers, and then those affecting the State and the Church.

A. They all come from the Salisbury or York Breviaries, and nearly in the same order, beginning from sin as the root of all other evils.

S. Crafts—the cunning of the devil—as with Eve, or when he moved David to number the people; and assaults—open attacks, like that upon Job. But are not the crafts much more common now than the assaults?

A. Evil thoughts assault and hurt the soul. But I suppose the distinction is that in these days his assaults impel us to entertain wrong feelings, and wrong actions wilfully, with our eyes open to their sinfulness, whereas the crafts lead us heedlessly or negligently to be guilty of some sin unawares, or to find we have done mischief we never dreamt of.

S. Yes: it is a terrible thought.

A. The old form was ‘from the infestations of the devil,’ and then followed in the York use, *De venturâ irâ*, ‘from the wrath to come.’ The word *good* was added to the response in 1544.

S. Then come the worldly temptations. For blindness of heart, I suppose I should refer to Is. vi. 9, and again to John ix. 41?

A. Followed up by the counsel to the Laodiceans, Rev. iii. 17, 18. I suppose blindness of heart is self-complacency, going so much along with public opinion as never even to see that habitual practices are sins, and, on the other hand, being incapable of entering into any spiritual thought. It is indeed something to be prayed against—as well as the plague of pride, and the appetite for empty glory, as the old York Litany put it.

S. What is exactly the difference between pride and vain-glory?

A. I suppose pride is that feeling which refuses the least humiliation, and, above all, will not own itself in the wrong, or give back

an inch, while vain-glory is delight in display or elevation of all kinds. I should say Ahaz was proud when he would not ask a sign from the Lord, and that Hezekiah was vain-glorious when he showed off his children and his treasures.

S. Pride must soon be hardness of heart.

A. Often it so becomes. I think, too, it is all that false honour that used to lead to duelling with men, and now will not apologise, or even when regretting, take a step to reconciliation.

S. But remains—like Coleridge's cliffs—rent asunder, with all the scars, yet not approaching.

A. Hypocrisy seems to have been added by our translators from a sense of its fatal danger: thus, while we are fulfilling all outward forms, our hearts may not be right, and we may be deceiving ourselves quite as much as others.

S. Then come envy, dislike of another's advantage or promotion, turning to hatred, dislike of himself, malice, then wanting to do him harm.

A. For when envy once comes in, as in Cain's case, 'sin lieth at the door;' place is given to the devil, which he will not be slow to take advantage of. So they did well to translate *omni malâ voluntate* into 'all uncharitableness'—covering all that is contrary to St. Paul's description in 1 Corinthians xiii.

S. The sins of the flesh come next.

A. The words used to be '*à spiritu fornicationis à carnalibus desideriis*,' which would include not merely the act, but all impure or immodest thoughts or longings.

S. I suppose deadly sin refers to Galatians v. 19–21, and 1 John v. 17.

A. Yes, the clause has a history. It was not in the old Latin ones, and at the revision of 1661 it was proposed to change the word deadly into *grievous*, saying that 'the wages of *all* sin' is death, but the Bishops answered that was the very reason why *deadly* was the better word.

S. Then come the dangers to the body. Do not some people object to praying against these things?

A. The clause was one that the Puritans especially singled out as superstitious. But though I suppose lightning is often beneficial in purifying the air, it is surely lawful to pray that ourselves and our crops may not be injured by it. You can point out to your pupils how lightning and storm have been taken as monuments of God's anger.

S. As in the plagues of Egypt, and the thunderstorm in wheat harvest in the 1st Book of Samuel, and going on further, the pestilence on David's numbering the people.

A. I think there is an allusion to the four sore judgments of Ezekiel xv. 21—the sword, the famine, the noisome beast, and the pestilence, though our happy country has had so little experience of

the noisome beasts that our forefathers did not specially pray against them.

S. In Ezekiel, I suppose they were the wolves that multiplied in the desolation?

A. 'A leopard shall watch over their cities.' But the beast or creature may also be the locust; and we know from Joel that national prayer and repentance can avert such visitations.

S. Besides, there is Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple and the answer to it. Is there any difference between plague and pestilence?

A. Not in our actual speech, I think, but plague, from *plaga*, means a sudden stroke, and was applied to those very terrible and brief illnesses such as the plague, *par excellence*, the black death, or the cholera at its first coming, while pestilence would rather be a malignant form of epidemic, such as fever.

S. Do not people say that such things are so preventible that it is hardly right to pray about them?

A. Who knows whether the sanitary measures which have their effect are not God's answer to these prayers? Besides, no precautions can reach everywhere, and who, save the Almighty, can determine where His arrows shall reach! So, again, His way of answering the continual prayer against famine has been the opening of communication so as to make each country less dependent on its own immediate crop. It was here that at York there was a prayer against the persecution of the Pagans.

S. Meaning the Danes who harried the North. Perhaps Osmond, being a Norman, did not think of it.

A. You should try to make your pupils realize a little what these petitions deprecate. Make them read the fearful picture of the famine, in the Lamentations, remind them of the Siege of Jerusalem, and lend them, or read to them, such tales as the *Thorn Fortress*, or '*Max's Diary*,' a book of Hesba Stretton's about the Siege of Strasbourg.

S. 'And from sudden death.' I have heard people object to that petition.

A. It means 'sudden' in the sense of unprepared. But there has been much discussion about it. The Sarum and Roman litanies make it sudden and unforeseen, the Hereford sudden and evil. The Puritans said nothing could be too sudden for a good man. Lord Brooke specially disliked the petition, and it was remarkable that, as you know, his end was instantaneous.

S. Killed by the shot from Lichfield spire. But death in battle is not unforeseen.

A. No; many who have died in the fight have been as well prepared by prayer and communion as those on their beds; but battle is an evil in itself. The point is, I think, not that there should be no sickness nor lengthened warning, but that our Lord, when He cometh, should

find us watching, and that there should not be such sudden horror or extraordinary agony as to drive the last thoughts from Him. In some cases the swiftness of the call is no doubt a mercy. I would instance Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, who had spoken with special dread of the helplessness and 'humiliations' of a last illness, but who, so far as man may dare to judge, lived constantly as in the sight of God, and thus was ready.

S. Then it altogether means death without being at peace with God, or with power to prepare.

A. The next clause is without ancient parallel, I suppose, because the primitive Church stood apart from State concerns, and heeded little the changes of Roman Emperors, and also because litanies grew up somewhat later than the chief troubles from heresies and schisms.

S. Sedition—that is, caballing against government.

A. You may take as a Scriptural instance, the way Absalom 'stole the hearts of the men of Israel' when he sat in the gate, persuading them that David did not do them justice (2 Sam. xv.).

S. Or nearer home; all meetings and writings when speeches are made to lead to discontent with the powers that be—Fenian publications and the like. The outcome is in privy conspiracy and rebellion, secret plans and open insurrections. Of course it is easy to mention Gunpowder plot, and plenty more in English history, but can I show them a Bible instance?

A. You can refer to the conspiracy when the sadly fallen Joash was murdered (2 Chron. xxiv. 25).

S. And for rebellions, of course, there is Absalom's and Jeroboam's, and Zimri's, and many more.

A. Then follow the evils to the Church in the same order—false doctrine creeping in unawares, wrong teaching on any point of the faith which by-and-by grows to heresy.

S. Heresy is denial of some portion of the true faith, is it not?

A. Heresy is the Greek word *ἁίρεσις*, and means a choice—a choice of what to believe.

S. Like the Arians of old and the Unitarians now, not believing in the Godhead of our blessed Lord.

A. And schism (*σχίσμα*) is a rent, a cutting asunder of the Church. You can make your pupils remember this by reminding them of scissors, though their name really comes to us through the Latin. In some degree heresy and schism are analogous to the transgression of the first and second commandments. The one leads to the other form, but not necessarily.

S. There are some schisms we really cannot help, such as that between the East and West, and our own separation from the Roman Church.

A. True; but that is none the less reason that there should not be continual prayers that the unity of the Church should be restored, and that we should not pray against further schisms, and teach that

wilful separation is an actual sin—a thing many good people actually ignore, entirely overlooking the passages that speak of oneness of the body beneath.

S. Such as our blessed Lord's own prayer, 'That they may be one even as We are one' (John xvii. 22).

A. Then come the occasion and results of these evils—'hardness of heart and contempt of Thy word and commandments.'

S. So end the Deprecations, and the Pleadings begin. Do you know the "*By*" used to puzzle me very much when I was younger, and I am not sure even now how to explain it.

A. I should put it thus—As our blessed Lord underwent these things for us, let them not be in vain, let them be remembered; or, as Mr. Daniel puts it, 'we should' regard each separate act in our Lord's life as having a meritorious efficacy of its own. And he cites the 40th Psalm as repeated in Hebrews x. 9.

S. 'Lo I come to do Thy will, O God.'

A. All these readings or obsecrations, as they are also called, come direct from the Sarum Litany, and are the same, except that I believe the *Libera nos Domine* was interposed more frequently—and also the Fasting, the Agony and Bloody Sweat were inserted.

S. Should I try to show the special force of each clause? Will you help me to it? for I have hardly thought more than about the fact.

A. Perhaps next to Scripture the Collects are the best help.

S. By the mystery—Because the wonder of God being made man is a stumbling-block to some people, I suppose.

A. 'Which things the angels desired to look into' (1 Peter i. 12). And again, 'Great is the mystery of Godliness, God was manifest in the flesh' (1 Tim. iii. 16). Let not that greatest of marvels, that God took our nature, be in vain for us,—as He stands in His manhood before the mercy-seat would be one meaning.

S. Thy Holy Nativity—As the Christmas-day Collect prays, Since He became a Child of man, so may we continue children of God.

A. Again, 'May the Seed of the Woman crush in us the serpent's head.'

S. And Circumcision—The Collect says 'obedient to the law for man,' and connects it with the true Circumcision of the spirit.

A. I think the force of the pleading is, that, as our Blessed Lord pledged Himself for man's sake to the Covenant of the Law, which He alone ever perfectly fulfilled; may His merits of entire obedience benefit us! And again observe that it is brought into close juxtaposition with the initial rite of the covenant He won for us.

S.

'By Blood and Water, too,
God's mark is set on thee;
That in thee every faithful view
Both covenants might see.'

His baptism—I suppose we are to think of that as in the prayer in

the Baptismal Service, as having consecrated water to the mystical washing away of our sin.

A. May our sins, as we are sharers of His Baptism, continue to be washed away, as 'he that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit' (John xiii. 10).

S. The First Sunday in Lent explains why we plead the Fasting: 'Who for our sakes didst fast forty days and forty nights,' taking voluntary suffering.

A. To conquer and break down the force of the flesh as of human nature, as afterward, in the Temptation, He broke the might of the spiritual enemy of mankind. Perhaps that was His special victory over sin as temptation, as afterwards came His victory over death, and thus we plead His triumph to deliver us poor creatures in our trial.

S. And then the Agony and Bloody Sweat, when the distress and misery and terror due for the sins of all of us came on Him. Yes, it was always plain why these, and the Cross, and Passion, are pleaded with the precious Death and Burial.

A. Do not let the word precious pass in its ordinary sense of mere value, but show that it means paying the infinite price of souls.

S. And how the Burial avails, and is pleaded for us, is shown in the Easter Eve Collect.

A. He hath been through the grave and gate of death, that he might break them and take away the sting, hallowing even the grave by His having been present there.

S. So we turn to the Exaltation.

A. The glorious Resurrection and wonderful Ascension, as the older versions had it.

S. 'He rose again for our justification.'

A. That not only should we look forward to the rising of which He is the first fruits, but that we should here live as united to Him over Whom death hath no more dominion.

S. And He ascended to plead for us and present our prayers.

A. And to place the human nature that we share in heaven at God's right hand. Lastly 'by the coming of the Holy Ghost.' O let not all this be lost and in vain, but let these mercies plead for us in all the times of special need.

S. In tribulation and in wealth.

A. Those were thoughts of our Anglican Litany maker. The Hereford use has 'In the hour of death succour us,' and all versions 'In the day of judgment.' These are the petitions to be stored up, as it were, against the time of need, when the power or will of prayer might fail us, or when it will be too late to begin crying for mercy.

S. Tribulation—trouble and trial.

A. Derived thus: the Latin *tero* means, as you know, to bruise or to thresh. Thence *tribulum*, the board studded with sharp nails that was dragged over corn to beat out the grains, and from that the Christians

made *tribulo*, and *tribulatio*, threshing to bring out the solid parts, and separate the chaff.

S. Our word *trouble*, but for good.

A. You should look up one of Dr. Neale's sermons for children on Isaiah (xxviii. 27, 28). 'Bread corn is bruised,' where the different treatment of the fitches and cummin and bread corn is shewn to mean God's dealings with various powers and characters.

S. It is not from tribulation, but *in* all time of tribulation—like 'that it may please Him to save and deliver us *in* all dangers.'

A. For the perils of trouble and of wealth, see Proverbs xxx. 8, 9.

S. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches . . . lest I be full and deny Thee and say, "Who is the Lord?" or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of God in vain.'

A. By which I imagine is meant murmuring and reviling God's Providence; as wealth often leads, on the other hand, to self-sufficiency and entire forgetfulness of God. It should never be forgotten that Lazarus must have had his temptations and resisted them quite as much as Dives.

S. But have I not heard that wealth does not only mean great riches?

A. Certainly. It is the abstract substantive of 'well,' and means what the French call *bien être*, that general feeling of well being and well-doing which is really comparative, and the danger of which is a contentedness that never looks at spiritual things, and thus 'denies God.'

S. In the hour of death.

A. 'Suffer us not in our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee.'

S. And so we shall be delivered in the Day of Judgment.

A. As St. Paul says of his friend, 'Grant that he may find mercy in that day!' so deliver us from the evil.

S.

'And keep us from the evil thing,
Which is eternal woe.'

A. All these deprecations are expansions of 'Deliver us from evil.' And we have dwelt on them so long that we must leave the Intercessions for another day.

PADRE TOMMASO PENDOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EPHATHA' ('MACMILLAN,' SEP. 1882).

THE name which heads these pages finds a place in the obituary records of 1883. It is a name which was well known in Italy, where the long life of Padre Pendola was spent, in active, though unobtrusive usefulness. Fourscore years found him still in the full possession of all his faculties, and still at his post; the directing head of a great and beneficent work of charity, which it had been his privilege and his joy to originate, and for which he laboured with unremitting zeal, till death summoned him away.

The work to which his time and energies were devoted, is one whose interest is world-wide, for its object was the alleviation of a calamity affecting individuals in every clime and in every station. It is thought, therefore, that a brief account of a life and work so practically useful, may not be altogether uninteresting to the general reader.

Padre Tommaso Pendola was the founder of the schools for the Deaf and Dumb in Siena, which have become so justly celebrated. It was during his lifetime, and under his superintendence, that the modern system of tuition, commonly known as the pure oral method, was introduced among the pupils, with results so successful, as to contribute largely to its subsequent adoption in other kindred institutions. It is chiefly, therefore, as the friend and benefactor of the deaf and dumb, that we would introduce Padre Pendola to the English reader; but he had many additional claims to the grateful recognition of his own countrymen. He was for many years employed, with signal success, in the task of general education, and there are few men among those who, during recent times have achieved distinction in Tuscany, who were not at some part of their early career among his pupils.

He was a member of the brotherhood of S. Calasanzio, one of those religious confraternities, to whom, until the late secularisation of the schools in Italy, the work of education was mainly confided. He was of humble origin, and it was his lot to endure, from various causes, much childish unhappiness. But the social and domestic disadvantages of his early years, which might have crushed or embittered a fainter spirit, became for him only the salutary discipline for his future mission. He never forgot how keenly he had suffered, but the remembrance only served to kindle in his heart an intense desire to shield other children from the pangs he had endured. He longed

that they should be happy, during that brief season which is given to man to prepare for the battle of life; those short years of joyous youth, when, to quote his own words, 'Man should be as a little king on earth.'

His humble birth and social position were viewed by him in a like spirit.

'I cannot boast of illustrious lineage, or high paternal honours;' he wrote, in a fragment of autobiography, which was found among his papers: 'but I have always been able to render unfeigned thanks to Heaven for the lowliness of my origin. I believe that I am indebted to the station which makes man acquainted with the miseries of the people, for the possession of a heart which is alive to the promptings of benevolence.'

He was born at Genoa, in the year 1800. His parents, who were industrious and honest tradesfolk, bore respectively the honoured names of Mary and of Joseph. A period of almost unprecedented distress, which lived long in the memory of the citizens, had occurred just before his birth; for the beautiful city, with its teeming population, had been plunged into all the horrors of war and famine. On the one hand, it had been blockaded by Admiral Keith, on the other, besieged by the Austrian army; thus furnishing many a tale of terror and outrage, on which the imagination of the children was fed. Pendola long remembered, with a thrill, how his octogenarian grandmother would rouse herself from the corner where she sat cowering over her crutch, when the theme was mentioned. Then, as she recalled some rankling memory of Austrian brutality, 'the venerable grand-dame would become of a sudden, transformed into a raging fury.'

The parents, Mary and Joseph Pendola, while tenderly attached to their children, held the Solomonic theory with regard to education, and Tommaso was entrusted to the charge of a pedagogue who carried out this view vigorously in his daily practice, and often with merciless barbarity, being both violent in his temper, and intemperate in his habits. Happily the severity of the case worked its own cure, and the livid marks left by the teacher's heavy knotted thong on the child's tender arms, ultimately opened his mother's eyes to his sufferings, and procured his removal to milder control.

The boy was indebted to the mistaken fondness of his parents, for another sharp trial of his childhood. It was a time when, owing to the wars of Napoleon, families lived in continual fear of the conscription. Dreading that, in a few short years, their son should be torn from their arms to swell the ranks of the conqueror's squadrons, the worthy couple determined to adopt measures to disqualify him for military service. By the advice of one of the local surgeons, they constrained him to wear powerful spectacles, in order that his naturally keen sight might become contracted. The device succeeded, but previously produced severe ophthalmia, from which the boy suffered.

long and acutely. In the meanwhile, the course of events in Europe had changed. The dreaded power of Napoleon had fallen suddenly and irretrievably, and the poor child's sight and health had been jeopardised in vain.

The suffering resulting from this cause contributed doubtless to develop the deep melancholy which now gathered over the boy's mind, and for a time threatened to cloud it permanently. He no longer found any pleasure in the amusements common to his years, but happily even thus early, began to seek comfort in the exercises of religion, and after awhile, took fresh delight in study. He was taught music and dancing as a wholesome distraction from graver pursuits, and though the latter was not a diversion calculated to suit the taste of one who was preternaturally sad and serious, the former was the more so. He soon developed an ardent love for this new accomplishment, and found deep solace in the grand and solemn tones of the organ, which became his favourite instrument during his after life.

His studies were in due time transferred to the higher schools of Genoa and Florence, where he matriculated with distinction. He had early notified his desire to join the confraternity among whom he had received his education, all of whom were intended for the scholastic profession. Having passed through the usual curriculum, Pendola, in his turn, took his place among the teachers. As was usual, he commenced, notwithstanding his high attainments, by teaching the first principles of Latin grammar in the lowest classes. But, even in so humble a capacity, his sympathetic love for helpless childhood rendered the task a welcome and congenial one to him.

In 1821 he was appointed to a vacant tutorship in Siena. At that time, when railways did not exist, a full day's journey separated Siena from the gay, beautiful Florence, where he had spent five pleasant years, and Pendola parted with a pang of regret from the friends and duties which time had endeared. He soon learnt, however, to love the picturesque, old-world town, with its interesting mediæval associations, its art treasures, and its lovely surrounding nature, among which his lines were henceforth to be cast, and where he spent more than sixty years of his life. When he attained the age prescribed by the canon, he assumed the vows of the priesthood, and became definitely attached to the Collegio Tolomei, a school much frequented at that time by youths of the first families in Italy, of which he eventually became the principal.

Work, and the honours which are the reward of successful work, accumulated for him, as the years went by. He wrote, lectured, and preached courses of special sermons, when occasion demanded. Subsequently he was elected Rector of the Siena University, and president of all the schools belonging to his order in Italy. Besides his many public avocations, he continued for many years to act as confessor and spiritual adviser to the students at the Tolomei College, and to catechise

and explain the Scriptures to the various classes—delegating to no other this sacred duty.

Among all these engrossing occupations of a singularly busy life, he found time for that benevolent work in which, from an early age, he had felt the deepest interest. No kind of provision had been made at that time for the deaf-mutes of Siena, and being mostly children belonging to the poorest classes of society, their condition was pitiable and forlorn in the extreme. A charitable nobleman rescued three of these unfortunate objects from the streets, and was trying to give them some instruction. Pendola saw the children, and was appalled at the difficulty of the task. He perceived how necessary a previous training would be, in order successfully to cope with it. He remembered that in Genoa the Padre Assarotti had long laboured for the same end, and that he had revived and practised the sign method, arranged for the instruction of deaf mutes by the Abbé de L'Epée in France a century before. Accordingly, he asked and obtained leave of absence from his superiors, and repaired to Genoa to learn the best mode of communicating with the deaf.

Assarotti, then an aged man, received the enthusiastic young visitor with delight, and prophesied that he would become his substitute and successor in Tuscany. After a year's assiduous practice, the young priest returned to his duties in Siena, and when the day's work among his speaking pupils was over, he devoted his leisure hours to the little speechless class whom the good nobleman was glad to transfer to his more skilled tuition, and to whom Father Pendola became as the tenderest of fathers.

As his *protégés* increased in number, he appealed to the liberality of the city for pecuniary assistance, and was enabled to hire a house for his school. But the difficulties were great. Expenses exceeded receipts, and benefactors died, or grew weary of supporting the struggling institution. Pendola was left almost alone to fight the battle, but he persevered in urging its claims, and finally induced the Government to promise permanent support to his project. Hitherto he had only been able to receive boys, but having obtained this promise of support, he thought he might extend the benefits of the charity to girls also—whose sex only increased their helplessness and their needs. Accordingly he invited the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul to undertake the management of the female branch of the school, and now often had the satisfaction of seeing a band of forlorn little girls gathered under the tender care of these good sisters.

From this time the institution at Siena prospered and increased, and its excellent management soon rendered it famous throughout Italy. In 1845 the founder was summoned to Rome in order that he might reorganise the schools for deaf-mutes in that city. The Pope, Gregory XVI., would fain have induced Padre Pendola to take up his abode there permanently. But he loved his own work too well to give it up for a wider sphere.

'If your Holiness commands,' he said, 'I must obey. But my heart goes out to Siena where my adopted children are looking for my return.' His arguments prevailed, and he was permitted to return and to resume his labours in the quiet old provincial town, where he was cordially welcomed back.

After the establishment of the Monarchy in Italy, the Tolomei College, which had prospered under the superintendence of the *Scolopio*, or clerical tutors, for more than 100 years, was secularized; and Pendola was obliged to resign the office of Principal which he had held for so many years. He retired with gentle dignity, and whatever might have been his feelings, he never indulged in any resentment, or expressed any anger against those who had occasioned his removal.

Thenceforth he took up his abode among his beloved deaf and dumb children, and devoted all his time and energies to the amelioration of their condition. At this period the instruction was still conducted on Assarotti's principles. It was not till 1871 that he became aware that there was a better way possible, and that deaf-mutes could be taught, as other children are, through the medium of articulate language. This method, technically known as the 'Pure Oral,' had been recently adopted by the younger teachers in Italy, and it involved a startling revolution from the practice of his lifetime. Pendola had passed the allotted span of man's earthly tenure, and old age does not willingly lend itself to novelties whether of theory or practice.

It is characteristic of the man, however, that he did not refuse to do so. He made careful inquiries into the merits of the new method, whose results might well appear incredible to him, and having satisfied himself that it was capable of conferring a great benefit on his *protégés*, resolved to introduce it. He became a thorough convert to the 'Pure Oral' method, finding that it was indeed, as its advocates maintained, the most natural medium for instruction; and he threw himself, heart and soul, into the furtherance of the cause.

Thenceforth he placed his institution under the charge of teachers trained on the oral system, and by his pen, and his influence, endeavoured to propagate its adoption throughout the country. He joined with others in organising a periodical entitled *The Educator of the Deaf and Dumb in Italy*, and was a constant contributor to its pages, till within a few weeks of his death. By his suggestion, the Siena Institute became also a training school for teachers, and he was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the compulsory education of deaf-mutes.

All his arduous and unwearied services in this cause were a gratuitous labour of love. He refused to receive any remuneration from the funds of the Institution, accepting only his board, and the right to occupy two small, cell-like rooms, which were all he desired in the way of a home.

The great family of whom he was the head, looked up to him affec-

tionately, as a loved and honoured father. Tall and erect to the last, with silver hair, softly shading a countenance which retained its fresh colour to extreme old age, the venerable figure, with its kindly smile, was the presiding genius of the spacious establishment which had grown up under his fostering care. Hospitable, and open handed, he gladly threw open his institution to the inspection of strangers. He loved to see his table crowded with guests, and was never so happy as when he had it in his power to give. One who knew him well says: 'When he had five francs in his pocket he thought himself rich, and if a needy object chanced to cross his path the scanty store was soon shared.' No wonder he was popular. 'If you would walk with Father Pendola in Siena,' said another, 'you had better nail your hat to your head, unless you would prefer to carry it in your hand all the while.'

Age and infirmities, latterly prevented him from taking an active part in the tuition of the school, but he gathered around him able and more youthful men, who worked together harmoniously, under his gentle direction. Applicants for admission, both as teachers and pupils, became so numerous that it was necessary to erect new and extensive premises, whose progress the old man watched with deep joy, mingled with a faint regret that he might not hope to see them completed—as was indeed the case.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the institution, its jubilee was celebrated by a great gathering within its walls. High functionaries of Church and State, and a goodly assemblage of nobles and citizens, were invited to witness the performances of the deaf-mutes, under that new mode of tuition, which left them mutes no longer. The exhibition included poetical recitations, dialogues, and musical performances on the pianoforte by the pupils.

'Do you think I am joking?' writes an eye-witness, who seeing such results for the first time, describes them, under the influence of the wonder they awoke in his mind, 'I confess to you that on hearing the marvellous manner in which those deaf-mutes recited, and played their music, it was I myself who was struck dumb in my turn, and who could hardly credit the testimony of my eyes and my ears.'

The last year of Padre Pendola's life was saddened by the death of one of his most valued coadjutors, the talented and devoted Padre Enrico Marchio, a man of rare and versatile abilities, whose place it would not be easy to fill, and whose usefulness was sadly cut short by pulmonary disease. It was one of the venerable superior's last works to pen a loving tribute to his friend's memory, in the biographical notice he contributed to his periodical. Then he, too, set his house in order, and wrote his last will and testament, and before many months had passed, the summons came for him also. Some weeks of suffering were spent on the humble bed in his small chamber, and the trustful patience of the aged Christian preached a last and eloquent lesson of faith and hope, to those who ministered to his wants. All his utter-

ances were replete with love and kindness, and his charity was freely extended to all who had thwarted or opposed him during his lifetime. When the Viaticum had been administered to the tired pilgrim whose journey was so nearly over, he was heard to murmur softly,

‘My heart is overflowing with tenderness and love.’

And thus, loving to the last, the gentle spirit took its flight. In his will he had prescribed the order of his funeral ceremonies.

‘I desire,’ he wrote, ‘that my obsequies should be humble, that there should be no laudatory inscriptions on my tomb, no funeral orations, but that the order usual among the fathers of the *Scuole Pie* be observed. I wish that my body may be buried in the cemetery of the Commune in Siena, among the poor, and among many deaf-mutes, once my pupils, who lie there; and may God have mercy on me, who have been a great sinner. And if any one desires that an inscription be placed on my tomb, I pray that it may be the following:—

‘*Here sleeps in Jesus Christ Father Tommaso Pendola of the Scuole Pie born in Genoa on the 20 June 1800—died——— Pray for him.*’

The body was deposited in the burial ground reserved for the poor, as the testator desired; but the citizens of Siena ventured to disregard the other directions suggested by the humility of the venerated deceased. The municipality desired to defray the expenses of a sumptuous funeral, and grateful affection could not be restrained from the laudatory orations which he had deprecated.

Heavy rains fell on the day when he was borne to his last resting place outside the city walls, but the rain did not deter the crowds who followed to pay a parting tribute of respect to his memory. The most pathetic feature in the long procession was presented by the children of his special affection, the pupils of the institution, who felt they had lost a loving father, and brought their wreaths to lay on the grave where he was deposited among their former companions.

It was a spontaneous impulse which induced men of all shades of opinion to unite in the desire to honour a man with whom some of them might have differed during his life-time, but whom neither the political strifes nor the religious controversies among which he lived, had ever betrayed into the slightest display of rancour or bitterness. He had exemplified in his daily life, the beauty of that charity which is long-suffering, and which seeketh not her own. As a simple friar he commenced his long career of usefulness, and as a simple friar he died. This was no disappointment, for he had never coveted wealth or greatness for himself, and therefore he bore the loss of such distinctions as were swept away by the political changes of his day with calm equanimity. And when death had set its seal on the gentle life, men saw all its dignity and worth, and honoured in him only the true Christian whose loving labours had ended at length in well-earned rest.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

'Punctuation' has only been answered by Apathy! 'Banners' by J. M. B., Metelille, and Vogelein. Oh, Spiders! Spiders! Arachne thought you would have *risen* to such a question! To Metelille's charming paper, let Arachne add that at the close of the battle of Waterloo, of the colours of the 52nd, one lay beneath the body of the ensign who had borne it; the staff of the other, in advance of the whole army, was embraced, with its ensign, by the first Prussian who came up.

PUNCTUATION.

DEAR 'SPIDER,'

I am much obliged to you for sending me your essay to 'peruse at my leisure;' but I greatly fear that 'Arachne' will not be able to commend so ill-punctuated an essay as yours. You seem to forget the object of punctuation, viz., to divide sentences into clauses, by means of points or stops, in such a way as to make the sense clear to the reader.

I do not know what rules 'Arachne' employs, as many of the best grammarians differ; but I hope that the few rules which I subjoin may prove of some use to you.

First as regards the comma [,]. It should never be used between two words of the same part of speech, joined by a conjunction; although if the conjunction be omitted (as it generally is in strings of three or more words), it should always be employed. Again, when a phrase is inserted by way of explanation or illustration, it should be separated by commas from what precedes and follows. All words in the vocative case should be separated by a comma or commas from the rest of the sentence. A comma is seldom placed between a relative and its antecedent, unless there be one or more words between them. A comma is often required after adverbs of place, time, or comparison. But it is impossible to give rules for every case, for not only do great authorities differ, but the context and common sense can often be the only guides.

Then, as to the semicolon [;], it is employed when a stop longer than the comma is required. Principally, in separating the clauses of a compound sentence which are dependent on one another, either in sense or syntax.

Thirdly, the colon [:]. This stop is used instead of the semicolon, where the conjunction is omitted in a compound sentence, between two independent clauses. It is also used before a quotation (which, by the way, should always be in inverted commas [' ']). It is also used in pointing; to divide a verse into two parts, to adapt it to a chant.

Lastly, the period, or full stop [.] This stop is only used at the

end of a complete sentence, whether simple or compound, and after any abbreviation. The word after a period marking the end of a sentence begins with a capital.

Besides these stops there is the note of interrogation [?] which must always be used after a question. The Spaniards conveniently place it at the commencement as well as the end of an interrogatory phrase; thus showing the reader how to modulate his voice in time.

The note of exclamation [!], placed at the end of any sentence of a startling and unexpected character.

The parenthesis [()], in which is inserted any remark explanatory of a sentence, though not necessarily part of it. Commas are now more generally used instead of this sign.

The dash [—], which is used to denote a sudden and unexpected pause, or an interruption, &c.

There are one or two other signs used in writing, but as they hardly come under the head of punctuation, I must leave them until another day. And hoping that I have not wearied you out with this dissertation,

Believe me,
Yours truly,
APATHY.

INCIDENTS IN WHICH FLAGS AND OTHER MILITARY ENSIGNS HAVE BORNE A DISTINGUISHED PART.

THE standard, as the symbol of military and national honour, has always excited the warmest feelings of patriots and soldiers, and given occasion to valiant deeds past counting; but I shall here endeavour to select some historical scenes in which ensigns and banners have figured in a memorable manner.

(B.C. 50.) First we see the Britons with their scythe-armed chariots crowding to defend the cliffs of Kent against Caesar's invasion. The strange and barbaric aspect of the islanders, and the difficulties of landing on the unknown coast fill the Romans with unwonted hesitation and discouragement. Suddenly the standard-bearer of the 10th Legion invokes the gods and then calls aloud: 'Follow me, fellow soldiers, if you would not betray the Eagle to the enemy! I will do my duty to the Republic and to my General.' And, leaping into the sea, he carries his standard ashore. At that sight Roman soldiers can hold back no longer. They follow the Eagle to land, and after a hard struggle win the victory.

(A.D. 312.) Three centuries and a half have passed away, and now another standard than the Eagle is to guide the Roman armies. Before the battle with Maxentius, Constantine causes a banner to be made displaying that holy sign which, with its promise of victory, has appeared to him in the Heavens; beneath this 'Labarum' he leads his troops against the tyrant of Rome and persecutor of the Church. Maxentius perishes in the Tiber, and the Labarum becomes the standard of the Christian Roman Empire.

(1066.) On the morning of the great battle that was to turn the fate of England, William of Normandy asks which of his knights will carry the Gonfanon sent by the Pope to hallow his enterprise, but, however great the honour, the most renowned barons refuse it, lest

such a charge should prevent them from fighting their hardest. At last William gives it to the young knight, Tonstain the White, who all that day bears it most gallantly. As the Norman host advances they see on the height of Senlac the two English standards, the Golden Dragon of Wessex, and King Harold's own banner with the Fighting Man. William vows that where these stand he will, if victorious, build an abbey in honour of St. Martin. Again and again the Normans assault the English lines where Harold fights beneath his standards, but all day long the English beat them back. Only at sunset the arrow pierces Harold's eye, the palisades are broken, twenty Norman knights swear to carry off the English ensigns, most of them fall beneath the desperate blows of Harold's housecarls, but a few succeed in beating down the banner of the Fighting Man and bringing the Golden Dragon in triumph to Duke William.

(1138.) David of Scotland, to aid his niece, the Empress Maud, leads into the North of England an army, the wilder part of which even the good King cannot restrain from slaughter and pillage. The Yorkshiremen rise as one man to defend their homes. Encouraged by their Archbishop, Thurstan, they take their stand on the moor near Northallerton and set up on a car, a lofty mast bearing the banners of their patron saints, St. Peter of York, St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon. Beneath this ensign they fight and win, and their victory is handed down in history as 'The Battle of the Standard.'

(CIRCA 1210.) Waldemar II., of Denmark, is fighting hard against the heathens of Esthonia, his royal standard is lost, and the Danes are beginning to break and flee; suddenly amidst their ranks a red banner with a white cross is lifted up, a cry arises that it has fallen from Heaven to give victory to the Christians, they rally and rout the pagans, and thenceforth the 'Dannebrog' or 'Defence of the Danes,' as the red flag with the white cross was called, has been the national standard of Denmark.

(1265.) Earl Simon of Leicester, standing on the church tower of Evesham, sees approaching the banners of his son Simon and his other friends, whom he expected with reinforcements from Kenilworth; but his joy is shortlived, for he soon perceives that the advancing army is that of Prince Edward, displaying in triumph the captured Montfort banners, and the great Earl, who has but a handful of men with him, exclaims: 'God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are theirs!'

(1367.) Froissart shows us the Black Prince before the battle of Navaretta receiving from the aged hero, Sir John Chandos, his forked pennon, the ensign of simple knighthood, and cutting it into the square banner of a knight banneret, and Sir John carrying it back to his company, and in chivalrous words exhorting them to guard their ensign, which had received this increase of honour.

(1386.) On the field of Sempach, the little band of Swiss Confederates has, thanks to the devotion of Winkleried, broken and overthrown the knightly host of Leopold of Austria. The Duke, as valiant in defeat as he had been haughty in prosperity, disdains to fly, and seizing his banner, he calls to his remaining comrades, 'I will die honourably with you!' Twice his banner is struck down, twice he raises it, and at last falls mortally wounded, still clasping it in his hands.

(1389.) The 'doughty Douglas' has ridden a raid into England.

Under the walls of Newcastle he encounters Hotspur in personal combat, and capturing his pennon, vows that he will hang it up in triumph on his castle of Dalkeith. 'That shalt thou never do!' answers the Percy. Douglas says that he will wait three days at Otterbourn to see if Percy dares reclaim the pennon. Hotspur, keen to avenge the affront, gathers his knights and hastens thither, but, though Douglas is slain before he 'wins the field,' Percy has to follow his pennon into captivity.

(1429.) Joan of Arc's white banner, with its sacred emblems, has led the French to the relief of Orleans and to victory at Patay, and now, when Charles VII. receives the crown of his ancestors at Rheims, the Maid of Orleans justly stands beside him with her banner, for, as she said, 'It had shared the toil, it was right that it should share the honour.'

(1468.) Scanderbeg, the hero of Albania, lies dying at Alessio. He hears that the Turks are advancing to attack the town, and, finding himself too weak to take the field, he bids his comrades display his banner and march out against the enemy. At the sight of that dreaded standard the Turks, deeming that Scanderbeg himself must be there, do not venture to encounter him, and are speedily turned to flight, and the heroic chief before he dies has the joy of hearing of this last triumph won by the terror of his name.

(1492.) The eyes of Columbus and his comrades rest at last upon the shores of the New World. Their ships approach the beautiful island which he names San Salvador. Columbus lands, unfurling a great standard, which bears the Cross and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella, and in the sight of the wondering but peaceful natives, he kneels down, kisses the earth, and prays, 'O, Lord God, Maker of heaven and earth and sea, may Thy Name be glorified in this new part of Thy world!'

(1641.) Open conflict has begun between Charles I. and the Parliament. The King sets up at Nottingham his royal standard, with the motto, 'Give to Cæsar his due'; but in the night a violent storm blows down the banner, and for three days hinders its being raised again, and men mutter that this is an evil omen for the royal cause. At the Battle of Edgehill King Charles entrusts his standard to the brave and loyal Sir Edmund Verney, who faithfully defends it, until his hand that holds it is cut off and he himself is slain.

(1707.) The battle of Almanza has opened the road to Madrid to the first Bourbon king of Spain, but his army has advanced so rapidly that all camp furniture has been left behind, and Philip VI. finds himself destitute of a bed. 'Your Majesty shall have the most glorious couch that ever a king rested on,' says the Duke of Berwick, and gathering together the captured flags, he makes of them a bed for the young monarch.

(1757.) Frederick the Great is attacking Prague, and urges on his soldiers to assault certain batteries, which seem too strong to be taken without enormous loss. The veteran general, Schwerin, remonstrates. 'Are you afraid?' sneers Frederick. Schwerin, stung by the taunt, springs from his horse, seizes a flag and leads the Prussian grenadiers against the batteries, until he falls, shot dead, with the Prussian standard covering him like a pall.

(1815.) During the battle of Lützen, the Prussian soldiers of the Colberg regiment, seeing Lieutenant Von Arnim killed, whom they

especially loved, bury him in their front, while under the heaviest fire, and, planting their flag on his grave, hold their ground around it until the end of the battle.

(1815.) The Servians, severely oppressed by the Turks, looked earnestly for a leader to head them in a struggle for freedom. At this juncture one of their chiefs, Milesh Obrenovitch, escaping from the Pasha at Belgrade, comes to Takovo, where, on Palm Sunday, a multitude of peasants is gathered at Church. There, unfurling a standard with the Cross, Milesh says, 'Here I am and here you have war with the Turks.' At this signal the Servians rise in arms, and with such success that before the year is over they win their freedom.

(1854.) At the battle of the Alma, the guard of the colours of the Scots Fusilier Guards is surrounded by the Russians, and its defenders being killed or wounded, the flag is almost lost, but before the two sergeants who still hold it are overpowered, a rescue party arrives, headed by Colonel Loyd Lindsay, who by his gallantry in saving the colours, wins, as well as the two sergeants, the Victoria Cross.

(1879.) For our last scene we must turn to the sad field of Isandula, and see Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, charged to save the colours from the hands of the Zulus, cutting their way through the swarming enemy, and, though exhausted with wounds, struggling through the waters of the Tugela, and reaching the further side only to die, but with the satisfaction that the colours were saved.

METELILLE.

'MONTHLY PACKET' BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

To the present date (December 10) I have only received five contributions for this month. I hope this does not indicate a falling-off in interest of the members, for at this close of my first year as President I wish to congratulate the members on the improvement in their contributions, and to say, that if it has been as pleasant to them to collect and describe their specimens, as it has been to me to review them, I am sure their interest in the work must increase rather than diminish.

I have sent a post-card to each member for their subscriptions for next year. There have been some few members who have contributed no specimens during the year. If, therefore, they have found themselves unable to be *working* members, I should suggest that they should retire in favour of several others who wish to enter the society. It is scarcely fair to the working members that any should wholly abstain from contributing.

I must ask that the contributions be sent so as to reach me not later than the 9th of each month. It has been owing to my writing for the monthly supplies that I have more than once been too late in my notice for the 'Monthly Packet.'

I append the list of subjects for the year ensuing, and thanking the many members who have worked so well, and have received my remarks so kindly, I wish the society a happy and successful year in 1885.

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON VICARAGE, BRISTOL, December 10, 1884.

The following are the subjects for the months of 1885 :—

January.—Evergreen Ferns, Primula.

February.—Corylus, Saxifraga.

March.—Gagea, Bellis, Hyacinthus.

April.—Plantago, Orchis.

May.—Potentilla, Hieracium.

June.—Briza, Narthecium, Hypericum.

July.—Phragmites, Reseda.

August.—Helianthemum, Carduus.

September.—Campanula, Gentiana.

October.—Fungus, Scrophularia.

November.—Lichen, Carex.

December.—Grasses (specimens dried during the year).

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

1st. Mention twelve articles in common use known by the name of some person.

2nd. Tell the story of Midsummer Night's Dream.

The answers to the 'Tangled Tale' will be reviewed in our March number.

Notices to Correspondents.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. Fagg, Homeside, Duppas Hill Terrace, Croydon, in again acknowledging the sums received by her since November, would gratefully thank those who have hitherto sent help to the poor Chinese ladies. She expects to leave England early in March, and will not henceforth be able to receive money from friends at home; but *Mrs. Stuart, Roxeth Lodge, Harrow*, will gladly receive sums, however small, and *Miss Cockle, 5, Meresfield Gardens, Hampstead*, will gladly receive articles for sale. Please mark on all parcels "For China." Please remember *Matt. xxv. 40*.

Miss Mugridge, 6s.; *Miss Caldwell, 5s.*; *Miss E. M. Berry, 10s.*; *Miss E. M. Berry*, parcel of goods for sale, value £1 0s. 6d.; *Miss Plowright, 2s. 6d.*; *Miss Buller, 5s. 6d.*; *Miss Boradale, 2s. 6d.*; *Mrs. McKenzie, 2s. 6d.*; by *Mrs. Moor, 2s. 6d.*; *Miss K. Neilson, 3s.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

The hymn from which the following lines are quoted by *Dr. Neale* in *Sermon 13 of Sermons on the Song of Songs*.

From *Dr. Neale's translation of S. Bernard's Hymn, 'Jesu dulcis Memoria,'* in 'The Hymnal Noted,' No. 44. In 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' No. 177, the verse is omitted.

'Till the day dawn, and shadows flee away,
In that far future dawn that knows not death,
Lost victory's crown, and lost his light of life.'

'I seek for Jesus in repose
When round my heart its chambers close.'—*R.*

'Some high or humble enterprize of good,
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy soul a flame refined.'—*M. G.*

E. M. C. thinks that the *Muffin Man* is making some mistake in her question in the November *Monthly Packet*. Iona was not a favourite burial place before *S. Columba's* time; and *S. Augustine*, who is generally considered the first Archbishop of Canterbury, only landed in England a year or two after *S. Columba's* death. The *Turnbull* in question may be *William Turnbull*, Bishop of Dunkeld, afterwards Bishop of Glasgow, who died in 1454. As the primacy of the Scottish Church had been transferred (A.D. 849) from the Abbot of Iona to the Abbot of Dunkeld, it is possible that *Turnbull* may have had a longing to be buried in the ground of the ancient ecclesiastical metropolis. The first recorded appearance of the Norwegian Sea kings on these coasts is in the year 793. Those eight Norwegian

kings buried in Iona are probably viceroys of the Hebrides while they were under the dominion of Norway.

The Muffin Man—‘The desire of the moth,’ &c., are the last four lines of a poem of two eight-line stanzas, beginning ‘One word is too often profaned,’ written by Shelley in 1821. Also *B. F. L., Dorcas, Constance*, and *C. E. L. M.*

E. C. B.—The change from Latin to Italian was very gradual. Old Italian dialects had prevailed from the first, and the overflow of Goths and Lombards broke Latin up into something analogous to nigger English or pigeon English. It is plain that the Latin of the Church Services was still comprehensible to the people in the 14th century, by the life of St. Catharine of Siena. Dante and Petrarch were the first to write in their vernacular speech, and through Dante, Tuscan became the standard. See Sismondi’s *Histoire de la Littérature*.

Ildegonda.—*The Masque of the New Year* is by an American, if she has not got the whole poem I shall be glad to copy it for her, if she will send me her address. My address is, Miss Ruth Young, 55, Blesington Road, Lee, S.E.

Priscilla.—‘And the devil was pleased, &c.’ is from the *Devil’s Walk*, by Richard Porson, and is said to have been written by him when out out at a whist party while waiting his turn, Dr. Vincent supplying the idea. This *jeu d’esprit*, with additions, has also been claimed for Coleridge and Southey.—MATTHEW STICKLEBACK.

A. B.—The original of ‘the oyster is the lawyer’s fee’ is in some lines by Boileau, which Pope translated, but *A. B.*’s lines are not from his translation and are differently worded. *B. F. L., Mefistofile*, and *Magdalen*.

Once (says an author, where I need not say),
Two trawlers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry: the dispute grew strong,
With scale in hand Dame Justice past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explained the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
There take, says Justice, take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
’Twas a fat oyster—Live in Peace—adieu.

—EDWARD H. MARSHALL.

Mrs. Vickers—Shades of Character was written by Mrs. Woodrooffe of Somerford Keynes, Wilts. My copy is in two vols., 7th ed. Bell & Daldy, Fleet Street, 1855. Mrs. Woodrooffe died before 1886, and the work was published in her lifetime.

I have the book called *Shades of Character*, in two volumes of short stories, it was published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, about the year 1862.—*L. G. T.*

M. M. says Mrs. Woodrooffe also wrote *Michael*, scenes of country life.

Whalley.—The story inquired for is entitled *Ivo der Herrie*, by Berthold Auerbach, and is in the first series of his *Schwärmländer Dorfgeschichten*.—*F. McPHERSON*.

Magdalen—Monna Lisa was the wife of Francesco di Giocondo. She was called La Gioconda, and her portrait by Leonardo da Vinci is called 'the despair of painters' it is so unrivalled in beauty.

Mrs. Vicars—Othello's speech, Act 1st, scene 3 :

'Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me—the story of my life,
From year to year."

—TOUCHSTONE.

Mary thinks one of the following may suit Gertrude : (1.) The Junior Branch of the Church Extension Association, Secretary, Miss Burdon, 27, Kilburn Park Road. (2.) Guild of S. John for the Support of Indian Orphans, of which Miss Wylde, Dawlish, is the Secretary.

Would a 'Children's Missionary Guild' meet your wishes? If so, I shall be happy to send you the particulars of one, which we have been carrying on here for several years past. The children support an orphan in a missionary school in India, for which they also work, and letters, &c., are sent to us from the school.

Will any reader of the *Monthly Packet* recommend book of Family Prayers for a school (girls of the upper classes). Also some simple rules for daily life or conduct suitable to hang up in the bedrooms. —MENTOR.

The Rev. T. T. Carter's Family Prayers might serve the purpose. The Counsel for Associates of the G.F.S., on cards, are excellent for all young people.—ED.

X. Y. Z.—In reply to your query : Is private confession an indispensable condition of attendance at a retreat? Certainly not.—E. H. PITCAIRN.

Sorcio will be much obliged if anyone will tell her the names of the author and publisher of the old novel called *The Pride of the Mass*. She has inquired of booksellers but cannot learn them.

Can any of your readers tell me the etymology of the names Fawkham, pronounced Fakeham, and Wrotham, pronounced Rootham, two small places in the county of Kent?—*Teragram*.

Declined with thanks.—D. A.

APPEALS.

DEAR MADAM,

The following appeal has been sent to me from Gladstone, Manitoba, Canada, and I venture to forward it to you in the hope that it may find a corner in the *Monthly Packet*, and that some may be induced to take an interest in this effort of the settlers to erect a church in their midst to the glory of God.

For years there was no clergyman of the Anglican Church in this district, the only attempt at religious services being made by the Wesleyan body. Last year, however, by the earnest representations and efforts of the settlers, a clergyman was appointed to undertake fortnightly services at Gladstone. The settlers have done all in their power to help themselves, and have procured communion plate and an organ from the proceeds of several sales of work, besides

building a parsonage. But it is quite out of their power to raise sufficient to enable them to begin building without appealing for help to those at home. It is estimated that £3,000 will be required, besides subscriptions promised by residents in Gladstone. The appeal is warmly commended by the Bishop of Rupert's Land to the generosity of all well-wishers of the Anglican Church.

Should any readers of the *Monthly Packet* feel inclined to help this struggling community in their noble efforts, any subscriptions or donations, however small, would be thankfully received and acknowledged by me.

MISS CAPEL,
61, Princes Square, London, W.

DEAR MADAM,

There is a very unpretending little Home, in Delamere Crescent, Paddington, about which I am anxious to say a few words, since it is a Home in their last days to some of those whose circumstances appeal most forcibly to our sympathies—the aged sick who have known better days.

It was begun thirteen years ago, in one of the houses of the poor close to S. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, under the care of Sister Barbara Spooner, of Wantage (sister to the late Mrs. Tait), and there she tended those committed to her care during their last days of suffering and weakness. The provision of a home in which to die supplies a want which is keenly felt by those whose lot it is to visit the poorest death-beds in our cities. In health, anxieties and trials can be struggled against; in curable illness, hospitals are at hand; but when nothing remains for the poor except weary sinking, and failure of vital power, often during long years, then we feel the crying need for such Homes as this, which Sister Barbara Spooner has sought to provide. After four years' work in her first Home, she took a larger house, as a lady came to live with her, to help, and share her expenses; but after seven years of happy work, the health of the latter has so entirely failed that she has been obliged to return to her family.

Sister Barbara Spooner is most anxious to find a lady who will take her place. There are just now seven inmates in the little Home, one, who has been there eleven years, is seventy-six; and two others, who have been there for seven years, are sixty-eight and seventy-six years old. Sister Barbara's own income is insufficient to meet all the calls upon her purse entailed by the Home, and now, in very weak health herself, she requires the aid of a fellow-worker, who can pay her own expenses and help her with the sick. I would also venture to plead with your readers for a little money help, by way of donation or annual subscription, to the funds of this little Home, so that she who has for so many years devoted her money as well as her strength to it, may be spared any anxiety as to its expenses while she lives.

Apologizing for the length of this letter, and thanking you heartily for its insertion,

I am, yours, with much respect,
W. H. CLEAVER.

Donations may be sent to Sister Barbara Spooner, 27, Delamere Crescent, Paddington, W.

AN earnest attempt is being made to establish a home in connection with the G. F. S. for young women who have become hopeless invalids, with no refuge but the workhouse. An excellent house and furniture for the purpose can be had, if the annual sum of £200 can be promised within this month. Industrial girls will be trained there under the matron. Pledges of yearly subscriptions, however small, are more needed than donations. Communicate with Miss A. Cazenove, Ravenleigh, Betchworth.

THOSE who contributed some years ago to the ransom of John Shirley, a slave in Madagascar, will be glad to hear that he is not only free, but is established as a school master, and is doing a great Christian work, together with his wife, who was trained in a Mission School.

ERRATA OF DECEMBER NUMBER.

Page 563, for "Venanticus," read "Venantius."

„ 566, for "Hunting of the *Albatross*," read "Mutiny on the *Albatross*."

„ „ or "Mamborough choir boys," read "Manborough choir boys."

The Monthly Packet.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

TOLD AT A VILLAGE INN TO A NATURALISTS' FIELD
CLUB ON A WET DAY.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

It's a tale you want, sirs? Well, to be sure, it's a right down nasty day,

And the quarry's uncommon dirty where those fossils mostly lay.
But when they told me to meet you, and show you the way to go,
I thought I'd best look out a few of the shells and things, you know :
You can leave them up at my cottage ; there's a tidy lot, I think ;
You can give the men at the quarry just a shilling or two for drink.
P'raps you'll be coming again, sirs ; I should like to take you round,
And we'll have a look at the shale stuff where them butterflies are
found ;

Of course, I know that's not what they are ; it's the name they call
them by ;

They were telling me they're the ancientest things that ever lived,
well nigh ;

You'll know all about 'em, sirs, no doubt. I ask your pardon, though,
You're wanting to hear some sort of a tale to while the time, I know.
Well, I'm taken rather aback, sirs, like a parson the other day,
A stranger that came to our church, he's a friend of the squire's, they
say :

Well, our parson was took right poorly in the middle of a prayer,
So he sends and asks the stranger to preach to us, then and there :
So he ups and gets in the pulpit, and gives out a decent text ;
Then he hums and haws and stammers till you wonder what he'll do
next.

Thinks I to myself, I don't know but what I could do as well,
It's a curious sort of a parson that's got no tale to tell.

And now you ask for a story, I'm taken aback, you see,
And maybe the stranger parson could do it better than me.

I haven't been foreman here, sirs, not much above a year ;
It was my wife that brought me, she was born and bred up here ;
So I don't know much of the old world things, tho' folk about might
know ;

And somehow one doesn't hear such now, as one used to long ago.
We're getting desperate new, sirs, now there's such a lot of schools ;
And the young ones, with their learning, they count us old ones
fools.

Why, there's lot of words where I was bred, one used to hear men
speak,

That now-a-days they don't understand any more than if 'twere
Greek.

I was down there just at Christmas-time, but I scarcely knew the
place,

They've got a railway station now, and the church clock's got a new
face,

And the old pews in the church all gone, and the old stocks on the
green ;

It's all right, I dare say, but dear ! what changes I have seen !

Them Christmas carols too—no doubt, they were something old and
queer,—

'Three ships came sailing on the sea,' and 'The running of the deer,'

Why, I used to sing them once myself ; well, they're gone with all
the rest :

The parsons taught them new ones, but I liked the old ones best.

I'm 'something slow at starting,' you say ? Well, I won't deny it's
true ?

But I'm thinking and thinking all the time what tale I can find for you.

Well, p'raps it's as good as another :—so, gentlemen, if you please,

I'll tell you a bit of a story that happened over the seas,

It's nothing to do with hereabouts, nor with days of long ago,

If there arn't much in it, you'll please excuse, but I'll tell you what I
know.

I've had a roving life, you see, and some few years gone by

We thought we'd go to America our fortune there to try.

We'd got a cousin there doing well, and so it came to pass,

We sold what bits we had, and away we sailed with our little lass.

Well, we didn't make our fortune, but that's neither here nor there ;

We went to some mining works far West, and a roughish lot we
were.

I might have done better in time, no doubt, but I wasn't content to
stay ;

It was no fit place for the missus, nor yet for our little May.

They were godless, rowdy chaps, and they'd drink, and fight, and
curse ;—

I arn't so very particular, but I knew they made me worse.

One day there came to our quarries a fellow seeking a job ;
Not like the rest of our chaps a bit ; he looked a sort of a nob ;
Tall, good-looking enough, with his clothes well-made but worn ;
But his hands they were soft and white as a girl's,—he wasn't to
labour born.

He was very quiet and silent, we chaps all called him high ;
Well, p'rhaps he was, and p'rhaps he warn't ; you'll know more bye-
and-bye.

They gave him work, and at it he went, and blistered his hands with
the pick ;

He worked as if he was paid by the piece,—there was none of us
worked so quick.

Of course we didn't just like it, but he wasn't one to ask
Leave of another man, you see, when he'd set his mind to a task.

He got some rough words, you may be sure, from the chaps he worked
among,

But they never could get his blood up, tho' they didn't oil the tongue :
Till one day one of them says to his mate, ' When a fellow never
speaks,

' It's my belief as he's robbed a bank, and run away from the beaks.'

Then you should have seen the flash in his eye, and his cheeks in a
burning glow,

And down with the pick, and up with his fist, and he floors him with
just one blow ;

Then back to his work as if nothing had passed, and the chaps all
looking on,

But somehow after that day it was he got nicknamed ' Gentleman
John.'

They got to like him middling at last, for they soon began to learn,

Give him a chance and he'd always do a fellow a kindly turn.

He lived out a bit beyond us, and passed by every day,

But he never passed without a smile and a word for our little May.

Sometimes, when he'd see her out of doors, he give a turn to his
hand,

Ever so slight, but the little lass (bless her !) she'd understand ;

And she'd slip her little hand in his, and trot along by his side,—

He never said much to her, I think, but the child was satisfied.

And when he got to his door he'd stoop, and just say, ' Good-bye,
May,'

And give her a kiss on her forehead, and send her skipping away.

A sweet little thing our May is, with soft, brown hair, and blue-eyed,

Tho' I that shouldn't say it ;—you'll pardon a father's pride :

I am a bit foolish about her, I know—well, gentlemen, let that pass—

But somehow I think I never saw a bonnier little lass.

She's a way of smiling all over like, with eyes and mouth and chin,—

But, bless me, sirs, I can never stop if on this tack I begin.

Well, months went on, and then for two days no Gentleman John came by ;

The missus wondered, and as for the child, she looked like going to cry ;

So the second evening I just stepped in to see what I could learn,—
'Down with the fever,' was what they said, 'And a terrible nasty turn.'

When I came back, my wife got up, and looked at me as she stood,—
I know that look ; it means to say as arguing's no good,—

'I must go and nurse him,' was all she said, and I didn't say her nay,

And she went that night, and we were left—that's me and little May.

My wife (God bless her!) I often said as she was born a nurse,
(If ever you gentlemen's taken bad, may you never have a worse!)
The way she'd go about the room, so gentle and smiling, and bright,
Noticing every little thing, and putting all tidy and right!
And she'd sit with her work beside the bed, waiting till you would stir,—

Why there's children there as would only take their physic-stuff from her.

That woman where John was lodging, she never could keep awake
To give you your physic, nor notice when the pillows wanted a shake ;
One time she'd seem to forget you, and another she'd give you no peace,

And she'd smoke the milk in the pudding, and bring up the broth all grease.

Well-meaning, no doubt ; but what of that? There's well-meaning folks I've known

That had better learn to do something well, and let well-meaning alone.

No, sirs, my wife was right, I say ; she knew what her conscience bid :

She said as she'd go and nurse him,—and go and nurse him she did.

The child she fretted a bit at first, and seemed like quite subdued,
Her kissing and laughing was stopped, and she scarce could take to her food :

And the sort of scare that was in her eye (she'd no need to use her tongue)

When I came home with the latest news—it was curious in one so young.

I always went of an evening, after my work was done,
And my wife she'd come to a window, and tell me how things went on ;

And when she couldn't leave him, or was resting tired out quite,
A Bible put up in the window would tell me that all was right.

He wandered and rambled off and on for six weeks night and day ;
But one thing we couldn't understand—he was always calling May :
And now he'd call her his sweetheart, and now his darling wife,—
We couldn't help laughing a bit, you know, tho' he hung between
death and life.

We said not a word to May, for indeed we were something vexed,
It seemed so silly, and what to think of it all we were right perplexed.
Well, at last one day he fell asleep, and slept like a little child ;
And when he woke he'd come to himself, and he looked at my wife
and smiled ;

And he asked her what was the matter, and what had made him so
weak,

And she told him about his illness, but she wouldn't let him speak ;
Not then at least, but after a while, when he seemed to mend a bit,
She fancied he'd something on his mind, tho' he never hinted it.

But one fine day he'd been lying still when he asked her sudden and
quick,

'Did I talk any nonsense, missus, when I was lying sick ?'

So she laughed, and told him of course he'd talked some little foolish
and wild,

As they mostly do in the fever, and how he'd been calling the child.

So he lay a little silent, and then says, 'Missus, some day

I'll tell you all about it, but it wasn't *your* little May.'

She learnt it by little and little ; for he told her as he could ;

He liked to talk about all the past, and he said it did him good.

And my wife, I know how she'd sit there, speaking scarcely a word,

But looking as if it were all her own—the trouble, I mean, she heard.

Somehow men liked to tell her their bits of troubles and scares ;

She'd mostly find them some comfort to drive away their cares.

Well, the story was sad enough, sirs, as you'll hear before it's done ;

May, you see, was the parson's daughter, and he was the squire's son.

I thought he'd a bit of breeding, and I said so all along ;

Tho' I blame the fellow, and so did my wife, and she told him he'd
done wrong.

'Why, what had he done ?' Beg pardon, sirs, I was letting my
thoughts run on ;

I suppose he *was* a bit headstrong and proud ;—but all that's past and
gone.

You see, sirs, telling a story's like driving out from the town,

Sometimes you'll be going up hill, and sometimes you'll be going
down.

Well, they'd played together as boy and girl, and he showed my
missus one day

A picture he'd got of her as a child—it was desperate like our May.

But it wasn't till John was growing up, and leastwise no more a boy,

And May was as bright as a summer morning, but getting a little coy,

When her brother brought a young college chap to spend a week or two,

A nice young fellow enough, John said, but till then he never knew
He cared so much for the girl; but now he found that he couldn't
'bide

That another fellow was all day long a dangling at her side;
While he that met them just now and then could see, tho' she was
but a child,

He was over head and ears in love, and it almost drove him wild.
The parson, he was a busy man, and had other things in hand,
And the parson's wife wasn't over strong, so the young ones took
command;

They planned all sorts of frolics, and John was asked to come,
But he couldn't stand it, and made excuse that he'd things to do at
home.

At last the young fellow went away, and John and May they met,
It was on the pathway thro' the fields,—he was out of sorts like yet,
And was brooding and thinking and wondering, as he leant his arms
on the stile,

When May came up on a sudden :—she always used to smile,
But now she looked grave, as she asked him, speaking hurried and low,
What had been the matter that he should have treated them so?
'Why, May, you didn't care?' he said, but she only answered 'John!'
And ran down the path like a wild thing, and left him brooding on.
But somehow she gave him just one look, as she said the word and
went,

It might have been nothing, he said to himself, but it made him more
content.

Well, they didn't see much of each other for two or three years from
then;

He was sent to travel in foreign parts with a couple of other men.
But when they met, tho' he didn't speak, in his secret heart he knew
He loved her better and better, and he fancied she knew it too.
He was the second son, was John; the brother was seldom there.
He was a good bit older, and of course was the son and heir.
Something wild, I fancy, from what the other let fall.
But anyhow it seems he didn't get on with his father at all.

Now the squire had got a scheme in his head, which he thought of
early and late,

That John should marry a girl they knew that would come to a big
estate:

There was nothing amiss in the girl, John said; she could sing, and
dance, and ride:

She was all very well to be friends with,—but May was his joy and
pride.

At last one evening his father the squire—a silentish sort of man—
He took him aside, and then in a nervous, hasty way began :—
It was time, he said, he should settle, high time ; and why should he
wait and wait,

When a girl was ready to have him who would come to a fine estate ?
A girl he liked too, sensible, it warn't a chance to lose,
If he ever should have a daughter, she was just the sort he'd choose.
He'd make him a good allowance : but John, dumb-founded, you
see,

At first, broke in, and told him plain out that it couldn't be ;
He was vexed to go against him, but what could he do or say ?
For, if ever he married, he'd marry no other girl but May.
Then his father's brow grew black, and the storm broke fierce and fast,
And bitter words were spoken, that left their sting as they passed ;
And John, he made up his mind he would go and fight his way,
For, come what would, he would marry no other girl but May.
Well, just as he left his father, all hot and trembling still,
Who should he meet but May, on the pathway up the hill :
How could he help it ? He told her all, and there in the evening light,
They promised to wait for each other, happen what happen might.
And now, sirs, comes the wrong of it all, for it happened May was
sent

To stay with some friends near Liverpool, and there it was John went
To settle his plans for crossing the sea, and somehow it came about
That he got her to marry him secretly the day before he went out.
They met at the church, and they parted there, and as he went away,
He gave her one kiss on the forehead, and just said, ' Good-bye, May.'
It was selfish of him to do such a thing. Dear me ! and we little
guess

What a heap of trouble and sorrow may come for a little selfishness !
He showed my wife the wedding-ring, and the marriage-lines as
well :

She didn't take notice, she said, and so the name she never could tell.
It seems they'd come to some sort of terms, for he'd promised his
father that he

Would send neither message nor line to the girl from two years from
over the sea.

It's curious how we can take ourselves in,—he was mainly honest
and true,—

But to promise he wouldn't write to the girl, and then such a thing to
do !

He wasn't at ease in his mind no doubt, and that made him silent and
glum :

And it's my belief, when a fellow's done wrong, the punishment's sure
to come.

He vexed himself, too, at getting no news, waiting from fall to fall ;
And as he durstn't tell the truth, he wouldn't write home at all.

My wife, she pleaded again and again, when she found he was getting strong,

He should just go back, and confess to all, and try and undo the wrong.

She spoke to him straight and open, and told him his sin was pride; He should humble himself to his father;—but anyhow *there* was his bride:

She didn't pretend to be learned, but somehow it seemed to her plain His duty was just to take ship, and go back to England again.

Well, John, poor fellow, he listened, and it came to him more and more

That she was advising him right, tho' it made him sad and sore; For he'd hoped to get on and make money, but his luck was bad from the first,

And now, with his months of illness, why, matters had come to the worst.

He wasn't over-strong yet, you see; and he'd money enough to go; And the two years were all but over; and at last it was settled so. The child was half broken-hearted, and the mother about the same,— You see we'd been fond of the fellow ever since he came.

He were gentler after his illness too, and when all alone with my wife,

He'd talk quite grave, and be making schemes for a better sort of a life;

And she'd often say, when we talked of him, in her quiet sort of a way,

That's a man that, if I mistake not, will do right good work some day.

Well, gentlemen, I must close my tale, for it's brighter overhead, And the rain has stopped, I think there'll be time to look at the fossil-bed.

There isn't much more to tell: Poor John! he took his passage across In the Ocean King; you can't have forgot the way of her loss? She was never heard of more, you know, nor any soul on board; Bits of wreckage and floating spars were all the sea restored. There was many a tear for others; but it's only us that knew That John had sailed in that vessel with all it's luckless crew. I haven't got much to spare, sirs, but I'd give five pounds to-day If I could only get tidings of that poor young widowed May.

W. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CYPHER AND A TY.

DOLORES was coming down to breakfast the next morning when Colonel Mohun's door opened. He exclaimed, 'My little Dolly, good morning!' stooped down and kissed her.

Then, standing still a moment, and holding her hand, he said,

'Dolly, it was not you I saw at Darminster station?'

It was a terrible shock! Some one, no doubt, was trying to set him against her. And should she betray Constance and her uncle? At any rate, almost before she knew what she was saying, 'No, Uncle Regie,' was out of her mouth, and her conscience was being answered with 'How do I know it was me that he saw? these fur capes are very common.'

'I thought not,' he answered, kindly. 'Look here, Dolly, I want one word with you. Did your father ever leave anything in charge with you for Mr. Flinders? Did he ever speak to you about him?'

'Never,' Dolores truly answered.

'Because, my dear, though it's a hard thing to say, and your poor mother felt bound to him, he is a slippery fellow—a scamp, in fact, and if ever he writes to you here, you had better send the letter straight off to me, and I'll see what's to be done. He never has, I suppose?'

'No,' said Dolores, answering the word *here*, and foolishly feeling the involvement too great, and Constance too much concerned in it for her to confess to her uncle what had really happened. Indeed, the first falsehood held her to the second; and there was no more time, for Lord Rotherwood was coming out of his room further down the passage. And after the greetings, as she went downstairs before the two gentlemen, she was sure she heard Uncle Regie say, 'She's all right.' What could it mean? Was a storm averted, or was it brewing? Could that spiteful Aunt Jane and her questions about the weather be at the bottom of it?

The fun that was going on at breakfast seemed a mere roar of folly to her, and she had an instinct of nothing but getting away to Constance. She soon found that there would be opportunity enough, for the tree was to be taken down in a barrow, and all the youthful world was to carry down the decorations in baskets and help to put

them on. She dashed off among the first to put on her things, and then was disappointed to find that first all the pets were to be fed and shown off to Fly, who appreciated them far more than she had done—knew how to lay hold of a rabbit, nursed the guinea-pigs and puppies in turn, and was rapturous in her acceptance of two young guinea-pigs and one puppy.

‘I can keep them up in Daddy’s dressing-room while we are at High Court, and it will be such fun,’ she said.

‘Will he let you?’ asked Gilian, in some doubt.

‘Oh! Daddy will always let me, and so will Griffin—his man, you know, only we left him in London because Daddy said he would be in your butler’s way, but I can’t think why. Griffin would have helped about the tree and learnt to make a mummy, when we have our party. Louise would not let me have them in the nursery, I know, but Daddy and Griffin would, and I could go and feed them in the morning before breakfast. Griffin would get me bran! That is, if we do go to High Court; I wish we were to stay on here. There’s nobody to play with at High Court, and grandpapa always keeps Daddy talking politics, so that I can hardly ever get him! Mysie, whatever do you do with your father away in India?’

‘Yes, it is horrid. But then, there’s mamma,’ said Mysie, whispering, however, as she saw Dolores near, and feared to hurt her feelings.

‘Ah!’ said Fly, with a tender little shake of her head; ‘’tis worse for her to have no mother at all! Is that why she looks so sad?’

‘Cross is the word,’ said Wilfred. ‘I can’t think what she is come bothering down here for!’

‘Oh! for shame, Wilfred!’ said Fly. ‘You should be sorry for her.’

And she went up to Dolores, and by way of doing the kindest thing in the world, said,

‘Here’s my new puppy. Is not he a dear? I’ll let you hold him,’ and she attempted to deposit the fat, curly, satiny creature in Dolores’ arms, which instantly hung down stiff, as she answered, half in fright, ‘I hate dogs!’ The puppy fell down with a flop, and began to squeak, while the girls, crying ‘Oh! Dolly, how could you!’ and ‘poor little pup!’ all crowded round in pity and indignation, and Wilfred observed, ‘I told you so!’

‘You’ll get no change but that out of the Lady of the Rueful Countenance,’ said Jasper.

Mysie had for once nothing to say in Dolores’s defence, being equally hurt for Fly’s sake and the puppy’s. Dolores found herself virtually sent to Coventry, as she accompanied the party across the paddock, only just near enough to benefit by their protection from the herd of half-grown calves which were there disporting themselves; and, as if to make the contrast still more provoking, Fly, who had a natural affinity for all animals, insisted on trying to attract them, calling,

'Sukkey! sukkey!' and hold out bunches of grass, in vain, for they only galloped away, and she could only explain how tame those at home were, and how she went out farming with Daddy whenever he had time and mother and Fräulein would let her out.

The tree meantime came trundling down, a wonderful spectacle, with all its gilt balls and fir-cones nodding and dangling wildly, and its other embellishments turning upside down. There were greetings of delight at Casement Cottage, and Miss Hacket had kissed everybody all round before Gillian had time to present the new-comer, and then the good lady was shocked at her own presumption, and exclaimed,

'I beg your ladyship's pardon! Dear me! I had no notion who it was!'

'Then please kiss me again now you do know!' said Fly, holding up her funny little face to that very lovable kind one, and they were all soon absorbed in the difficulty of getting the tree in at the front door, and setting it up in the room that had been prepared for it.

Dolores had hoped to confide her alarms to Constance's sympathetic ear, but her friend, who had written and dreamt of many a magnificently titled scion of the peerage, but had never before seen one in her own house, had not a minute to spare for her, being far too much engrossed in observing the habits of the animal. These certainly were peculiar, since she insisted on a waltz round the room with the tabby cat, and ascended a step-ladder, merrily spurning Jasper's protection, to insert the circle of tapers on the crowning chandelier. There was nothing left for Dolores to do but to sit by in the window-seat, philosophising on the remarkable effects of a handle to one's name, and feeling cruelly neglected.

Suddenly she saw a fly coming up to the gate. There was a general peeping and wondering. Then Uncle Reginald and a stranger got out and came up to the door. There was a ring—everybody paused and wondered for a moment; then the maid tapped at the door and said, 'Would Miss Mohun come and speak to Colonel Mohun a minute in the drawing-room?'

There was a hush of dread throughout the room. 'Ah!' sighed Miss Hacket, looking at Gillian, and all the elders thought without saying that some terrible news of her father had to be told to the poor child. They let her go, frightened at the summons, but that idea not occurring to her.

'There!' said Uncle Regie, 'she can set it straight. Don't be frightened, my dear; only tell this gentleman whether that is your writing.'

The stranger held a strip so that she could only just see 'Dolores M. Mohun,' and she unhesitatingly answered 'Yes'—very much surprised.

'You are sure?' said her uncle, in a tone of disappointment that made her falter, as she added, 'I think so.' At the same time the

stranger turned the paper round, and she knew it for the cheque that had so long resided in her desk, but with dilated eyes, she exclaimed, 'But—but—that was for seven pounds!'

'*That*,' said the stranger, 'then, Miss Mohun, you know this draft?'

'Only it was for seven,' repeated Dolores.

'You mean, I conclude, that it was drawn for seven pounds, and that it was still for seven when it left your hands?'

'Yes,' muttered Dolores, who was beginning to get very much frightened, at she knew not what, and to feel on her guard at all points.

'There's nothing to be afraid of my dear,' said Uncle Reginald, tenderly; 'nobody suspects you of anything. Only tell us. Did your father give you this paper?'

'Yes.'

'And when did you cash it?' asked the clerk. Dolores hung her head. 'I didn't,' she said.

'But how did it get out of your possession?' said her uncle. 'You are sure this is your own writing at the back. It could surely not have been stolen from her?' he added to the stranger.

'That could hardly be,' said that person. 'Miss Mohun, you had better speak out. To whom did you give this cheque?'

There was a whirl of terror all round about Dolores, a horror of bringing herself first, then Uncle Alfred, Constance, and everybody else into trouble. She took refuge in uttering not a word.

'Dolores,' said her uncle, and his tone was now much more grave and less tender, thus increasing her terror; 'this silence is of no use. Did you give this cheque to Mr. Flinders?'

In the silence, the ticks of the clock on the mantel-piece seemed like a hammer beating on their ears. Dolores thought of the morning's flat denial of all intercourse with Flinders! Then the word *give* occurred to her as a loophole, and her mind did not embrace all the consequences of the denial, she only saw one thing at a time, 'I didn't *give* it,' she answered, almost inaudibly.

'You did not give it?' repeated her uncle, getting angry and speaking loud, 'Then how did it get into his hands? Is there no truth in you?' he added, after a pause, which only terrified her more and more; 'Whom did you give it to?'

'Constance!' The word came out she hardly knew how, as something which at least was true. Colonel Mohun knocked at the door of the room she had come from. It was instantly opened, and Miss Hacket began, 'The poor dear! Can I get anything for her, I am sure it is a terrible shock!' and as he stood, astonished, Gillian added, 'Oh! I see it isn't *that*. We were afraid it was something about Uncle Maurice.'

'No, my dear, no such thing. Only would Miss Constance Hacket be kind enough to come here a minute?'

'Oh! My apron! My fingers! Excuse me for being such a figure!' Constance ran on, as Colonel Mohun made her come across to the room opposite, where she looked about her in amazement. Was the stranger a publisher about to make her an offer for the "Waif of the Moorland." But Dolores' downcast attitude and set sullen face forbade the idea.

'Miss Constance Hacket,' said the Colonel, 'here is an uncomfortable matter in which we want your assistance. Will you kindly answer a question or two from Mr. Ellis, the manager of the . . . Bank?'

Then the manager politely asked her if she had seen the cheque before.

'Yes—why—what's wrong about it? Oh! It is for seventy! Why, Dolores, I thought it was only for seven!'

'It was for seven when you parted with it then, Miss Hacket,' said the manager; 'let me ask whether you changed it yourself?'

'No,' she said, 'I sent it to——' and there she came to a dead pause, in alarm.

'Did you send it to Mr. Alfred Flinders?' said Mr. Ellis.

'Yes—oh!' another little scream, 'He can't have done it. He can't be such a villain! Your own uncle, Dolores.'

'He is no uncle of Dolores Mohun!' said the Colonel. 'He is only the son of her mother's step-mother by her first marriage.'

'Oh! Dolores, then you deceived me,' exclaimed Constance; 'you told me he was your own uncle, or I would never—and oh! my fifteen pounds. Where is he?'

'That, madam,' said Mr. Ellis, gravely, 'I hope the police may discover. He has quitted Darminster after having cashed this cheque for seventy pounds. We have already telegraphed to the police to be on the look out for him, but I much fear that it will be too late.'

'Oh! my fifteen pounds! What shall I do! Oh! Dolores, how could you? I shall never trust any one again!'

Perhaps Uncle Reginald felt the same, but he only darted a look upon his niece, which she felt in every nerve, though to his eyes she only stood hard and stolid. The manager, who found Constance's torrent of words as hard to deal with as Dolores's silence, asked for pen and ink, and begged to take down Miss Hacket's statement to lay before a magistrate in case of Flinders' apprehension. It was not very easy to keep her to the point, especially as her chief interest was in her own fifteen pounds, of which Mr. Ellis only would say that she could prosecute the man for obtaining money on false pretences, and this she trusted meant getting it back again. As to the cheque in question, she told how Dolores had entrusted it to her to send to her supposed uncle, Mr. Flinders, to whom it had been promised the day they went to Darminster, and she was quite ready to depose that when it left her hands it was only for seven pounds.

This was all that the bank manager wanted. He thanked her,

told Colonel Mohun they should hear from him, and went off in a hurry, both to communicate with the police, and to leave the young ladies to be dealt with by their friends, who, he might well suppose, would rather that he removed himself.

'Put on your hat, Dolores,' said Colonel Mohun, gravely; 'you had better come home with me! Miss Hacket, excuse me, but I am afraid I must ask whether you have been assisting in a correspondence between my niece and this Flinders?'

'Oh! Colonel Mohun, you will believe me, I was quite deceived. Dolores represented that he was her uncle, to whom she was much attached, and that Lady Merrifield separated her from him out of mere family prejudice.'

'I am afraid you have paid dearly for your sympathy,' said the Colonel. 'It certainly led you far when you assisted your friend to deceive the aunt who trusted you with her.'

The movement that was taking place seemed like licence to that roomful, burning with curiosity to break out. Mysie was running after Dolores to ask if she could do anything for her, but Colonel Mohun called her back with 'Not now, Mysie.' Miss Hacket came forward with agitated hopes that nothing was amiss, and at sight of her Constance collapsed quite. 'Oh! Mary,' she cried out, 'I have been so deceived! Oh! that man!' and she sunk upon a chair in a violent fit of crying, which alarmed Miss Hacket so dreadfully that she looked imploringly up to Colonel Mohun. He had meant to have left Miss Constance to explain, but he saw it was necessary to relieve the poor elder sister's mind from worse fears by saying, 'I am afraid it is my niece who deceived her, by leading her into forwarding letters and money to a person who calls himself a relation. He seems to have been guilty of a forgery, which may have unpleasant consequences. Children, I think you had better follow us home.'

Dolores had come down by this time, and Colonel Mohun walked home, at some paces from her, very much as if he had been guarding a criminal under arrest. Poor Uncle Reginald! He had put such absolute trust in the two answers she had made him in the morning; and had been so sure of her good faith, that when the manager brought word that the cheque had been traced to Flinders, who had absconded, he still held that it was a barefaced forgery, entirely due to Flinders himself, and that Dolores could shew that she had no knowledge of it, and he had gone down in the fly, expecting to come home triumphant, and confute his sister Jane, who persisted in being mournfully sagacious. And he was indignant in proportion to the confidence he had misplaced; grieved, too, for his brother's sake, and absolutely ashamed.

Once he asked, when they were within the paddock, out of the way of meeting any one, 'Have you nothing to say to me, Dolores?'

It was not said in a manner to draw out an answer, and she made none at all.

Once again he spoke, as they came near the house:

'You had better go up to your room at once. I do not know how to think of the blow this will be to your father.'

It was so entirely what Dolores was thinking of, that it seemed to her barbarous to tell her of it. In fact she was stunned, scarcely understanding what had happened, and too proud and miserable to ask for an explanation, for had not every one turned against her, even Uncle Reginald and Constance—and what had happened to that cheque?

She did not see Uncle Reginald turn into the drawing-room, and letting himself drop despairingly into an arm-chair say, 'Well, Jane, you were right, more's the pity!'

'She really gave him the cheque!'

'Yes, but at least it was only for seven. The rascal himself must have altered it into seventy. She and the other girl both agree as to that. There's been a clandestine correspondence going on with that scamp ever since she has been here, under cover to that precious friend of hers—that Hacket girl.'

'Ah! you warned me, Jenny,' said Lady Merrifield. 'But I'm quite sure Miss Hacket knew nothing of it.'

'I don't suppose she did. She seemed struck all of a heap. Any way they've quarrelled now; the other one has turned King's evidence—has lost some money too, and says Dolores deceived her. She's deceived every one all round, that's the fact. Why she told me two flat lies this very morning—lies—there's no other name for it. What will you do with her, Lily?'

'I don't know,' said Lady Merrifield, utterly shocked, and recollecting, but not mentioning, the falsehood told to her about the note. Lord Rotherwood said 'Poor child,' and Colonel Mohun groaned, 'Poor Maurice.'

'Then she did go to Darminster?' said Miss Mohun.

'Yes; that came out from this Miss Constance, who seems to have been properly taken in about some publishing trash. Serve her right! But it seems Dolores beguiled her with stories about her dear uncle in distress. We left her nearly in hysterics, and I told the children to come away.'

'What does Dolores say?' asked Jane.

'Nothing! I could not get a word out of her after the first surprise at the alteration of the cheque. Not a word nor a tear. She is as hard—as hard as a bit of stone.'

'Really,' said Lady Merrifield, 'I can't help thinking there's a good deal of excuse for her.'

'What? That poor Maurice's wife was half a heathen, and afterwards the girl was left to chance?' said Colonel Mohun. 'I see no other. And you, Lily, the last person I should expect to excuse untruth.'

'I did not mean to do that, Regie; but you all say that poor Mary was fond of this man and helped him.'

'That she did!' said Lord Rotherwood, 'and very much against the grain it went with Maurice.'

'Then don't you see that this poor child, who probably never had the matter explained to her, may have felt it a great hardship to be cut off from the man her mother taught her to care for; and that may have led her into concealments?'

'Well!' said Colonel Mohun, 'at that rate, at least one may be thankful never to have married.'

'One—or two, Regie?' said Jane, as they all laughed at his sally. 'I think I had better go up and see whether I can get anything out of the child. Do you mean to have her down to dinner, Lily,' she added, glancing at the clock.

'Oh! yes, certainly. I don't want to put her to disgrace before all the children and servants—that is, if she is not crying herself out of condition to appear, poor child.'

'Not she,' said Uncle Reginald.

On opening the door, the children were all discovered in the hall, in anxious curiosity, not venturing in uncalled, but very much puzzled.

Gillian came forward and said, 'Mamma, may we know what is the matter?'

'I hardly understand it myself yet, my dear, only that Dolores and Constance Hacket have let themselves be taken in by a sort of relation of Dolores' mother, and Uncle Maurice has lost a good deal of money through it. It would not have happened if there had been fair and upright dealing towards me; but we do not know the rights of it, and you had better take no notice of it to her.'

'I thought,' said Valetta, sagaciously, 'no good could come of running after that stupid Miss Constance.'

'Who can't pull a cracker, and screams at a daddy-long-legs,' added Fergus.

'But, mamma, what shall we do?' said Gillian. 'I came away because Uncle Regie told us, and Constance was crying so terribly; but what is poor Miss Hacket to do? There is the tree only half dressed, and all the girls coming to-night, unless she puts them off.'

'Yes, you had better go down alone as soon as dinner is over, and see what she would like,' said Lady Merrifield. 'We must not leave her in the lurch, as if we cast her off, though I am afraid Constance has been very foolish in this matter. Oh! Gillian, I wish we could have made Dolores happier amongst us, and then this would not have happened.'

'She would never let us, mamma,' said Gillian.

But Mysie, coming up close to her mother as they all went up the broad staircase to prepare for the midday meal, confessed in a grave little voice, 'Mamma, I think I have sometimes been cross to Dolly—more lately, because it has been so very tiresome.'

Lady Merrifield drew the little girl into her own room, stooped down, and kissed her, saying, 'My dear child, these things need a great deal of patience. You will have to be doubly kind and forbearing now, for she must be very unhappy, and perhaps not like to show it. You might say a little prayer for her, that God will help us to be kind to her, and soften her heart.'

'Oh! yes, mamma; and, please, will you set it down for me?'

'Yes, my dear, and for myself too. You shall have it before bedtime.'

Aunt Jane had followed Dolores to her own room. The girl, who was sitting on her bed, dazed, regretted that she had not bolted her door, as her aunt entered with the words, 'Oh! Dolores! I am very sorry, I could not have thought you would so have abused the confidence that was placed in you.'

To this Dolores did not answer. To her mind she was the person ill-used by the prohibition of correspondence, but she could not say so. Every one was falling on her, but Aunt Jane's questions could not well help being answered.

'What will your father think of it?'

'He never forbade me to write to Uncle Alfred,' said Dolores.

'Because he never thought of your doing such a thing. Did he give you this cheque?'

'Yes.'

'For yourself?'

'N—n—o. But it was the same.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'It was to pay a man—a man's that's dead.'

'That may be; but what right did that give you to spend the money otherwise? Who was the man?'

'Professor Mühlwasser, for some books of plates.'

'How do you know he is dead? Who told you so? Eh! Was it Flinders? Ah! you see what comes of trusting to an unprincipled man like that. If you had only been open and straightforward with Aunt Lily, or with any of us, you would have been saved from this tissue of falsehood; forfeiting your Uncle Reginald's good opinion, and enabling Flinders to do your father this great injury.' She paused, and as Dolores made no answer, she went on again—'Indeed, there is no saying what you have not brought on yourself by your deceit and disobedience. If Flinders is apprehended, you will have to appear against him in court, and publicly avow that you gave away what your father trusted to you.'

Dolores gave a little moan and start, and her aunt, perceiving that she had touched an apparently vulnerable spot, proceeded—'The only thing left for you to do is to tell the whole story frankly and honestly. I don't say so only for the sake of showing Aunt Lily that you are sorry for having abused her confidence. I wish I could think that you are; but, unless we know all, we cannot shield you from any

further consequences, and that of course we should wish to do, for your father's sake.'

Dolores did not feel drawn to confession, but she knew that when Aunt Jane once set herself to ask questions, there was no use in trying to conceal anything. So she made answers, chiefly yes or no, and her aunt, by severe and diligent pumping, had extracted bit by bit what it was most essential should be known, before the gong summoned them. Dolores would rather have been a solitary prisoner, able to chafe against oppression, than have been obliged to come down and confront everybody; but she crept into the place left for her between Mysie and Wilfred. She had very little appetite, and never found out how Mysie was fulfilling her resolution of kindness by baulking Willie of sundry attempts to tease, by substituting her own kissing crust for Dolly's more unpoetical piece of bread; and offering to exchange her delicious strawberry jam tartlet for the black currant one at which her cousin was looking with reluctant eyes.

Mysie and Valetta were grievously exercised about their chances of returning to the G. F. S. Tree. Indeed Gillian went the length of telling them that Fly was behaving far better in her disappointment as to the Butterfly's Ball than they were as to this 'old second-hand tree.' Fly laughed, and observed, 'Dear me; things one would like are always being stopped. If one was to mind every time, how horrid it would be! And there's always something to make up!'

Then it occurred to Gillian, though not to her younger sisters, that Lady Phyllis Devereux lived in general a much less indulged, and more frequently disappointed, life than did herself and her sisters.

However, there was great delight at that dinner table. Jasper had ridden to get the letters of the second post, and Lord Rotherwood had his hands and his head full of them when he came in to luncheon—there being what Lady Merrifield called a respectable dinner in view. In the first place, Lord Ivinghoe was getting on very well, and was up sitting by the fire playing patience. Nobody was catching the measles, and quarantine would be over on the 9th of January. Secondly, 'Fly, shall you be very broken-hearted if I tell you.'

'Oh! Daddy, you wouldn't look like that, if it was anything very bad! Lion isn't dead?'

'No; but I grieve to say your unnatural grandparents don't want you! Grandmamma is nervous about having you without mamma. What did we do last time we were there, Fly?'

'Don't you remember, Daddy? they said there was nothing for me to ride to the meet, and you and Griffin put the side-saddle on Crazy Kate, and we went out with the hounds, and I've got the brush up in my room!'

'I don't wonder grandmamma is nervous,' observed Lady Merrifield.

'Will you be nervous, Lily,' said Lord Rotherwood, 'if this same flyaway mortal is left on your hands till the 9th?'

Dinner, manners, silence before company, and all, could not repress a general scream of ecstasy, which called forth the reply. 'I should think you and her mother were the people to be nervous.'

'Oh! my lady has been duly instructed in Merrifield perfections, and esteems you a model mother.'

The children's nods and smiles said 'Hear! hear!'

'Well, you've got it all in her own letter,' continued Lord Rotherwood. 'You see, they've got a caucus at High Court, and a dinner, and I must go up there on Monday; but if you'll keep this dangerous Fly——'

'I can answer for the pleasure it will give.'

'Well, then, I'll come back for her by the 9th, and you've Victoria's letter, haven't you?'

'Yes, it is very kind of her.'

'Then I shall expect you to be ready to start with me for the Butterfly's Ball. Eh, young ladies, what will you come out as?'

'Oh, Daddy, Daddy, is it? Has mamma asked them? Oh! it is more delicious than anything ever was. Mysie, Mysie, what will you be?'

'"The sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,"' quoted Mysie, in a very low happy voice.

'And I will be a jolly old frog,' shouted Fergus, finding the ordinance of silence broken and making the most of it, on the presumption that the whole family were invited. However, the tone, rather than the uncomprehended words of his mother's answer, 'Nobody asked you, sir, she said,' reduced him to silence, and it became understood, through Fly's inquiries, that the invitation included Lady Merrifield and three children, though the mother made it known that a promised visit from old Mrs. Merrifield must make her acceptance doubtful. And besides, the question which three were to go was the unspoken drawback to full bliss, and yet the delight was exceedingly great in the prospect, great enough to make the contrast of gloom in poor Dolores's spirit all the darker, as she sat, left out of everything, and she could not now say, with absolute injustice, though she still clung to the belief that there was more misfortune than fault in her disgrace.

She crept away, shivering with unhappiness, to the school-room, while the others frisked off discussing the wonderful Butterfly's Ball. Lady Merrifield looked in on her, and she hardened herself to endure either another probing or fresh reproaches, but all she heard was, 'My dear, I cannot talk over this sad affair now, as I have to go out. But, if you can, I think you had better write to your father about it, and let him understand exactly how it happened. Or, if you had rather write than speak in explaining it to me, you can do so, and we can consider to-morrow what is to be done about it.'

Then she went out with her brother and cousin to drive to some Industrial schools which Lord Rotherwood wanted to see.

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL B. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A HELPMET FOR HIM.

‘They looked me in the face till my heart was like to break.’

IN the meantime Florence Venning, of whose opinion Annie stood in so much awe, was trying to solve a somewhat similar problem.

She had seen more than usual of Arthur during all the discussions about Minnie and her father, and these had given her an interest in common with him. She saw that he had lost the look of cheerful contentment that he had worn when he first came home, and his manner perplexed her. And, as she said to herself, she had grown more selfish than in her girlish days, for she thought of herself perpetually during these interviews, instead of being taken up with their subject or with him.

And just as in former days, Mr. Blandford’s first offer had opened her eyes to her own feelings, so now a certain change in the character of the cordial friendship which he had always insisted on showing her, made her distaste to any such development more marked.

Flossy was under no temptation to change her mind; but it had cost her less to follow her early instincts than to keep faithful now in spite of her experience.

She had to face not only the full consciousness of her feelings towards Arthur, but the prospect of her life without him, and the future which had been so hazy at twenty, so hazy that anything new and bright might emerge from the mist, was clear as daylight at twenty-eight. She knew just what she should have and what she should miss. She knew what the romance of her life had cost her. She had turned her back and shut up her heart from a lot full of ordinary happiness and had preferred her sweet distant dream; which she justified because its very vagueness had left her energies open to present interests.

Flossy had never deceived herself into thinking that the many good and useful works in which she spent her time cost her any special self-denial, secondary motives had been so sufficient for their execution that the highest had been taken very much for granted.

But she felt now, that if she continued to find in them an engrossing object, they must be lifted altogether on to a higher level. Delight in the work itself would no longer carry her through. She

had never been an idle girl, and even in her school days had never sighed and dawdled over any occupation, as over the notes of her literature lessons, which she was trying to write on the Thursday morning of this eventful week. Flossy laid down her pen and wished for the holidays, she wished that the girls would be quiet, that the sound of the piano would cease, and for the first time in her life, she felt a sense of utter weariness, as she thought of the years through which all these rounds would go on as usual. Day after day, year after year, she would be Miss Venning the school mistress, just as much respected and even more successful than her eldest sister. Had Mary ever hated her life? To be sure Mary had had herself, and Clarissa, and a host of intermediate brothers to work for. But now the brothers were independent, and Clarissa, who disliked school keeping, had found a home with the eldest, who had lost his wife. There was Flossy for the school, and the school for Flossy. She would never want 'occupation,' that panacea which she had preached to so many discontented young women. She was useful and important, but just now she was very miserable, and her mind was distracted from the poets contemporary with Shakespeare, with a thousand idle speculations.

She was interrupted by a knock at the door of the little study where she sat, and the maid announced 'Miss Fordham.'

Dulcie had a thick veil tied over her face, and as she put it back she revealed a pale face and red eyes, which overflowed in a moment at Flossy's affectionate kiss, as she hid her face on her neck, sobbing out, 'Oh, Flossy, I am so very miserable. I have come because I wanted you so much.'

'My poor child! Come here, sit down by the fire, and tell me all about it. Have you had no letters yet?'

Flossy sat down on a low seat by the hearth, and Dulcie, kneeling at her side, gave way to a miserable fit of sobbing.

'You know,' she said, as soon as she could speak, 'you know how it has been. Papa and mamma—they were angry with Geoffrey at first—I know,' and she grasped her friend's hand hard as she spoke. 'I know—he deserves it. But now that he doesn't write, they blame him more and more. When he comes back—they—they will never like my engagement. They tell me I ought to give it up. Mamma says she has no confidence in my future, and papa says it is right to tell me plainly that he shall never have confidence in Geoffrey again; he said,' cried Dulcie, with agony that she could not control, 'that it has been *cowardly*.'

'What do *you* think, my darling?' said Florence, who was much of this opinion.

'Oh! I know—I know! He ought to come back and face them. He would if only I was there. But I am sure he is trying to make up his mind to some dreadful step.'

'What do the Leightons say? Do they write to you, dear?'

'Oh! yes. They telegraphed to Chagford, and the people said that Geoffrey came but only stayed a few hours. *They* are very angry with him, too, and Fred talks of going to look for him. You know it isn't ten days after all. They say they are not *frightened*; but—you see, it would never do to make a fuss, and let people think that no one knows where Geoff is—just now, when he is going to begin his profession!'

'No, of course not,' said Florence, thinking of all the circumstances that would make any suspicion of mystery about Geoffrey's conduct peculiarly undesirable.

'Nor am I *frightened*,' said Dulcie, more firmly. 'I know Geoffrey will soon come back. And I think he doesn't write to me because he would be more ready to blame himself than they can be. I know when he hears what papa thinks that he will want to give me up directly.'

Florence found reply so difficult that she only kissed her again; but Dulcie knelt upright, and laying her clasped hands on Flossy's knee, looked her full in the face as she said,

'That would be such a pity!'

'My dear child!' said Flossy, almost laughing.

'Because,' said Dulcie, firmly, 'I have made up my mind to it. I know Geoffrey will make up for all this. I know that all this time he is repenting in sackcloth and ashes! And I can't alter. If I did something wicked I should have to make the best of myself afterwards, and so I must of him. If we had been married, Flossy?'

'You mean,' said Flossy, 'that your love can't be affected by any disappointment about Geoffrey, any change of opinion!'

'But I haven't changed my opinion,' cried Dulcie, starting up. 'No, Flossy, I am not stupid—I am not perverse. It's not because I am a woman and in love, and blind, that I say so! It's because I've known Geoffrey all my life almost, and no one can know him as well as I can, and I hold to him with my eyes open. He deserves to be blamed, but he isn't bad enough to deserve to lose me!'

'But does Captain Fordham want you to take any steps before he comes back?' said Florence.

'No; but he wants to prepare my mind. And, Flossy, I can't give up Geoff, and I don't know if in the end he would insist on that, but it's so hard, so difficult, so *miserable*, to keep on thinking and feeling against them. Nothing ever was right before but what they told me! and with a fresh burst of tears the poor girl once more threw herself down at Flossy's side and hid her face.

'My sweet! have you asked in all this trouble for a right judgment?' whispered Flossy.

'Oh! yes, I have—I do! But, Flossy, so do they. They pray for me, I know—I know! But there comes a different answer; for they think more and more that it's right to save me from Geoffrey. And I think more and more that I musn't desert him!'

'Don't you think,' said Flossy, 'that it is almost a waste of feeling to make strong resolves in this uncertain interval? When Geoffrey comes back the impression he makes on them—or on you—may be different.'

'Oh!' said Dulcie, with conviction, 'if papa says to him what he has said to me, he would not hold me to my promise for a day!'

'And did you come to ask me what I thought?' said Florence.

'Yes. I want to know how it strikes you.'

Florence stroked and caressed the curly head that rested against her, much perplexed as to what to say. At length she said as gently as she could,

'You know, dear, that all Geoffrey's friends do feel that he acted—weakly.'

'He acted wrongly,' said Dulcie, at once.

'Yes; but you feel, and I believe Alick thinks so too, that he is as well aware of that as we are, and that he will repent of it, and as far as possible make up for it. You feel that that one action was below his proper level.'

'Yes!'

'Well, Dulcie, I think it seems to me that in that case, if Geoffrey is sorry, that he ought to submit to delay and restrictions, to earn Captain Fordham's respect once more. And you, if, as you say you can, enter into his repentance, I suppose, my poor child, you must enter into the bearing of the punishment too.'

'Then you think obeying papa would really be helping Geoffrey in the highest sense?' said Dulcie.

'I think so.'

'I think I see,' said Dulcie, slowly. 'And,' she added, with a sweet instinctive loyalty,—'it isn't as if papa was unreasonable or unkind.'

'No; he only wants you to be happy.'

'You think I ought to let him stay away, perhaps not to write to me, to help him to bear the hardness. But to feel that I was his in my heart all the while and to hope for better days. Oh! that's a hard saying!'

'Dreadfully hard,' said Florence. 'I don't think anybody's true love is ever easy.'

Dulcie sat with her face hidden, but she saw the light.

'I think I could,' she said presently. 'If I can comfort him a little first.'

'Captain Fordham will never be harsh. I am sure in any case he will let you see him and talk to him. But now, my dear, I want you to feel that the time is not come for any resolutions. Wait till he comes back. Ah!' as a great bell clanged through the house, 'that's the dinner bell. You will not like to come in among all the girls. You shall stay here, and I will bring you some lunch, and afterwards we will take a walk together, for I have to go to Redhurst Vicarage, and you might go back by train to Blackwood.'

Dulcie agreed willingly to this arrangement. Her heart was lighter for talking out the troubles, and the lurking hope that Geoffrey's return would show him in so different a light as to change her father's opinion revived within her, and by the time she had eaten her lunch, and they had started on their walk, she was ready to feel the blue sky and fresh air reviving, and to notice all the little promises of spring that come with a fine soft day in February. Flossy was silent, not only out of consideration for her companion, but because her own thoughts resumed their power over her. *She* could not seek sympathy or find counsel; but her courage was strengthened and her spirits raised by the brave fight that the younger girl was making; though hardly a word was exchanged between them till they came in sight of the low grey tower of Redhurst church basking in the clear spring sunlight.

'Let me stay here and walk about,' said Dulcie, 'I don't want to go into the vicarage.'

'Very well,' answered Florence, 'I only want to speak about some Redhurst girls in service at Oxley. I won't keep you ten minutes.'

Dulcie, left alone, walked up and down the avenue of lime trees that led from the lych-gate to the porch. The turf was short and soft, the graves all neat and tasteful. The church had a wide west window, still uncoloured, and the low afternoon sun shining through behind it, brought out the tints of the east window, with almost unearthly brightness. Dulcie watched them as she strayed across the turf and found her way to the corner where Mysie Crofton was buried. Here the snowdrops were thickly pushing their way through the surrounding grass, and Dulcie looked down and recalled the sense of horror and fear that her first clear understanding of this young girl's untimely fate had brought her. Did such a parting, with trust undimmed and love unshaken, seem so dreadful now. In the impatience of her trouble, Dulcie almost wished that she were lying under the turf with a snowdrop wreath on her breast; but when she turned the thought another way, and thought 'if it were Geoff—' the warm young living love rose up against the fancy. Anything—anything rather than such a separation as *that*! Dulcie was made of very soft stuff, however clear and fine were the rays of light which her soul admitted, and she shrank and trembled, as for the first time the possibility of such an answer to their uncertainty came over her. She turned and hurried away from the graves towards the church-yard gate, all her former distress at Geoffrey's conduct, and perplexity as to her own, overpowered by this new dread. She had meant when she made Florence leave her, to go into the church, which was usually open, and to think of the light now thrown on her duty and pray that she and Geoffrey might follow it, spite of their own pain. Now, though she clasped her hands and looked up at the church, she could hardly make the agony of her fear into a prayer. In a moment, a surprised voice said 'Dulcie!' and turning, she saw Alice beside her.

As he took her hand in a hearty clasp, and she felt that the sight of a Leighton face was in itself a delight, she spoke her thought aloud.

'Oh! Alick, have you any news? You don't think anything can have happened to him?'

As Alick looked down at her trembling lips and tear-marked eyes, he felt hotly indignant with Geoffrey. How could he cause this loving girl such sorrow?

'Nothing at all,' he said, 'Geoffrey is unpardonably selfish. Some one must go and hunt him up. Spencer thought so.'

As he spoke, Arthur, who had been walking with Alick, but had been stopped by an acquaintance, came up towards them. Poor Dulcie blushed, as Alick, who had grown altogether accustomed to discussing the matter with him, appealed to him to confirm his view.

'She is so unhappy,' he said, with a brotherly freedom that was sweet to Dulcie even while it confused her. 'Tell her that you think it is only a freak of Geoffrey's.'

Arthur too, felt that he had little patience with the personal feelings that could lead to such unkind neglect.

'I see no ground for alarm,' he said, 'but I think some enquiries should be made soon, for people have no business to leave their friends in ignorance of their address.'

'I think,' said Alick, 'that I must ask Mr. Blandford to let me go.'

'I have a better plan than that,' said Arthur. 'Hugh is going to Cornwall, and he wants me to go with him. I think I might turn aside and see if I can hear anything of Geoffrey's movements. No one need know anything about it then.'

'Oh! but that's too kind of you,' said Alick. 'So much trouble.'

'Not at all,' answered Arthur; 'I want a change—so Hugh tells me—and I should like to have a reason for making one.'

As he spoke his eyes were on the vicarage gate, which opened, and Florence Venning, with a companion, came out into the lane.

'Ah!' said Alick, 'there's Mr. Blandford. Did you come here with Miss Venning, Dulcie?'

There was a little smile in Alick's voice, and Arthur grew a trifle pale as he looked at the pair; while Flossy blushed redder than any rose, a blush which of course he utterly misinterpreted.

'We'll see what can be done,' he said to Dulcie, with a thought for her anxiety even then; but he walked away quickly after a few words with the others.

Poor Arthur, he had hardly made up his mind as to what he wanted, when he fancied that it was no longer his to gain, and his deeper self was so unenterprising, so easily daunted, that the slightest difficulty checked instead of spurring him on. Perhaps this want of power to pursue his aims, and to strike out his own course in spite of his own difficulties or other people's, was the lasting change which his early sorrow had made in him.

He turned gladly to the thought of some one else's difficulties and troubles, and, when he went home, told his cousin of his idea, which Hugh furthered to the best of his power.

'It will be better for him,' he said to his wife. 'He has never been himself since that unlucky accident on the ice.'

'But he does not like to see Mr. Blandlord pay attention to Flossy,' said Violante, after a moment.

'Flossy!' ejaculated Hugh. 'What do you mean?'

'That would be the best thing for him,' she said. 'And of course I cannot tell, I may be mistaken; but I don't think Flossy would say no.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE TEACHING OF EXPERIENCE.

'Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear.'

THERE had been something more than wounded pride and dread of the home faces in the feelings which had prompted Geoffrey's sudden flight. He knew how much he had been in fault, and it was not in him to be satisfied with a half-repentance. He wanted to think the difficult matter over; to settle on his line of conduct in the future; while as for Dulcie, it was characteristic of him that he thought far more of his unworthiness to approach her, than of her anxiety and disappointment on his account. Nevertheless, he felt it necessary to give some account of himself at home, and so dispatched the telegram to give them an address at Chagford. When he put himself into a Great Western carriage and rolled himself up in a corner, he meant to make for himself a sort of 'retreat,' and to give himself time to realise what had happened. And he was no doubt wise if he had shown more consideration in the manner of doing so.

As he was whirled away through the darkness, Geoffrey acknowledged to himself that he had been a coward, and that the only reparation he could make was to take upon himself in full the obligation that he had shirked. He would declare himself to be Frank Osgood's son, he would insist on bearing the burden of all expenses connected with him and his child, no one should say that he let any one else endure the disgrace that belonged to him alone. Geoffrey writhed as he thought how poor a figure he had cut of late, and there began to come upon him a sense of his unkindness to Frank Osgood, and a great fear of the consequences of it. But in spite of all his determination to own his *father*, Geoffrey had no real feeling that it was his *father* who was suffering by his fault. The word brought quite another person to his mind; and poor Geoffrey shed bitter tears in his corner of the carriage as the image of the only father that he could ever love came before him.

Geoffrey also admitted to himself that he had underrated Alick,

and that the jealousy which he had always entertained towards him was wrong. Alick had been far more generous than he, and Geoffrey resolved to own it. He admitted that he had never been kind to Alick. But Geoffrey was too unhappy and in too much trouble to *feel* very repentant, though he acknowledged some of his errors, and when he arrived at Newton station in the cold dawn of the February morning, he was more conscious of wishing for his breakfast than for anything else. And this object attained, Geoffrey, who had come away in search of solitude, found himself counting the hours till he could get a letter from home. He was still young enough to feel himself more or less responsible for his escapade, and not to be quite indifferent to the possibility of a summons back. The weather was bright and much warmer than he had left it in London; but Geoffrey had hardly eyes for the beauties of Dartmoor or its neighbourhood. He had his full share of solitude as he was driven along the narrow lanes from Moreton Hampstead to Chagford, and he felt that half an hour with Dulcie would have cleared his brain and his heart better than days of lonely musing—*she* would not turn against him—*she* would understand all the peculiarities of his trial. He arrived at Chagford in the afternoon, having calculated on the bare possibility of a letter reaching him by the evening post. It was soon too dark to wile away the time by inspecting the church and churchyard—the outlines of the hills looked cold and dreary, and Geoffrey felt no enthusiasm for the scenery whatever. And what might not be happening at Fordham while he had put himself at a distance which in this lonely spot seemed to be immeasurable. He went back up the street towards the little inn, and upstairs into the sitting-room that had been assigned to him, and there on the table lay something square and white—a letter.

Geoffrey snatched it up, and called for a light in haste, for it was too dark to read. The date was Sloane House, but the words.

‘Dear Geoffrey,—

‘It has been with unspeakable pain that I have learned the details of your late conduct. The circumstances which have recently come to light, however unwelcome and distressing, were regarded by me as of little consequence, while I could hold my respect for your personal character unimpaired, or if possible increased, by the honourable and right minded manner, in which I believed that you, as well as your brother had met this great trial. You know how sadly I have been undeceived. Your action in the first moment of discovery, however unjustifiable, might be forgiven; but your continued secrecy, the false impression which you allowed to prevail, your presence at discussions which I need not call to your mind, have shocked me beyond measure. I can no longer feel confidence in putting my daughter’s future into your hands. I feel that neither she nor I have really known your character, I doubt if you can have known it yourself, and however prompt your confession, and such reparation as you can make may be, I feel that it must be long before I am justified in admitting you to

your former relations with us, though I shall of course wish to hear all you have to say in your own defence.

‘Always yours sincerely,
EDGAR FORDHAM.’

Captain Fordham, writing in the first shock of the discovery of Geoffrey's behaviour, and perhaps unconsciously influenced, spite of his disclaimers, by great dislike to his connection with Frank Osgood; had nevertheless intended to express himself as guardedly as possible, and to leave a loophole for future forgiveness; but the severe description of his late conduct by another, fell on Geoffrey with a sharpness and a reality unlike all his inward self-reproach. This was what an honourable man thought of him, and the disgrace which he believed to be inherited was his own. This was how the sin of the father was to be visited on the son. He was no innocent victim of his father's sin, he had shown the same sort of character, acted, in his degree, in the same sort of way. This was the first thought that flashed through Geoffrey's mind; and when the next showed him how he had risked, if not incurred the loss of Dulcie, he was seized with such self despair, that he had no courage to go and claim her. The letter seemed to him less than he deserved. For if Frank Osgood were to die? This fear had been gaining ground upon him ever since his flight, and now in his excited mind and conscience it shut out everything else. He must find out about it for himself—and then—if he had indeed been the cause of his father's death, if, in addition to being false and dishonourable, he was, as he fiercely put it, a murderer, he would throw everything up and hide himself from them all. He would fly the country as his father had done, and never return to disgrace them. He had as yet no tie that could hand on the dishonour. Better he never should have, than that in the future another should suffer as he was suffering now. He thrust the letter into his pocket, and told the waiter, who appeared with the dinner that he had ordered, that he had news that obliged him to return at once. He had very few things with him, only the bag that he had taken to Fordham, and when there were demurs about a return carriage at this time of night, he declared that he could walk, he knew the way, and he should be in time for the morning train at Moreton. He would get back to Fordham as soon as he could. So away he went from Chagford and all the loving home letters, Dulcie's tender faithful promises, his mother's fond forgiveness, Allick's first kind, make the best of it letter, and then his sharp recall, Mr. Leighton's letter and telegram, all accumulated unheeded at the little country inn; and even after Mr. Leighton had telegraphed to the innkeeper to ask if his son had been there, they still awaited further orders.

There they were found by Arthur Spencer and his cousin, who had made Chagford the first object of the trip. The business that took Hugh to Cornwall was not so pressing but what it could be made subservient to Arthur's wishes and advantage, but it was well that he

should not feel this, and the discovery of Geoffrey made an object apart. Travelling together was a treat to the two cousins, and Arthur had a particular knack for extracting amusement out of all the humours of a tour; but on this occasion, though he invented all their amusements, and planned all their doings, the cloud did not pass so completely from his spirits as Hugh had hoped. He was very thoughtful, and much more silent than was usual with him, and Hugh revolved his wife's hint in his mind, beginning to perceive a new element in Arthur's feelings.

They had come straight to Chagford, having made no previous inquiries, and had expected to find and reclaim the Leighton letters. But the sight of them all, lying neglected on the sideboard, impressed them both with a new sense of the strangeness of Geoffrey's non-appearance.

'Mr. Geoffrey Leighton came here for a short time, you say?' asked Mr. Crichton of the waiter.

'Yes sir. There was one letter here waiting for him. He said it contained news which obliged him to return at once, and he left, sir, without even taking his dinner, sir.'

'What letter could that have been?' asked Hugh of Arthur. 'Did you write?'

'No—I cannot tell. Where did Mr. Leighton go?'

'I don't know at all, sir. He drove here from Moreton, but the trap he came in had gone back, and he walked, I suppose, sir, back to Moreton.'

'They telegraphed to Moreton-Hampstead,' said Arthur in an undertone; but no one of the name of Leighton had been there.'

'Any accident would certainly have been discovered between here and Moreton,' said Hugh. 'But we must not follow his example and go away without our dinner.'

Arthur was very silent while this was in progress, and Hugh secretly felt that matters were rather too serious with regard to Geoffrey for casual speculations, even if he had had nothing else to speculate about.

He watched Arthur, as they sat over the fire with their pipes after dinner, and then, with a deliberate recall of the past that was very unusual with him, he said—

'Arthur, the last time we were together in this way was at that little inn at Bettys-y-coed.'

'Ah, yes, I remember,' said Arthur, rousing himself. 'I'm afraid I'm not a much more lively companion now than I was then. But it's very nice to be together.'

'Then,' said Hugh, 'you gave me advice and encouragement which brought me the crown and joy of my life. You sent me back to Violante. Suppose I tell you now to follow out the wish which I believe has come to you. Can you bear to hear me say so?'

'How did you guess?' said Arthur, the colour rushing into his face.

'I did not guess, but my wife did. It seems that it has been her darling wish for years. She thinks, I believe, that no one else is good enough for either.'

'Oh! Hugh,' said Arthur, with averted eyes and unsteady voice; 'I do wish it; but so many things have held me back. I get uncertain even while I long for her.'

'But you really wish it,' said Hugh. 'These nervous feelings don't mean real reluctance.'

Somehow it steadied Arthur's mind to hear this in the clear, penetrating tones that always had reached to the heart of his troubles.

'But then, I've no chance against Blandford,' he said hurriedly.

'Violante thinks you ought to try,' returned Hugh.

He was smiling, though his eyes were anxious and tender, and as Arthur looked at him, a rush of hope came into his heart—of hope that knew itself for what it was. There was another way of reading some of the signs that had daunted him now that he was sure of how he wished to interpret them. He had known patience, content, and even pleasure in his lonely years, and now happiness came flashing into his heart like sunshine, and dazzled him with its forgotten brightness.

'I will,' he said, simply, and with the words a weight seemed to lift itself from Hugh's shoulders. He could not say any more, he laid his hand for a moment on Arthur's and all the story of the deep sorrow that they had endured together was told in the pressure.

When they met the next morning, Arthur looked a little shy and conscious; but his eyes had regained their natural cheeriness and the languor and effort had gone from his manner.

'What do you propose to do?' he said, 'about this tiresome boy? If you had seen that sweet Dulcie, you would have no patience with him.'

'Well,' said Hugh, 'I think we must proceed to definite inquiries at Moreton, both in the place and at the station. At this time of year, when there are no tourists, so evident a gentleman as he is, and a perfect stranger, could hardly pass unnoticed, and his sharp features and fair skin are rather peculiar.'

'Yes, he has the sort of face one recollects. And if we see nothing of him at Moreton?'

'Then I can't say. I shall begin to think the matter alarming.'

In spite of this possibility, it was long since Hugh Crichton had felt so absolutely lighthearted as during the drive back from Chagford. The air of Dartmoor is doubtless exhilarating, and the day was unusually fine and sunny, so that the 'fringe of the moor' showed itself in its most favourable light. Arthur, who was very observant, never let a bird or a bit of approaching spring in the high hedgerows escape his notice; but they did not talk very much till they reached the hotel; when Hugh, after ordering some lunch and generally taking the measure of the place, perceived that tourists were scarce

enough in the early days of February, to be very welcome, and so said to the landlord, who had come out in person to meet them,

‘I suppose you don’t find yourselves very busy just now?’

‘No, sir, though our air is fine and healthy at all times, if visitors could only think so.’

‘Ah! yes. A gentleman, a young friend of mine, did talk of coming into these parts about now; but I don’t know if he carried out his intention.’

‘Was the gentleman’s name Osgood, sir?’ said the landlord.

‘Ah, yes. I suppose so. What a fool the fellow has been to be sure!’ ejaculated Hugh, aside to Arthur, who interposed.

‘Is this gentleman still with you?’

The landlord and waiter exchanged glances, and opening the door of the empty coffee-room, for this conversation had taken place in the hall, observed that he should be glad to unburthen his mind of what he believed had been a slight misunderstanding.

‘A gentleman, sir, arrived here last week, very early one morning, having attempted to walk from Chagford, and starting late in the evening, he lost his way. He was wet through, and had managed to sprain his foot, so that he was very lame. He gave his name as Mr. Geoffrey Osgood, and said that he was taking a walking tour, which though unusual, sir, at this time, was of course not incredible, especially as he was quite the gentleman and no mistake.’

‘It was exactly what he intended to do,’ said Arthur.

‘Yes, sir. Ah! sir, then you, being his friends, no doubt it is all right, and there was no mistake after all. Well, sir, Mr. Osgood was too lame to walk, and seemed also to have caught cold, for he was very poorly, though not ill enough to cause any responsibility. He made it evident that he could pay his way, and I should have thought nothing of it, and glad of the chance in the winter months; but one morning there came a telegram from London, asking if a Mr. Leighton was staying here. The answer was prepaid, and I answered it at once, thoughtless-like, “No.”’

‘But when I told my wife, she says, “I’m not so sure of that, William?” And then she goes, mysterious, and fetches me one of the gentleman’s pocket-handkerchiefs marked G. L. Now, that L. has weighed on my mind, sir; for I couldn’t remember the address on the telegram distinctly. And then I said to myself, that the gentleman was old enough to take care of himself, and not too ill to write a letter, and was a gentleman; so it was no concern of mine.’

‘He is here now?’ said Hugh.

‘Yes, sir, he is, upstairs in his room.’

‘Mr. Geoffrey Osgood,’ said Hugh, after a moment’s consideration, ‘is the friend whom I expected to find here. That is my name,’ putting a card on the table. ‘The telegram is, at any rate, of no consequence now, whoever it may have been intended for. Arthur,

perhaps you had better go up first and see Geoffrey. Take the letters with you. I'll wait for you here.'

Arthur perceived that Hugh did not intend that any warning should be given of his approach; so telling the waiter to announce 'Mr. Arthur Spencer,' he followed him rapidly up-stairs, and soon heard Geoffrey's unmistakable voice say, 'Come in,' as he entered the room, and shut the door upon the waiter.

Geoffrey was sitting in the window, with his foot on a chair in front of him. He gave a violent start as he saw Arthur, and sprang up, turning as pale as death.

'You have come to tell me?—Then he is dead!' he cried.

'If you mean your cousin Frank, he is much better,' said Arthur.

'Why have you left them all in such alarm about you?'

Geoffrey gave a sort of gasp of relief, and caught hold of his arm to support himself; and then Arthur saw how worn and ill he looked, and said more gently, as he helped him to sit down again,

'Haven't you been able to write home? Were you too ill?'

'No,' said Geoffrey.

'There were all these letters waiting for you at Chagford. How could you leave your parents in such anxiety?'

'But they thought I was at Chagford. I meant to go to Fordham, and when I couldn't, I—I wanted to find out first if I had *that*, too, on my conscience. I wanted to think, to make sure of what I meant to do. I couldn't go home in my old character. I wanted to fix a plan. And I had told them that I should take a tour on Dartmoor.'

'Yes,' replied Arthur; 'but since these letters required answers, they have been much puzzled at getting none.'

Geoffrey gave an odd laugh.

'I wanted a few days before I could come out in a new character,' he said, bitterly.

'I met Miss Fordham on Tuesday, with Miss Venning,' said Arthur, 'and I, at least, could not bear to see her distress without attempting to relieve it.'

Geoffrey coloured violently. Arthur's tone was less kind than usual, and hurt him, though sympathy would probably have met with a rough reception, in his sore, angry state.

'I could not make any communication directly to Miss Fordham, after her father's letter,' he said. 'I have already assumed the only name I have any right to, and I shall do now as I ought to have done when I first discovered my *father*. He must be my first duty. My appointment must go, if it clashes with this—or if my change of name affects it. Anyway, I don't see how I can continue to hold it. I was too great a coward to face all this at once, but I have brought myself to it now. You are right; it is time I wrote to my—to Mr. Leighton—but—but—I told you I was a coward; the delay shows it, no doubt.'

The inexpressible bitterness of the tones, that quivered spite of

every effort the speaker made, showed what the resolution cost him.

'I think I will leave you for a little to read your letters,' said Arthur; 'and then you will see how other people look on the matter.'

He laid the letters on Geoffrey's lap, and not knowing how to answer him, hurried back to Hugh, to whom he reported the interview.

'He is just as wrongheaded as ever, and will make them all miserable for life! He seems to think of nothing but his own conscience and his own duty. Hang his duty!' cried Arthur, impatiently; 'he ought to think of his mother and of that poor girl. I don't believe he cares for her a bit! I can't conceive such a state of mind.'

'I don't suppose you can,' said Hugh, gravely. 'Suppose you go and telegraph to Mr. Leighton, and to Alick. He can let the Fords know. Leave Geoffrey to me. I shall know much better what to say to him.'

Accordingly, soon afterwards, Geoffrey looked up from the letters, the tenderness of which only seemed to drive him to more desperate resolves than ever, and saw Mr. Spencer-Orichton standing before him. How often had Geoffrey received prizes and medals, with encouraging compliments from his hands. He felt again the school-boy in the presence of the local magnate, whose stately height, grave manners, and fine outlines had always given effect to his admonitions. Geoffrey had had but the slightest acquaintance with him of late, and had never become familiar with him. He coloured excessively, and made an effort to stand up, which Hugh prevented.

'Don't move,' he said. 'I am sorry to hear that you have met with an accident.'

'It is nothing,' said Geoffrey; 'but I did not know—Mr. Spencer did not tell me that you were here, sir.'

'Yes; we are going to Cornwall; but, to be frank with you, we turned aside in the hope of meeting with you.'

'I have explained to Mr. Spencer,' began Geoffrey, uneasily.

'Yes; but I wish, if you will allow me, to say a few words to you; which, I hope, you will not regard in the light of a liberty.'

Hugh sat down; then said, rather abruptly,

'Arthur has had no experience that can enable him to comprehend what you are feeling now. As I once made a similar mistake myself, I think I understand it.'

Geoffrey looked, as he felt, exceedingly surprised, as his visitor went on, looking him full in the face.

'You are suffering great self-reproach. You feel that you have injured others by your conduct. You want them to know that you will atone for this by any sacrifice possible to you.'

'Nothing else is left me,' said Geoffrey, passionately.

'No doubt you know,' said Hugh, 'that I, too, was once the cause of a great sorrow; that I have known the misery of such self-reproach.'

I know that you have longed to hide yourself; longed to escape from the sight of your friends, that you feel as if some bitter atonement was the only thing to restore your self-respect.'

'Yes!' said Geoffrey, with surprised emphasis.

'But,' said Hugh, 'for whose sake do you wish it? Whose pain are you trying to lessen? Is it for Frank Osgood's sake that you wish to devote yourself to him? Will it be any comfort to Mr. and Mrs. Leighton if you cut yourself off from them? Do you wish to make your marriage impossible?'

'I have been a coward,' said Geoffrey; 'I will show now that I can bear the burden.'

'You will *show* it?' Hugh paused for a moment, then went on rather hurriedly—'There was a time—for I soon mastered the impulse of flight—when I had no satisfaction but in *showing*, as you say, my own sense of what I had done. I repelled all his, Arthur's advances, and when he could not bear the slightest reminder of the past, I pressed it on him, that I might *show* that I was repentant. *You* are spared such agony as that; for Mr. Osgood's illness has proved far less serious than was supposed, and your brother has been the means of restoring him to his friends.'

'The consequences don't alter my conduct,' muttered Geoffrey.

'No; but they will make it weigh much more lightly with others. Therefore it is only your own sense of having acted unworthily that you have to deal with.'

'All my life,' said Geoffrey, 'I have been shirking the conviction that that man is my father. It all came from that motive. Nobody can see as well as I do that I was mean and cruel. Well, I won't shirk it any more. I'll acknowledge it to the full. What more can I do?'

His tones had lost their sullen defiance. Sharp as the probe had been, it had hit exactly the right place, and the prick was better than the dull aching which it sought to discover.

'I think,' said Hugh, 'that you will have to endure to see the matter still in a state of suspense. For instance, you have no right to call yourself Osgood; no right to assume for certain that you, and not Alick, are the one to bear the name. If it was an advantage, if, by so doing, you became heir of Willingham, for instance, you would see this at once.'

Geoffrey was evidently struck by this remark, and Hugh went on.

'And you cannot get rid of the duties to which you have grown up. You can't say, take what view you will, that you don't owe a son's duty to the Leightons. And, before every one, you must surely consider your promised wife? What is best for her?'

'I have forfeited her!' cried Geoffrey, covering his face with his hands. 'It was her father's letter that drove me mad.'

'Captain Fordham wrote to you?'

'Yes! look! you know all about me. Here's the letter.'

Hugh read it through.

'Poor boy!' he said; 'but, Geoffrey, this isn't final. You have to win her over again. It seems to me that you will get enough punishment to satisfy your conscience. But you don't mean to be unworthy of her for ever.'

'Oh! she says!' said Geoffrey hardly able to speak. 'She says——' He took Dulcie's letter, and unable to read it aloud, pointed to a sentence on the page, 'They say, my dear, that they did not know you, that they did not know that you could act so; but *I* know you, and I know how you will repent and make up for it all your life long.'

'You must justify her trust,' said Hugh, earnestly.

'Yes, but how?'

'Not by one violent act of self-destruction—for what you contemplated would be a sort of suicide. I advise you to go home and to submit to Mr. Leighton's advice, to make the best terms you can with Captain Fordham, and to hold yourself ready for any service which you and Alick may be able to render to Frank Osgood and his child. Don't fear that the burden won't be heavy enough, because you can't lift it all at once. You won't find it too easy to be happy, let your friends and circumstances be as lenient as they will. But if by your selfishness, you risked doing a fearful injury, and have caused great sorrow—don't add to it by any thought of self-satisfaction.'

There was a long pause, then Geoffrey said, humbly, 'I thoroughly understand you, sir; I will think over what you say. I am ashamed that you should know all this of me.'

'I know it,' said Hugh, 'because I have felt it. When the one whose life I had blighted helped to make *my* wedding-day bright—do you think it was easy to take the joy that came to me? But the burden *has* lightened,' he added, half to himself, with a sudden flush of colour. 'I am bound to help another to take his up. Now, you had better rest a little and think over your plans. We shall stay here till to-morrow morning.'

He gave Geoffrey's hand a kind pressure, and went away; and presently Geoffrey, looking out of the window, saw him meet Arthur as he came up the road, and recalled with surprise the voluntary confession that had been made to him. Here were the injured and the injurer, yet no one could see them together without knowing that each was at ease in the other's presence. He knew now that the memory which they shared was fresh in the mind of one, and he had seen how Arthur had suffered from its sudden recall. What had so softened it as to make it almost a blessing?

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE
CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

CHAPTER VI.

WE remained many days at Salisbury Court, partly to rest my grandmother, and partly because she wished to obtain the King's leave to remove unto Warblington Castle, where it was her desire to spend the residue of her life in such tranquil retirement as befitted her years. Also, she said, 'her heart yearned for her child,' and she feared that if she remained in London she might be tempted to hold some communication with her, as many opportunities could not but occur. And, moreover, not doubting but that the Princess's heart was equally yearning after her and me, she feared lest she should be led into some imprudence, wherefore she thought it better to place herself at such a distance as should make it impossible. 'It may be, Moll,' she said, 'her life that be at stake. Lady Bryan hath promised that if a fair and safe chance should occur she will write unto me, and my Lord Montague will tell us what he hears at Court.'

She wrote therefore unto Master Cromwell, and through him obtained the King's leave, which was even graciously given, to remove as she proposed. Perchance the apparent abandonment of the Princess was, if not pleasing unto him, yet doubtless pleasing unto Queen Anne.

It was the middle of October, however, before we could start, and we travelled with wellnigh as great a retinue as if the Princess had been with us still; for the black and gold banner of the Poles quartered the royal arms, and so we were everywhere received with scarcely less honour and respect.

Much of the plenishing of Salisbury Court had been packed in large waggons and sent on before us, with injunctions unto the escort that went with them that they should give notice that we were coming at the towns where we meant to pass the night, and see that the roads were made passable. It was twenty years since the Countess had lived at Warblington Castle, and the news of her return made a mighty stir in the country round about; and there was much rejoicing, for it meant the redress of many grievances, and the revival of trade in the town, and a ready market for those who had anything to sell, and feasts and jousts such as the place had not enjoyed for many a long day.

When therefore our cavalcade reached what the Countess called 'her good town of Havant,' for, indeed, almost every house belonged

to her, we found the street thronged with people, and the windows with spectators, and even the roofs all alive with boys. On the outside of the town a band met us with drums and trumpets, and escorted us through, making a most hideous din, and the people shouted till they nearly drowned the music, and threw their caps into the air, several of which fell on the luggage waggons, and one or two into our coach, which, with a laugh, I threw back as well as I could to those to whom they belonged.

The castle was scarcely more than a mile from Havant, and the band and the crowd went with us up to the very gates. I had been used to kings' palaces, and had thought I should find Warblington but poor and mean by comparison; but in truth it was a stately and spacious dwelling, guarded by a double moat, the banks of the inner one being crowned with a strong wall and many turrets. We crossed the outer fosse by means of a drawbridge and stopt at the great gates of the inner one, which were flung wide open in readiness, and the portcullis drawn up, the warden unfurling our flag from the tower as we arrived. As we alighted, my grandmother turned and thanked the people for their kind welcome, and bade Master Gilbert Agape, her chamberlain, who with a long train of serving men had come out of the castle to receive us, to see that they had the wherewithal to drink her health.

The house had several handsome suits of rooms in it, both upstairs and down, and long galleries and great range of offices, beside a very spacious and lofty hall, and was built round two squares, one but small and much used for tennis and such like sports, and the other very large and well paved, round which was a handsome corridor wherein were many benches, and also several doors which opened into the house. The furniture was very old and homely, but the silken hangings and carpets we had brought from Salisbury Court soon made the rooms look very handsome. My grandmother was a notable housekeeper, and she gave me much to do, not only that I might learn how properly to rule and keep a well-ordered house, which hitherto I had had no opportunity of learning, but because she said that now I had not the Princess to attend to I should be the better and happier for the occupation. And I think I should truly have been very miserable had she not kept my hands so busy.

Days and weeks passed and brought us no tidings of her Grace, and all we knew was that she was still at Hunsden. At last a rumour reached us, which made us very unhappy, by means of Master Cufau de. The King was carrying on some great works at Portsmouth, where he was enlarging those docks, since so famous, and building two large ships, and my Lord Sandys had come thither to see how the works were getting on, and had brought young Cufau de with him, and being so near, had despatched him unto Warblington to enquire after the health of the Countess; and it was from him we heard that it was whispered that there had been an attempt to poison

her Grace. 'It is certain,' he said, 'that she hath been very ill, for I myself heard my Lord Rochfort speak of it, and should I hear on my return anything that hath any certainty I will let my Lord Montague know; or, if I might be so bold, I would myself write it unto your Grace if ye will so far honour me.'

'Master Cufaude,' she answered, 'I shall be glad thou shouldst do so, and thank thee for thine offer, but thou must not get thyself into trouble with my Lord Sandys on my account. So that thou risketh not his displeasure, I shall be pleased to hear from thee;' and turning to me she said, 'Moll, the day being clear, thou mayest take him to the top of the great tower, and show him how fine a prospect we have from thence.'

I had been standing behind her chair, and at her bidding I came forward, and having made her the deep curtesy with which I always left her presence, and he having kissed her hand, on his knee, we left the room together.

As he followed me through the long suit of rooms and noticed their rich plenishing, and the numerous attendants that oft rose as I drew near, he gave a loud sigh, which made me look round at him and ask what ailed him to utter so doleful a sound.

'I sighed, Mistress Marie,' he said, 'because I had hoped to find thee somewhat nearer unto mine own level, but it seemeth unto me that thou hast instead started being Princess on thine own account, and art higher above mine head than ever.' But he smiled as he spoke, and I smiled also as I answered, 'Instead of wishing that I were lower, Master Cufaude, thou shouldst say, high as thou art I will get as high yet, or die for it. See if thou canst unbolt me this door, for the bolt be above my reach.'

It opened upon the narrow winding staircase which led to the top of the tower. Although it was December, the sun was bright and the wind blew softly from the south. Hayling Island seemed lying at our feet, and beyond was the Isle of Wight, and we could see the sparkle of the waves and taste the spray in the breeze. We could also see the spire of Chichester Cathedral on one side, and a little beyond a line of purple trees, which I knew was Lordington, and on the other we looked over Portsmouth, and its busy harbour, with vessels coming in or going out, and could see a long reach of country beyond. On the north our own wide forest seemed almost to touch the outer fosse, and far away over the tops of the trees we could see the high chalk hills about Winchester.

I was standing pointing out the view to him, leaning against the battlement, when a small piece of the chalk of which it was built, fell over below, and made Master Cufaude turn pale and pray me not to stand so nigh the edge. 'I like not being in such high places myself,' he said, 'the looking down maketh me dizzy.' 'And so,' I replied, laughing, 'thou wouldest rather bid others descend than climb thyself.'

'I have been at Court long enough, Mistress Marie,' he replied, 'to feel that a man's head be safest on his shoulders when he is content with a moderate estate and a retired life. Hundreds of years we have lived on our own property, and I trow we should scarcely have done so had we been frequenters of Court—a week scarcely passes but what some one be sent to the Tower, and they seldom return.' 'Dost think the Princess will be sent there?' I asked, 'I have heard it spoken of,' he said, 'but my Lord Sandys saith that he holdeth her life to be safe enough for the present unless Queen Anne should have a son.'

And this was all we heard of her Grace until the next spring, when at last a letter from Lady Bryan reached us through my Lord Montague. But truly there was not much comfort to be derived from it.

'I humbly commend myself unto your good Ladyship,' she wrote, 'most heartily beseeching God to preserve you, and in compliance with your Ladyship's commands, I being bound to do what little I can, in gratitude for all the many kindnesses I have received from you, I write this to let you know how it fares with the Lady Mary, and indeed, albeit I do my best, as occasions serve, to soften her condition, yet I must needs say it is but a sad one. Very soon after she arrived here she became too ill to leave her bed, and thereupon the Duchess of Norfolk sent unto the town of Hoddeston for a doctor, and he came and gave her a physic which made her so much worse that we all thought he had given her poison, and but few of us believed it was by misadventure. Nevertheless, when we saw how frightened he was, and how he swore he would give her nothing more for all the Duchess could do, we think not he meant harm, and my Lady Norfolk herself was so terrified she sent unto His Highness, who presently despatched Dr. Butts unto her, and after many days she recovered; but she be much changed. She hath lost her fine bloom, and her face be sallow and very thin, and albeit the doctor said that she would never keep her health unless she could ride out, yet hath she never a horse to ride nor a groom mete to attend her. It would pain you to see the state in which she be. She be not a prisoner, but she be truly the least considered person in this house. Small as be her chambers they be but half cleansed, and she hath no carpets for her feet, nor hangings for her windows, and the dishes which are sent unto her for her breakfast and supper be served so badly they are not fit to set before her. In truth, the allowance made for her maintenance be not sufficient to give her the number of attendants needful. Wherefore the Duchess wrote unto His Highness that she could not get the Lady Mary metely served and waited on unless it were increased, and said the food sent up was often unfit for one so delicate. But the answer came from the Queen's Grace 'She saw no need of any change—an Lady Mary did not like her fare, she had better bring down her proud stomach to her condition, and acknowledge

herself to be the King's bastard daughter, and then perchance it might be mended and other indulgences permitted also.'

'It filleth me, madam, with ruth to see how forsaken she be, for since my Lady Hussey and my Lady Morley were carried to the Tower for inadvertently calling her "Princess," no one hath dared to make her any visits, and were it not for her books and Dr. Voisee, methinks she would die. And yet I do assure your Ladyship she comporteth herself with a most excellent and incomparable dignity, never noticing the petty annoyances which be her daily fare, and seeming unconscious of the rudeness wherewith she be treated. Not even when her chambers and coffres were searched after Lady Hussey's last visit, did she show any anger, albeit they carried off the purse of purple velvet in which she kept one or two letters from her Grace her mother.

'At Christmastide, when His Highness made the most costly presents to the royal babe, and to all her attendants, yet did he not send the smallest token unto her, only the Queen when she sent a robe of cloth of gold embroidered with pearls unto the Princess Elizabeth, sent unto Lady Mary one of her cast-off gowns and an old satin kirtle, much frayed at the skirt. I fear mine account of how things are here will but add to your sorrow, seeing how evilly treated she be, but yet I think keeping as she doth so discreet a silence, that unless her friends be imprudent and stir up the wrath of his Highness and the jealousy of the Queen, her life be safe at least until his Grace hath more children, for albeit this one be a healthy and vigorous infant, yet there be ever many perils which beset such young things, so that it seemeth unto me that the King will not trust the succession to one such frail thread, and so will not be moved against the Lady Mary beyond what he hath been.'

This letter was the only private tidings we had of the Princess during the life of Queen Anne, and of us from the day we parted she never heard at all. My grandmother was so fearful of doing her harm, and increasing her danger, that she would not make any attempt to write unto her. Through Master Cromwell she prayed the King's Grace to permit her to send unto her on her birthday a fair jewel, she having never failed so to mark the day during all the twenty years she had the charge of her, but it was refused. And so hearing nought, and receiving no token of remembrance, the Princess thought even the Countess had forsaken her, and deeply resented it. We knew she still resisted his Grace's will, refusing to submit to him, as he insisted she should, without even excepting her duty to God.

Albeit it is my desire to set down only such things as I have seen with mine own eyes, or heard from my grandmother with mine own ears, yet must I make mention of such State affairs as be needful to the sequence of my story.

It was after the birth of the Princess Elizabeth that the King declared himself to be the supreme head of the Church in this country,

and ordered his subjects to take a new oath unto himself, affirming their assent to this his spiritual authority. Most submitted, some willingly, some with much reluctance, like my Lords Exeter and Hussey, my father, and my Lord Montague, but some refused and were executed as traitors. This was how Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, lost his head, and was why Robert Fisher, the good old Bishop of Rochester, although eighty years old, was cast into a damp and cold dungeon, half starved and left almost without clothes. Perhaps he would have been allowed to linger out his days in that miserable place, had not the Pope, to reward his constancy, made him a cardinal. But when the King heard that a special messenger was bringing him the hat, he swore, with a loud laugh, 'that he would be quits with his Holiness, and would take care the Bishop had never a head to put it on.' Wherefore on the 23rd day of June he had him executed on Tower Hill, that he might make good his boast, and albeit that the poor old man was so weak he scarce could crawl across the yard, yet so thankful was he to be released that he chanted the *Te Deum* ere he died.

About this time died the dowager Queen of France, the King's sister, and wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and my god-mother. At her Court had been brought up the only child and daughter of the Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, who, her father being dead, was a great heiress, wherefore the said Duke obtained the King's leave to marry her, paying him largely for the same, to the great grief of her mother, seeing he was one of the bitterest enemies of her beloved sovereign and mistress, Queen Katherine. I have been told also the young lady herself disliked the match, as she well might, the Duke having become a large unwieldy man and being more than double her age and of no over good reputation.

At the time of the marriage the Lady Willoughby was still with the Queen, but soon after, the King having resolved to break up the household and remove her Grace unto Fotheringay, she and almost every one else was dismissed. It was said he did this in anger, because she, feeling her ailments were much increased by the damp and cold of Bugden, had prayed him to suffer her to live at some place nearer London. His reply was to send the Duke of Suffolk unto her, with orders to remove her, per force if needful, unto Kimbolton Castle, a place yet more damp, gloomy, and *malsain* than Bugden itself. When my grandmother heard thereof, she said, 'They might as well murder her outright, poison would be more merciful than such a death.' The Duke carried out the King's orders with the most indecent rudeness and violence, telling her that his Highness was wearied out with her obstinacy, and that she had nothing to expect from him but the harshest treatment, and because she would speak of herself as Queen, and as his Grace's lawful wife, he shook his clenched fist in her face, and told her such words deserved that her head should be struck from her shoulders, and imperilled her daughter's life as well as her

own. Fifteen years afterwards his two only sons died in that same house from the unwholesomeness of that climate in which the poor Queen had been compelled to live.

When she was at Kimbolton, so ill was the scanty allowance for the sustenance of herself and household paid, that Sir Edmund Bedinfield could scarcely find even the needful food, and much less any such comforts as she needed, or a horse for her to take the air on when the days were fine enough. Those who were hungering for her death had soon reason to rejoice in the success of their crafty scheme. She became so much worse that in the autumn of 1535 it was plain unto herself and all about her that she was a dying woman. Wherefore, being unable from weakness to sit up and write herself, she wrote unto the King by the hand of Mistress Hammond, praying him to allow her to see once again the Princess Mary ere she died; but whether from the callousness of his own heart, or the influence of her whom he still called his 'sweet Nan and his dearest wife,' he refused her request. She submitted herself meekly unto this one more sorrow, accepting this denial of her so natural and motherly yearning as coming from God, and intended yet more thoroughly to wean her affections from this earth, saying, 'He could and she knew would compensate her dear daughter by His own divine guidance and counsel for the lack of any such poor advice as she herself could have given her.'

After some weeks, feeling her weakness growing upon her, and her end drawing nigher, she caused herself to be propt up with many pillows, and with her own feeble hand, and often fain to stop from exhaustion and tears, she wrote a few lines unto his Highness for the last time; and so pathetically and with such loving and tender admonition did she urge him unto repentance, that he wept as he read her letter, and sent a kindly greeting and message unto her in reply. But methinks had he felt any true touch of compassion he would have added thereto permission to see the Princess. At Christmas she was so near her last hour that Sir Edmund deemed it right to warn the King that her end was close at hand, and thereupon the Duchess of Suffolk sent the news of her so desperate state unto her mother, Lady Willoughby, who for the great love she bore her instantly resolved to set off to see once again in this life her most dear sovereign and friend. She was in her house in the Barbican when the news reached her, and first she sent unto his Highness praying for his leave to go unto Kimbolton, which whether he permitted or no, she was fully resolved on doing, even though it should cost her her life. Wherefore she tarried not for his answer, feeling every hour's delay might make her too late to find the Queen alive, but started at midday on the 27th of December, taking only one of her gentlewomen with her, and an escort of some dozen retainers, at whose head rode the chamberlain of her household. It was bitterly cold, and the roads were wet and heavy, and albeit she feared lest some royal pursuivant should overtake her

and compel her to return, and therefore made all possible speed, yet could they only get to Hitchim before the darkness was such that they could no longer see their way, and so were obliged to stop there the night, although they had but accomplished half their journey.

They awoke the next morning to find the ground white with snow, and much still falling. However, towards noon it ceased, and they again set forth, but on account of the slipperiness their progress was slow, and unfortunately the horse Lady Willoughby rode fell, and she was thrown off and much bruised and shaken. Nothing, however, would induce her to return. Her great heart made her make light of her own suffering and persist in her purpose. Kimbolton was a strong and gloomy fortress with a tower and gateway and double ditch, and commanded the road along which she was travelling, and right thankfully did she at last see the lights from its windows gleaming through the darkness of the evening. At her summons in the King's name they let down the drawbridge, and thus she rode up to the house.

Here Sir Edmund Bedinfield and his lieutenant, Master Chamberlayne demanded by whose permission she came, but she, falling from her horse across the threshold as if in the last stage of exhaustion, as indeed from cold from hunger and bodily pain, she truly wellnigh was, implored him to consider her miserable condition, and at least allow her to repose herself for a little while beside the fire, and then struggling to her feet, she staggered across the hall, and sitting down in the chimney-corner, began weeping and moaning and protesting she was dying of weariness. One of her hands had been slightly cut in her fall, and the blood had stained some of her garments, so that her condition did indeed seem so pitiful that Sir Edmund could do no otherwise than suffer her to stay, and was even moved to bring her a cup of wine and a manchet. He was also aware that her daughter was the Duchess of Suffolk and he knew not how small was the love the Duke bore his mother-in-law, wherefore he feared to turn her out of the castle into the bitter cold and darkness of that winter's night, and so allowed her to remain.

Neither could he resist her entreaties to be taken to her Highness, and thus she at last made her way to her chamber and found herself beside her bed. A smile came over the Queen's face when she saw her, and she strove to lift up her feeble hands as if to embrace her and called her 'her faithful Marie.'

Bending over her, and keeping back her tears as best she could, Lady Willoughby kissed her hollow cheek, and then slipping her arm beneath her head, she raised it to her own shoulder and spoke to her in the language the Queen so loved, and which they two had ever conversed in, and as her Grace could find breath she whispered to her tender messages to her daughter and to the Countess of Salisbury and bade her tell Cardinal Pole to remember that he had ever been as dear unto her as if he were her own son. Borne up by the strength of her love, Lady Willoughby forgot her own fatigue, and shared with

Mistress Hammond in watching and waiting on the Queen all the next two or three days and nights.

On January the 2nd, at ten o'clock in the morning, she was anealed with the holy ointment, at which ceremony Sir Edmund and Master Chamberlayne were both present. When it was over, they left her to die in peace in the presence only of those who loved her.

They all gathered on their knees around her bed, at the head of which stood the Lady Willoughby and Mrs. Hammond, who from time to time wiped the death-dews from her face. She seemed past speech, and past movement, but suddenly she threw her arms up, and made as though she were springing heavenward, and called aloud, in Spanish, 'Oh! my mother! my mother!' and so fell back dead on her pillows.

And thus it was noised abroad that the Holy Virgin Mother had herself come down from heaven to receive her blessed Spirit, and thus testify unto the innocency of her life and the righteousness of her marriage.

As soon as his Highness knew of her decease, he despatched a letter unto Lady Bedinfield, wherein he told her that it was his pleasure that a fair array of ladies of honour should attend the funeral 'of that right excellent Princess, and his dearest sister,' and that to testify his respect and loving kindness and brotherly regard he would pay the funeral expenses and be at the cost of the mourning for herself and four gentlewomen and eight yeomen. Furthermore he desired that she should go as one of the chief mourners, and ordered that the burying should take place on the 26th of that month at the abbey of Peterborough. As soon as she received this dispatch, Lady Bedinfield, being mightily pleased at being appointed a chief mourner unto so great a Princess, showed the letter unto my Lady Willoughby, who thereupon writ unto the King and obtained leave, provided she furnished her own mourning, and that of her gentlewomen, to attend also. And at the same time as unto his Highness she writ word unto my grandmother what she had done, 'not doubting but that it would be her wish to do the same.' Whereupon my grandmother writ unto Master Cromwell, saying, that understanding that it was his Highness's most gracious wish that the body of the late most excellent and Christian Princess Katherine his dearest sister, 'for Moll,' she said, pausing to speak unto me, 'she be truly now his sister, and such I may style her without failing in my duty and reverence,' should be followed to the grave by a goodly company of honourable ladies, she prayed his permission that she herself may enjoy the sorrowful privilege of being one of the chief mourners on that doleful occasion; not meaning that her mourning or that of her ladies and other attendants should be any charge unto him, for she would thankfully spend of her own substance whatsoever was needful in token of her great love and high respect unto one who, as his Highness well knew, had ever showered on her such kindnesses as her utmost

service had never been able to repay.' To this request also the King was willing to yield, and the more readily, as to show his regard unto her now that she was dead, albeit at little cost to himself, soothed his own conscience and satisfied the Courts of Spain.

As soon as Master Cromwell's answer reached her we left Warblington Castle and went up unto Salisbury Court, that she might buy the sables and black cloth and the linen for her head and other necessities. And not being willing to take me with her on this her sorrowful journey, she committed me unto the care of my cousin, Lady Sandys, mine uncle, Lord Montague, being at that time at Bisham Abbey, and my cousin keeping her Christmas with her father-in-law, at his house near Bishopsgate Street. There my grandmother left me on the 22nd, on which day she began her journey unto Kimbolton with all such doleful state and pomp as became her own high rank and that of the noble queen to whom she was thus paying her last devoirs. She had spared no cost in her own apparel or in that of her ladies, nor in the number of the yoemen who formed her escort, every one with their black scarves knotted around their morions and tied across their shoulders in so broad a band that they wellnigh hid their yellow jerkins, 'for,' she said unto me, 'every village and every town I pass through will understand by all this stately show of grief, that a great and noble queen hath passed away, to whom all honour and reverence be due, and I, at least, will do my mourning in a manner worthy of her virtue and mine own great love; and certes, when I come unto Kimbolton I will not yield one jot or one tittle of that which is my right, and it be my purpose as befitteth my royal blood and near kindred, in the absence of his Highness her husband, and her grace the Princess, to be myself the chief mourner, and my Lady Bedinfield will find, whatever orders to the contrary, that neither my Lady Willoughby nor I will tolerate her precedence, nor even her equality. She must needs fall back into her own proper insignificance and follow with those of her own degree.'

And seeing how numerous and well armed was her escort, I felt she had taken good care to have the means of enforcing her will. She needed nought however but her own dignified presence to carry out her purpose. She and Lady Willoughby walked in the long procession first, and next unto the coffin, which was covered with a black velvet pall on which was wrought a large cross of cloth of silver, embossed with silver escutcheons bearing the arms of Spain. Of the burying I will not say anything, but I must not omit to record a remarkable circumstance that happened unto my grandmother. Soon after she arrived at Kimbolton she desired to be shown the rooms in which the poor queen had lived so many sorrowful months, and bade those who attended her thither to allow her to go through them alone. They left her therefore at the door as she desired, and she passed on by herself weeping, as she went, being moved thereto, when she saw the poor and scanty furniture which had been pro-

vided for so great a Princess, and remembered the splendour where-with she had ever seen her surrounded. It was evening and dusk, though not dark, and as she moved slowly up the hall, she was aware that a figure in white and flowing garments, was gliding before her, on its head was a fair crown, and by the mass of dark hair streaming beneath it, albeit she saw not the face, she knew it was the queen. She followed it from chamber to chamber, and although it seemed to her each room as she entered had the opposite door through which she had to pass shut, yet on reaching it she always found it open. At last she came unto the chapel, the figure ever going before her, where she, falling on her knees, a soft breath or sigh passed over her face like a caress, 'whereat' as she said, 'although mine eyes were streaming with tears, yet was mine afflicted heart filled with a strange and most marvellous sweet comfort, and at the same time the figure seemed unto me to have suddenly vanished but how I knew not.'

I have been told that many since that have seen the same silent figure walking in those rooms, but I have never heard that any other ever felt that tender greeting.

And now it might seem that I ought to return unto the Princess Mary, who hath truly been the centre as it were of these my recollections, but my narrative will lead me away from her for many a page. I think I be like one wandering in a maze, whatsoever path I take leadeth into many others, and this of the good Queen's death, which I have been hitherto pursuing, openeth out into the Court gossip, of which I heard more than enough during the few days I spent with my cousin; and as I have sometimes thought that what there befell me was not without an influence on what afterwards chanced, I will not pass mine own adventures by in silence, albeit I shall have to write somewhat more than may be thought seemly of my past good looks. For at this time I was in the first flower of my youth, and mine easy carriage, and the glow of health which gave so fine a bloom to my cheek, and such red to my lips and brightness to mine eyes, would have rendered me pleasant in the estimation of most men, even without the handsome features and dimpled smile I had inherited from my great grandmother, Queen Katherine of France. Though slender I was tall, and therefore not easily passed by, but enough of mine own person. And first about the gossip of the Court. I heard from the young Duchess of Suffolk of the indecorous joy, with which she whom I must for convenience sake, needs call Queen Anne, heard of the death of her predecessor, 'now,' she said, poor, shortsighted fool that she was, 'now I am indeed Queen of England. Sorry for her death! not I, truly! I am only sorry that she hath made that sort of pious end that all men praise!' neither would she pretend any grief, even at the King's command, but flaunted her gladness in his very face. I mind me how on the day of the burying, when my Lord Sandys came back from the Court, he

called me aside, having somewhat to say concerning my grandmother, the sumptuousness and royal magnificence of whose funeral equipages had much displeased his Highness, 'and truly mistress Marie,' said my lord, 'it was as if she meant to flout the King, and let all the world see she held her still as Queen, whether he would or no. His Grace was just speaking of it in great anger, when in came her Highness attended by her ladies pranked out in yellow and all manner of bravery, and making a strange show amongst the black and sober gear of the rest of the Court. Whereupon the King turned his back upon them, and muttered something of having got a blow on the other side of his face, but he would remember them both, but said no more about the Countess; nevertheless, I fear she may hear of it hereafter, unless thou canst put such a gloss on the matter as shall make it palatable to the royal stomach.'

'I shall not see his Highness, my lord,' I answered, with a fitting reverence, 'and even if I did, he would not be likely to notice me amongst the other maidens who might chance to be present.'

'Nay, but thou wilt see him,' he said, 'for we be bidden to a mask and entertainment given by my Lord and Lady Sussex on Candlemass Eve, whereto the King and Queen are coming. He hath a quick eye for a strange face, and most of all so fair and blooming a one as thine. Do thy best to please him, and keep thy wits about thee, thou lookest as if thou shouldest have plenty in that small head of thine, for he loveth a ready tongue wellnigh as much as a soft cheek; and Mistress, trust me, the Countess needeth much that something should smooth down this her imprudent zeal: I speak out of my great regard and respect unto her.'

Albeit both my Lord Sandys and his son were what was called thorough King's men, going heartily with him in all matters, whether of the divorce or of religion, yet had they a true kindness unto my grandmother, so that I could place a full trust in my lord's advice. I thought not, however, that I should get the chance of following it, for it was six years since I had been at Court, and I supposed no one would know me again, and therefore that I should but stand as a spectator amongst a number of other demoiselles. My Lord Sussex had his house on the other side of the river at Southwark; we therefore embarked to go thither at Blackfriar stairs, and rowed by torch-light through London Bridge, and so to Bermondsey Wall, where we landed at their own private gate, and then walked through a long covered passage up to the house, which was splendidly lighted. A wide staircase led to the great hall and spacious rooms beyond, wherein the guests were already assembled, all standing about as if waiting for some one, as indeed they were, the King and Queen being not yet arrived. As soon as we had made our curtsies unto our host and hostess, we also fell back amongst the others, and I began to look round and compare mine own dress with that of my neighbours, having had many fears about it, albeit it was the best I had. It had

been my grandmother's, and had been somewhat altered to suit me, and was made of a most rich, blue silk, embroidered thickly with white flowers, and much trimmed with blue satin and knots of blue ribbon, and around my neck I wore the string of pearls the King had once given me, and another string around my waist, which was a keepsake from the Princess, and as I saw not many handsomer, I was quite contented with mine own apparel. Very soon after our arrival their Majesties appeared. As Queen I had never seen her Highness before; her dress was splendid, and blazing with jewels. She was still graceful and handsome, but it seemed to me she lacked the calm, disposed, dignified manner that befits such exalted rank; she gazed about the room too much, and when she caught any one's eye, a sort of conscious, sly, enticing look came into her face, that reminded me of Anne Boleyn, and of how she used to glance at the King. As to his Grace, he was grown portlier than ever, though still not unshapely, but he was over red in the face, and his eyes were fierce and cruel: nevertheless he had a right royal presence, and could yet smile sweetly when he wished to be gracious, and sink his voice to a pleasant and kindly tone when he so chose. Several tables were set out with cards in one of the rooms, and in another were two handsomely canopied thrones for the King and Queen did they choose to seat themselves; but at first they seemed to prefer walking about. By-and-by her Highness took a partner and joined the dances, and then his Grace walked forward with the Duke of Suffolk into the chamber in which I was standing beside my Lady Sandys. She was telling me the names of many of the company, when all of a sudden I was aware that the King was looking our way, and mine heart gave a bound as I thought of my grandmother, and my cheek turned crimson. Perhaps he might not have noticed me otherwise; as it was, he stopt just in front of us, and said, 'Methinks, sweet maiden, I should know the name of so fair a stranger as thou art.' As he spoke I lifted up mine heart unto the Holy Saints to inspire me with wit to say the right word on behalf of my dear good grandmother if I had the chance! Happily my Court manners came back to me, and I curtsied low, and remained kneeling on one knee, as I said, 'May it please your Grace, I am your poor young kinswoman, Marie Pole, who had so many kindnesses to thank your Highness for when she was a child.'

'What!' he exclaimed, 'the Little Mishap who was so much with our daughter! And where hast thou hidden thyself, sweetheart, since last I see thee?'

'Since then,' I replied, trembling, and looking down, 'I have ever dwelt with my grandmother.'

'Who,' he said, with angry emphasis, and a changed tone, 'hath, I doubt not, taught thee to be as loving and loyal a subject as she be herself.'

'Would to God,' I answered, replying to his words rather than to his meaning, 'she could hear your Grace so speak of her services! I

must be a dullard indeed if, seeing such faithful love and devotion as hers, I have not learnt my duty unto my Lord the King.'

'And on mine honour, thou answerest me as prettily as discreetly,' he said. 'And fain would I know what thou considerest to be thy duty unto "my Lord the King?"'

'To spend my last groat in his service,' I replied, summoning up my courage, and lifting mine eyes to his face, albeit I felt they were moist with tears from very fright, and that my cheeks were all aglow, 'out of pure love and devotion, not counting the cost, so that I may do him the greater honour, and make my deeds, if possible, declare my love and reverence!'

'And if the Countess hath taught thee thus to think,' he said, smiling, and speaking in a well-pleased tone, 'I must e'en confess myself beholden unto her. Believest thou, sweet cousin, that she would affirm as much for herself?'

'Nay, and much more,' I replied. 'Your Grace does not bear in mind all the gracious kindnesses it has pleased your Highness to do her during her long life, but which she ever remembereth with the deepest gratitude. Perchance,' and I ventured to smile, 'if it should please your Highness to be equally good lord unto me through as many years I may be equally grateful when I come to be as old!'

'Stay not until then, fair maid,' he exclaimed with a hearty laugh, 'Trust me, the gratitude of such as thou art now, hath in it a savour that time doth not improve. But how is it that thou art not dancing? Here, my Lord Ratcliffe,' calling up the son of my Lord Sussex, 'where art thine eyes that thou hast not ere this sought the favour of so rare a blossom. By my troth, and were I a few years younger, I would not yield such a prize unto another, not for the half of my kingdom.'

So a space was cleared, and my Lord Ratcliffe and I danced together, and I did my best, but in truth mine heart was beating so fast that at first I could hardly keep from trembling, and as the King stood near watching us, and quite a crowd gathered round, he saw how much I was frightened, and said kindly, 'Thou art timid, sweetheart, but thy modest fear becomes thee well, and thou mayst be sure will not injure the charm of thy demeanour.' And when the pavon was over, and I made him my parting curtseys, he bade me, with a gracious smile, tell the Countess 'she must bring me herself to Court ere-long, where she would be heartily welcomed.'

I was thankful as soon as I could to creep again to the side of Lady Sandys, but I had not been there long when some one whispered in mine ear, 'Have a care, or thou wilt be like that daughter of Herodias of whom Master Tyndal speaketh in his Testament, and dance somebody's head off.' At the first word I had turned, and there was Master William Cufaude close at mine elbow, and a fine handsome young gallant he had grown since I had last seen him.

'Thou speakest riddles,' I replied, 'but perchance if I asked what

thou meanest thereby, we might happen to quarrel, as methinks we did the first time I ever saw thee.'

'The quarrel, sweet mistress, was all on thy side,' he answered, 'for thou art one rather for a man to quarrel for than to quarrel with.'

'I would make thee a curtsy,' I answered smiling, 'in return for thy civility, an' I had room.'

As we went home my Lord Sandys said his Highness had asked whether my grandmother was in London, and had added, 'Albeit she be a proud and heady woman, yet I do believe she loveth me well as she did the King my father.' So it would appear that he had accepted mine eager assurance of her loyalty.

The next day she arrived at her own house, where I immediately joined her and told her all that had passed, and that same evening she had a long interview, firstly, with my Lord Sandys, and secondly, with the Duchess of Suffolk. What she heard made her resolve to keep away from the Court, and immediately return home, albeit my lord prayed her to tarry a while lest his Highness should command her presence, 'For,' said he, 'he be in such a humour that did it seem that ye were flying from Court, it would assuredly have an ugly look in his eyes.'

'That, my lord,' she answered, 'I fear my actions cannot but have in his sight. His Court be no place for me. Bethink thee, that I have nought with me but these sable habiliments wherein to appear, and judge thou how they would show? Should he say ought unto thee commanding my presence, lay my duty at his feet, and tell him I be returned unto Warblington to change my funeral garments, and procure me attire fitter than they be for the joy of his presence.'

'Ye be wise there, Madam,' my lord said, after a moment's considering, 'Certes ye could not appear as ye be, and if I add it be your purpose instantly to return, I doubt not all will be well.'

'My lord, my lord!' my grandmother replied, with somewhat of passion in her tone, 'I pray you no, say I will come when I be summoned, assuredly of mine own accord will I never bend mine old knees unto that wanton——'

'For God's sake, madam, forbear,' he exclaimed, interrupting her, 'I dare not listen, if ye speak thus.' And he moved away.

'Nay, ye need not depart,' she said, 'I will say no more. From what I hear I wot ye will all be so speaking of her ere long. Hitherto, I thank God and all the holy saints, I have never been to the Court since she reigned there, and I trust I never may. But I thank thee for thy good council, and I will abide here another night that I may not seem in haste to be gone.'

And so she tarried a couple of days longer, and then, as nothing occurred to detain us, we set off for Warblington Castle.

We had not been there long when she had a dispatch from Master Cromwell, telling her that it was the good pleasure of his Highness to shew his kindness unto her and his satisfaction in the manner in

which she had trained his young cousin, to place the same amongst the Queen's ladies, and to charge himself with her future preferment. I was to abide with her until I received my summons, which would not be until after Easter. 'And that,' she said unto me, 'be the only word of comfort in the whole letter. I must needs write as if I were fool enough to believe that his Grace meant the kindness he professes, and protest with what thankfulness I accept this his most gracious offer unto thee. Albeit, Moll, thou wilt not go an I can stop thee, and from what my lady Duchess told me, ere Easter come, Queen Anne may be where she will not need thee nor any other of her ladies.'

We passed our Lent with much uneasiness, but the tidings my Lord Montague brought us from Court gave us great hopes that we should hear no more of the matter. And so the event proved. On the first day of May their Highnesses appeared together at the jousts at Greenwich, and parted suddenly in displeasure. It was said that the Queen dropt her handkerchief unto Sir Henry Norris who was fighting in the tilt-yard, and however that may be, the next day she was carried to the Tower, she, who only three or four months before had exulted in the death of Queen Katherine, as the crowning triumph of her own power!

Poor unhappy woman! we were told that on the promise that her life should be spared she had confessed that she was not the King's wife legally on account of a pre-contract unto Henry, Lord Percy.

When my grandmother was told that she had confessed that her marriage was illegal, she exclaimed, 'And God wotteth that therein she, poor wench, speaketh the truth. His wife she hath never been, nevertheless she should have borne torture itself, aye an she would an she had been his wife, rather than have consented to such degradation, and thus make a bastard of her own child. I trow, Queen Katherine of blessed memory, would have been burnt alive ere she had so stooped.'

On the 18th day of May she was beheaded on Tower Hill, the first woman, but, alas! alas! not the last, whose blood was shed on that gruesome spot.

Long afterwards we heard that ere she died she had fallen at Lady Kingsford's feet and implored her so to fall at the feet, of the Princess, and tell her that her bitterest sorrow was the remembrance of how cruelly she had treated her.

On the 20th of May the King married Jane Seymour, and we heard no more of my summons to Court.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXVI.

1634—1638.

THE REIGN OF RICHELIEU.

THERE can be little doubt that the condition of France greatly stimulated the English dislike to 'Thorough.' There they saw an ecclesiastic dominating the King, and trampling on the liberties of the country, and they took warning. It was true that no two men could be more unlike than William Laud and Armand de Richelieu. The first was a priest above all things, only touching State affairs in the interest of religion, the second was a statesman by nature, a priest by accident or abuse.

But the English saw an iron hand ruling, all popular representation suppressed, the remnants of it—the provincial parliaments—kept harshly from remonstrance, the nobility forced into uselessness, except as soldiers, a dreadful weight of taxation weighing down the people, and the royal prisons, peopled with all who gave umbrage to the tyrant, even premature inventors, almost all committed simply on the royal authority in a *lettre de cachet*, or sealed letter. No wonder the English shuddered. Yet in judging of Richelieu, we must take into account what was the state of things that he found. France had only had a few years under Henri IV. to recover from the horrible convulsions of her religious wars. The kingdom was a collection of old fiefs, each with a different constitution, a parliament, and a nobility, all with varying privileges and jurisdiction, although for the most part these parliaments were nothing but law courts, except that their registration rendered a law valid in their own territory. The study of jurisprudence, and the exercise of the functions of judges, had, however, trained the magisterial functionaries of these parliaments into greater conscientiousness and public spirit than was to be found elsewhere in France, in spite of the pernicious custom by which a father might secure the reversion of his office to his son by the payment of a fixed sum to the Government. This, having been invented by one M. Paulette, was known by his name, and was a regular source of revenue. Still, there was much independence and uprightness of spirit among these magistrates, and they sometimes attempted to resist the registration of edicts or imposition of taxes which they disapproved; but all in vain, it was only to be crushed by the stern will of the Minister.

The nobility never dreamt of making common cause with them.

The *gens de la robe* were hateful to the *gens de l'épée*, whose violence they had at times to restrain, and whose breaches of the law they judged. Taxation, and all the horrible burthens on the country, did not touch the nobles. They paid nothing, nor did the clergy, except as a benevolence, the theory being that the nobles served the country with their swords, the clergy with their prayers, and, therefore, the nobles were exempt; not merely the head of the family, but his descendants to the latest generation; not only the *pair de France*, but the smallest provincial who, in England, would have been an esquire, known by his simple surname, but in France bore the title of his estate, and was commonly classed as a *hobereau*, or kite, a bird of prey to all beneath him. The bourgeois, though heavily laden with imposts, taxes, and customs, were not so much oppressed as the miserable peasantry, who not only had to pay to the King, and the dues of the Church, to work on the public roads, and lend their horses for the royal service; but were besides fleeced by their feudal lords, who held, like their forefathers, that Jacques Bonhomme was created simply to serve them and provide them with means for their extravagance.

Lawless beyond all measure had these nobles become—dangerous alike to the State and to each other. Their chief leaders had been, some crushed, some fascinated, some pensioned by Henri IV., but, with his death, all had broken loose again; and nothing but the firmest of hands could have kept them within bounds. Therefore Richelieu caused judgment to be without mercy, and filled the prisons—the Bastille, Vincennes, Nantes, and all the royal castles with men and women who might be dangerous to the State. Others he attached to the Court, in the way Sully had invented, by a multitude of offices about the royal person, with pensions attached to them—pensions wrung from the bourgeois and the peasant. Moreover, all Church patronage being in the hands of the Crown, he could offer any amount of bishoprics or abbeys to provide for the younger children of noble or magistrate alike.

The persons whose rank would have made them leaders of the nation, were incapable, mischievous, or both. Marie de Medici, Gaston of Orleans, and the Prince of Condé, were equally unworthy and incapable, their sole idea being to amass money for themselves or their favourites. Only their exile or suppression could save the kingdom. Anarchy or Richelieu was the only choice, and the Cardinal had to bear the obloquy of having led the King to drive away his mother and brother.

The King, continually suffering from ill-health, led a dull and dreary life. The Cardinal dreaded his attaching himself to any noble, lest an intrigue might be hatched to overthrow the ministry, but there seemed less danger in female favourites.

Marie de Hautefort, beautiful, brilliant, and witty, amused and charmed the King, in perfect innocence, and was equally loved and

trusted by the Queen. She was a really good woman, and thought it her duty to endeavour to bring the King and his wife together, and to reconcile Louis to his family. Anne of Austria naturally longed to write to her brothers, the King of Spain and the Cardinal in the Low Countries, and this could only be done secretly. Richelieu, fearing a reconciliation with the Queen might take place, accused Mdlle. de Hautefort of fostering dangerous correspondence, and she was separated for a time from the King.

In 1634 Gaston, getting tired of banishment, suddenly left Brussels, without telling his wife, Marguerite of Lorraine, and appeared at Paris, where his brother received him as if nothing had happened, and the Cardinal arranged a course of splendid banquets; but at the same time, he insisted that Gaston's marriage should be declared null, because it had been celebrated without the consent of the Crown. Two doctors of the Sorbonne, three Jesuits, Père Joseph, and Giulio Mazarini, the Pope's Nuncio, all were set to argue with the Duke, but for once he was resolute, and maintained that his marriage was real. However, Anne Marie, the child of his first marriage with the heiress of Montpensier, though nearly nine years old, had only been privately baptized, and the ceremonial admission into the Church was to be completed with the Cardinal for her godfather.

If we did not know it on the authority of one of the persons concerned, it would be hardly credible that the young Abbé Jean François de Gondi, a son of the Duke of Retz, and once a pupil of St. Vincent de Paul, now only twenty-two years of age, conspired with his cousin, M. de Rochefort, and with the consent of the Duke they undertook to murder the Cardinal in the midst of the ceremony. However, probably the Duke's conscience spoke, or his nerves failed him, for on some excuse the christening was put off, and the Duke retired to Blois, with his favourite, Puy Laurens.

The Cardinal offered this nobleman a marshal's staff, and a rich marriage if he could induce Monsieur to consent to the dissolution of his marriage, which was obnoxious because of the connection of the Duke of Lorraine with the Spaniards. Puy Laurens stood firm, and Spanish correspondence was suspected. He was safe when with his master at Blois, but he was invited to dance in a court ballet during the carnival of 1635, pounced upon and shut up at Vincennes. Gaston vainly pleaded for his restoration, but he died in confinement there.

A representative assembly of the Church of France was convoked, and under the Cardinal's dictation, annulled the marriage; but one man, Jean Vergier de Hauranne, a priest from Poitiers, better known by his title as Abbot of St. Cyran, the confessor of the nuns of Port Royal, boldly declared that he would rather have killed ten men than have agreed to a resolution 'ruining one of the sacraments of the church.' Nor could the Pope, Urban VIII., be persuaded to truckle to the French power; and in 1637 the Cardinal—defeated for once—

had to acknowledge Marguerite of Lorraine as lawfully Duchess of Orleans. She was a fat, dull, complacent person, as disappointing a heroine of romance as Charlotte of Montmorency.

St. Cyran was a man of great piety, ability, and originality, the first Confessor who had fully satisfied Mère Angélique. The Cardinal disliked him both for his boldness of speech, and for his repeated refusal of preferment intended to bind him to Richelieu's service. He had also affronted the Cardinal and the various monastic orders, by the part he took in a controversy stirred up by Richard Smith, Bishop of Chalcedon *in partibus*, who had been sent with Queen Henrietta to take charge of the English Romanists, and who had insisted that no priest among them should hear confessions without a license from him. The religious orders held themselves privileged to dispense with the Episcopal license, and there was a hot controversy, in the course of which St. Cyran published a book taking the part of the Bishops; and further, in defining what was true repentance, disagreeing with a Catechism drawn up by Richelieu for his own diocese of Luçon. This Catechism declared that the sinner might be saved by *attrition*, namely, just enough fear of the consequences to drive him to penance and absolution. St. Cyran declared nothing to avail but contrition, or deep repentance and heart-felt sorrow for the sin against God. However, a greater offence was yet to come. St. Cyran had a friend, with whom he had been educated at the University of Lorraine, and with whom he had read deeply of the Scriptures and the Fathers, namely, a Fleming, Cornelius Jansen, who, indignant at Richelieu's alliance with the Swedes and German Protestants, published an attack on the irreligion of the French policy, entitled *Mars Gallicus*.

The King of Spain rewarded Jansen with the Bishopric of Ypres, but in France, because St. Cyran was the friend of the author, he was seized by order of the king, i.e., of Richelieu, and thrown into prison at Vincennes, while all the gentlemen of the hermitages about Port Royal aux Champs were dispersed.

St. Cyran endured his captivity with utmost patience and sweetness towards both guards and fellow prisoners. Once, observing a lady and gentleman to be very shabbily dressed, he disposed of some of his beloved books in order to procure clothing for them, writing that the garments were to be 'handsome, and in the fashion, as becomes their rank, that, looking on one another, they may forget that they are prisoners.'

All manner of people were examined in order to prove heresy in his teaching, but in vain, except that he had said something disparaging of the Council of Trent. St. Vincent de Paul supplicated for his liberty, but Richelieu answered, "I tell you this man is more dangerous than ten armies. If Luther and Calvin had been imprisoned in good time, Germany and all France would have been Catholic now!"

And as St. Cyran refused to modify his opinions, he remained in

prison, while his friend Singlin ministered to the ladies of Port Royal.

The King had by this time taken a fancy to another maid of honour, Louise de la Fayette, a beautiful girl of seventeen, less clever than Mdlle. de Hautefort, but with more sweetness. She was equally good and conscientious, and had the same desire to bring the husband and wife together, so that Richelieu soon thought her dangerous. However, she had had an inclination to the monastic life as a child, and was always reproaching herself with not attending to her true vocation. The Cardinal took care these scruples should be enhanced, though Père Caussin, her own confessor, thought she was doing more good at large. At last, Louis said, 'I will not hinder her vocation. Only let her wait till I go to join the army.'

She would not, however, wait. As his carriage drove out of the court that very day, she stood at the window and sighed, 'I shall see him no more!' and at once repaired to the Convent of the Visitation, where she assumed the name of Angélique.

However, she saw the King again and again, he spent hours leaning against the parlour grille, talking to her, so that Richelieu became alarmed, and recalled Mademoiselle de Hautefort.

This lady was able to render the Queen a great service. Anne kept up a secret correspondence with her two brothers, Philip IV. and the Cardinal Infant in the Low Countries, by means of Madame de Chevreuse, and of a servant of the Queen, called Laporte, termed cloak-bearer or *portemanteau*. The lady, already noted for her intrigues, was in exile from the court in Touraine, but the servant was arrested while carrying a letter to her from the Queen. On this, he was thrown into the Bastille, and the tidings coming to his mistress, who was with the King at Chantilly, she was greatly alarmed as to what he might confess, and hoped to hinder his examination by making a solemn oath before Père Caussin that she had never written secret letters to foreign countries, especially Spain and the Low Countries.

Richelieu sent her word that he was too well informed to believe her; and she then sent for him, and on his promise that the King would forget whatever she had done, she made a half confession. Marie de Hautefort volunteered to put on the disguise of a maid servant, and to penetrate into the Bastille, where her friend, the Chevalier de Jars, although a prisoner, was able to procure an interview for her with the Portemanteau, in which she gave him a letter telling him exactly how much to confess. The Abbess of Val de Grâce, being devoted to Anne, who spent much time in the convent, likewise burnt everything compromising before the Chancellor arrived to search Her Majesty's private apartments. Madame de Chevreuse escaped to Spain, and as nothing treasonable had come to light, the Cardinal brought the Queen an act of oblivion signed by the King, and actually made the royal pair embrace in his presence!

He had the Queen so much in his power that he ventured to try to

bring her to be on closer terms with the King, and both the Demoiselle de Hautefort, as well as the Confessor, the Jesuit Père Caussin, likewise strove to unite the husband and wife.

They made another effort, as a matter of conscience, namely, to get rid of Richelieu, whose policy they hated and disapproved. Louis used to spend hours before the grating of the parlour at the Convent of the Visitation, where Sœur Angélique spoke so severely of the indolence and indifference which made him submit to the rule of the Cardinal, that one day he turned his back on her, and went away affronted; but afterwards he repented, and sent her word by Père Caussin that he did not disapprove her boldness. The Confessor himself had long conversations with the King, after which it was observed that Louis was in lower spirits than ever. When four months had passed in this struggle, on the 8th of December, Caussin, when about to hear the King's confession, made a serious appeal to his conscience against his minister's whole policy, the alliances with the Turk and the Protestant, the oppression of the nation, the ill-treatment of the Queen mother. How far Louis seemed to be moved is unknown. Most likely he assented to everything; but what is quite certain is, that after he had seen his master, the Cardinal, the next morning, a *lettre de cachet* was put into the hands of Père Caussin containing a sentence of exile to Rennes, the King's expeditions to the Convent of the Visitation ceased, and Mademoiselle de Hautefort alone remained of the party.

It was soon after this that hopes arose of a direct heir to the crown, full twenty years after the marriage of the King and Queen. The prospect of the succession of Gaston of Orleans had been so distasteful that there was universal transport. The King, in token of gratitude, put out letters patent on the 10th of February, 1638, in which he adopted the Holy and Glorious Virgin as the special protectress of his kingdom, consecrating to her his person, his kingdom, crown, and subjects. This was called the 'Vow of Louis XIII.'

It was remembered that the Queen had lately been on pilgrimage to Meaux, to the shrine of St. Fiachra, or Fiacre, that Scottish saint who was supposed to have revenged on Henry V. the plunder of his church by the English. In consequence St. Fiacre became the fashion, and people flocked on pilgrimage to Meaux, very comfortably in hired carriages, which thence took the name they have ever since borne, of *fiacres*. The verses and compliments that flowed in were in vast numbers. Even little Jacqueline Pascal, the child of the President of the Board of Excise at Clermont, at nine years old, improvised a little poem, which was much admired. Jacqueline and her brother Blaise were indeed children of extraordinary abilities. It was about this time that the boy was found lying on the garret floor, tracing mathematical figures with chalk, and working out the facts as to their relations, without having ever seen Euclid's Elements, or knowing the proper names of lines and circles, but calling them bars and rounds.

On the 5th of September, 1638, was born Louis the prince, who like Philippe Auguste of old, was welcomed as *Dieudonné*. The Cardinal, about the same time, lost his most trusted friend and adviser Père Joseph. So much influence had Joseph possessed, that he was called '*Son Eminence Grise*,' as Richelieu was '*Son Eminence Rouge*.' He was sharp and brusque in manner, while the Cardinal, with the dignified politeness of a French noble, had a terrible irony, which was greatly dreaded. But they agreed and worked together perfectly, and Joseph was the person chiefly loved and trusted in the world by the Cardinal, who visited his friend constantly, tended him during his illness, and bewailed him with the exclamation, 'I have lost my right hand.'

The Nuncio, Giulio Mazarini, was induced to quit the Pope's service, and became Richelieu's chief assistant, becoming thoroughly imbued with his policy of aggrandizing France and rendering the Crown despotic.

Meantime Richelieu thought it time to detach the King from Marie de Hautefort, whom he knew to be his enemy, and who was not to be bought over, as she was resolved on asking no favours for herself, nor any one belonging to her. The King seemed pleased with a youth of nineteen, the Marquis de Cinq Mars, the eldest son of Marshal d'Effien, and Richelieu asked him to consent to Mdle. de Hautefort's leaving the Court for a fortnight. 'The fortnight will last my life,' she said, and she was right. Orders came that she was to remain in exile at Mans, and she never saw the King again. She was always much respected; she was one of the foremost ladies in the literary court held at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and was also one of the favoured dames who boarded at times at Port Royal, and were intimate with the saintly Mère Angélique. She finally married Marshal Schomberg.

The Hotel de Rambouillet was a remarkable feature in Paris at this period. Charles d'Argennes, Duke de Rambouillet, was a rich and fairly influential nobleman of the class who had grown up to replace the older race, and had married Catherine de Vivonne, one of the ablest and handsomest women of her day, and likewise one of the best. She was for many years the undoubted queen of society at Paris. Her house, the Hotel de Rambouillet, in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, was the resort of all that was most distinguished in France. She had the true Frenchwoman's art of keeping all harmonious, interested and amused, and she also had a certain Italian grace inherited from her mother, which gave a chivalrous and poetical air to all around her, while she had the skill and taste to steer clear of all such political affairs as could give umbrage even to the jealous Richelieu. For twenty or thirty years, nothing was admired which had not received the stamp of approval of the divine Arthenice, as her circle called her, transposing the letters of her Christian name. Her daughter, Julie d'Argennes, shared her power, and was equally beautiful, graceful, and intellectual. Julie remained unmarried much

later than was usual. Her hand was sought by the Duke of Montausier, to whom she was much attached, but he was a Huguenot, and she would not wed outside her Church, while he held it dishonourable to renounce his religion except from conviction, so he remained a constant visitor at the hotel till Julie was past her first youth, when he finally felt that he could renounce Calvinism, and obtain his bride. After her marriage, she still continued to be the most brilliant ornament of 'the Salon Bleu,' as her mother's chief reception-room was called.

Mother and daughter made a worthy use of their supremacy. They were religious and conscientious women, though not what was technically called '*dévoté*,' and they set themselves by the influence of their taste and good breeding to no less a task than to purify French manners, language, and literature. Coarseness had hitherto gone along with wit and poetry. Francois I., Catherine de Medici, and Henri IV. had all revelled in grossness and evil allusion, and the wittiest works of their times—even when well-intentioned—are unreadable, while the conduct of men and women of the highest rank was rude, violent, and licentious.

The Spanish dignity of Anne of Austria, and the cold reserve of the King, had made the Court more correct; but it was at the Hôtel de Rambouillet that the visitors learnt the grand, graceful politeness, that became the characteristic of high French society, and so continued long after the real principle that lay beneath the manners of Hotel de Rambouillet had died away. The impure and immoral was banished, and when poetry and plays were read aloud in the Salon Bleu, a vigilant censorship was kept up, and so delicately exercised that there was no revolt against it. Words were rejected, not merely for impropriety but for inelegance and provincialism. They were debated and criticised with both taste and erudition, though the judgment on them was sometimes narrow and exclusive, weakening the language in power of expression, but also refining it; and the French of the Hotel de Rambouillet remained that of all educated people until the present half century. Men of letters were made as welcome as the nobility. Corneille recited his tragedies there; Voiture was the tame poet of the house; Madame de Scudéry brought fragments of her interminable romances; and here a young Abbé, Benigne Bossuet, was called on, from the college of Navarre, half in jest, to display his powers of extemporisation. A velvet bag was carried round the assembly by Voiture. Every one put in a text. The young preacher drew one out at haphazard. It was '*Vanitas vanitatum*.' The midnight sermon was a solemn one, and sent away the gay assembly thrilled with awe.

Literature was rapidly improving, and the period was beginning to which the new-born Dauphin was destined to give the title '*Le Siècle de Louis Quatorze*.' The '*Académie Française*,' the institution which has ever since been the supreme authority in its own country in matters of taste, science, and literature, was starting into existence.

The poet Ronsard and a party of friends began by forming a kind of club, called at first the 'Pleiad,' then the 'Brigade,' which met weekly at the house of one of them, Courart, in the Rue St. Martin, to discuss any subject of interest, or talk over new books, or works in which either was engaged. M. de Bois Robert, who was half spy, half news-monger to the Cardinal, discovered these meetings and requested admittance. It spoilt their freedom, but to open their doors to him was the only way of proving that they were more concerned with the politics of ancient Athens than of modern France; and they made themselves so agreeable that Bois Robert reported of them enthusiastically to his master, who asked 'if they could not form themselves into a regular body for the encouragement of *'belles-lettres,'* to be incorporated by Royal Charter.

They did not like the proposition at all, for it would destroy all the spirit and liberty of their easy intercourse, and were much inclined to refuse, but M. Chapelain declared that they had to deal with a man *'qui ne voulait pas médiocrement ce qu'il voulait,'* and since their society had become an avowed matter, they had no choice but to submit, or to suffer for it. So they consented, and expressed themselves highly gratified when the Cardinal announced that he meant to be the father and protector of the society. It took the title of *Académie*, in honour of the Academy, or open-air debating school of Athens, but the Parliament would not, at first, register the royal letters patent for it. The fact was, that everything new was distrusted, and especially what emanated from the Cardinal. A person about to purchase a house in the same street, broke off his bargain because he was afraid of the *Monopoleurs*, the word then in vogue for conspirators.

However, in 1637, the charter of the Academy was forced through the Parliament, and its council consisted of forty members. They immediately commenced a dictionary of the French language, which continued to be the great standard work until the license of the present day has not only imported new words, but changed the idioms. Ever since this time, to be crowned by the Academy has been the supreme honour of a French work, to become a member the greatest glory of an author. The Augustan age of literature was dawning—not yet developed. Only the first of the great dramatists had as yet come forward, Pierre Corneille, and his first really able and characteristic tragedy, the *Cid*, though rapturously applauded by the public, was condemned by the Academy under strong pressure from the Cardinal, who was displeased at Spanish chivalry having been brought forward. He had actually produced a tragedy himself, but all the awe he inspired could not make the public endure it. 'Ah,' he said, 'I always knew that the French had no taste.' However, Corneille continued to receive a pension, and the Cardinal, finding public opinion too strong for him or the Academy, allowed the '*Cid*' to be dedicated to his favourite niece, the Duchess of Aiguillon. Afterwards Corneille wrote a tragedy called *Polyeucte*,

founded on a legend of primitive Christian martyrdom, and read it at the Hotel Rambouillet, where the religious were delighted, but some of the ecclesiastics present deemed that a scene where idols were overthrown savoured of Protestantism, and the idlers thought the piece too Christian!

In general, however, the world believed itself religious, and there was, no doubt, much genuine earnestness. Vincent de Paul was in full activity, and had stirred the clergy into far greater spirituality than had been their ideal since the days of St. Bernard; seminaries for their training had been founded, retreats and missions set on foot, the *Sœurs de Charité* had begun their work, the Order of the Visitation attracted the ladies weary of Court intrigue, and Port Royal offered a graver and severer form of Christian life.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

VIII.

ECLIPSES.

'A shrinking back of glory that hath been,
A dread eclipse before the Eternal's frown.'

'WHAT is the cause of a solar eclipse?' It would be an interesting experience to ask each Sixth Standard child to write the answer on its slate, and then compare notes. We should have some edifying answers. Probably none of them would exceed in amusement the order issued by the German sergeant, in accordance with what he understood to be the instructions of his commanding officer. The commanding officer being seized with a desire to improve the occasion of a solar eclipse, in a spirit more German than English we fear, announced his intention of explaining it himself to the men, on the parade-ground if fine, in the drill-shed if wet. And the sergeant accordingly issued this remarkable order: 'This afternoon, by command of Captain ——, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The captain will conduct the eclipse in person on the parade-ground. But if wet, I give notice that the eclipse will take place in the drill-shed instead.'

An eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon coming in a direct line between us and the sun; and as the only time the moon does pass between us is at new moon, a solar eclipse can only take place then. Thus we know for certain that the Three Hours' Darkness at the Crucifixion could not have been owing to this cause, for we have seen that the moon was always full at the Jewish Passover. It is said that Egyptian astronomers noticed and could not account for this strange darkness, and moreover that Dionysius the Areopagite, was studying in Egypt at the time.

In old times eclipses caused the greatest terror. It is recorded that about B.C. 600, the Lydians and Medes, during a long and fierce war, were about to fight a battle, when a total solar eclipse occurring, they were so terrified, and so convinced that the heavenly powers thus showed anger at the war, that they then and there made peace.

When Xerxes was leaving Sardis, on his road to Greece, his troops were much alarmed by an eclipse, until the magi announced that, as the moon was the emblem of Persia and the Sun of the Greeks, an eclipse of the latter showed the Persians would be victorious. These ancient recorded eclipses are most valuable for fixing certainly the

dates of the events they accompanied; though this last one is said to necessitate altering the date of the battle of Salamis from B.C. 480 to 478. Columbus is said to have frightened the simple American Indians into submission by foretelling that on such and such a day the sun would be darkened.

It is unnecessary to explain why there is not an eclipse at every new moon, if what was said of transits of Venus is borne in mind; otherwise a teacher must explain that the moon's path is not quite on a level with the earth's, but is tilted to it slightly. She crosses the earth's level twice a month, and the place where she does so is called her node. The nodes recede a good deal every year, until in 18½ years they have shifted in a complete revolution to the same place again. Now, if when the moon is new, she is also crossing a node, the sun is eclipsed. There are from two to four solar eclipses every year.

You will notice that in almanacs after the mention of solar eclipses, these words follow, 'invisible at Greenwich,' or 'partially visible at Greenwich.' Let us see then over how large a space a solar eclipse is visible. First, it is invisible of course to the half of the world turned from the sun at the time; so that we lose all those which occur during our night. It is only visible as a total eclipse just where the moon's shadow falls on the earth, and this can only cover a circle of fifty miles in diameter; but as the earth is rotating all the time, the shadow passes every minute over fresh places, so that more of the earth is eclipsed than would be if we stood still. Still only about fifty square miles can be eclipsed at any one moment. Allowing for all this, only a few countries see a total eclipse each time, and the greater part cannot see it at all.

An eclipse may be visible in three ways. First. *Partial*. In this case, the moon may merely touch the edge of the sun, without any noticeable difference in the light, as in the eclipse visible in England, May 17th, 1882; or it may be nearly total, so as to darken almost all the light.

Secondly. *Total*, when the sun is entirely hidden by the dark moon. This occurs when the moon is near enough to us to cover the sun completely.

Thirdly. *Annular*, so called because a ring of the sun's bright surface is seen round the dark moon; this occurs when the moon is in apogee, or at its furthest from us. All eclipses begin and end as partial ones.

Total eclipses are few and far between. Eight have been observed in this century, but none have been visible in London. Nor has any total eclipse been visible there since 1715; and that is the only one on record. There will be another visible there in 1999. There will be total eclipses in Europe in 1887, 1896, and 1900. The nearest places for us English people to see their totality will be Germany, in 1887, Lapland, in 1896, and Spain in 1900. And this is just what astronomers do. They travel to the best spots for observing them, for they

are our best opportunities for learning about the solar atmosphere and surroundings. An eclipse may last three or four hours in the same place, but it is total only for a few minutes, seldom so many as seven.

Let us now watch an eclipse, which for some purposes can be well done with a bit of evenly smoked glass. First, always on the sun's western side, we see a little dark place, as if a bite had been made in it. Gradually this increases as the moon moves slowly across the sun's disc, till only a crescent of bright light remains. And now such a change comes over nature as might well account for the old dread of eclipses. A cold chill falls on the earth; a grey feeble light, unlike the twilight glow, prevails. Beneath this dreary veil, all forms of life become oppressed and disturbed, the birds collect in fear on the trees, and persons watching it are said to become restless; the very flowers of daylight shut, and those that open at night begin to come out. A few minutes more, and the darkness is total. More cheerless than a dark night, it is truly darkness which may be felt, and an eclipse which is nearly total is said to give no conception of that darkness which comes only with totality. The planets and brighter stars are shining; the moon on the sun is faintly visible by reflected earth-shine; the birds are silent now, for they have gone to roost.

This is the time for astronomers; during these few minutes every telescope [is directed to the glories which surround the sun; and which are not easily seen except when the much brighter disc is covered. This is what they see:—

First, a well-marked red circle of light round the sun (or rather round the dark moon which hides it), this is toothed at the edge like a saw, and is therefore called the *Sierra*, though you will find it in some books, named *chromosphere*—a very unclassical word—or sometimes *chromatosphere*. This, though not truly an atmosphere, has some of the properties of an atmosphere, though far less quiescent than ours; its main constituent is hydrogen gas.

Secondly. They see those coloured prominences sticking out beyond the sierra, of which we spoke in the paper on the sun. And here we may observe, that Padre Secchi, the astronomer of the Vatican, has divided them into two classes: plumes and jets. The former are sometimes formed altogether above the photosphere, and take fantastic cloud-like shapes, altering their form perpetually, but continuing to exist sometimes for several days; they may be found all over the solar surface, even near the poles. It is thought that the plume-like prominences are not due, or not wholly due to eruption. The jets on the other hand are held to be caused by eruptions. Their whole behaviour shows it. They are nearly always found in the spot zones of the sun, the region of greatest activity, i.e., neither at the Poles nor the Equator; they spring up out of the photosphere itself, not just over a spot, but over the faculæ near it; they last a short time, sometimes but a few minutes, and seem often literally 'blown to pieces.'

Prominences vary in height from about 4000 miles to 50,000, or even more.

Thirdly, there is the corona, or crown of light, which is described as resembling the halo or glory round the heads of pictured saints, extending about 170,000 miles from the sun's surface.

And *fourthly*, there are radiations projecting beyond the corona, very much as the red prominences project beyond the sierra. Of this we will presently speak more at length.

Just fancy the work there is for a party of astronomers watching an eclipse, with only from two to seven minutes in which to observe all this—the red-toothed sierra; the magnificent prominences springing up and altering their shape even in those few minutes; the corona, with its violet or silvery light; and the great radiations, sometimes, as in the eclipse of 1860, almost like a cross of light! Some take photographs; some make drawings; some attentively note all the changes in these glories; some, by means of the spectroscope, analyze their composition; but all too soon the time passes, and a crescent of light reappears on the sun's western side. It is said that even in this highly advanced nineteenth century, men—Frenchmen, at any rate—can hardly restrain shouts of frantic joy as the blessed sunlight once more bursts forth, and gradually the moon moves off, until the sun's face is clear.

Though it is only of late years that the sun's corona has been much studied, its existence was known as long ago as 1706. Any one who wishes to understand this beautiful phenomenon, should read three papers on the subject in Proctor's *Orbs around us* (Longmans), but for those who have not the book, it may be interesting to record a little of what is known about it.

In the eclipse of 1860, Secchi and others tried to photograph the corona, but with slight results, except the discovery that as the prominences are brightest over the spot zone; so also is the corona. In 1869 the Americans Harkness and Young analyzed the corona by means of the spectroscope, and announced that it was a distinct solar phenomenon, and not atmospheric like a halo round the moon, and was partly gaseous. This evidence was doubted at the time, until the eclipse of December 1870 confirmed their observations; for astronomers in Sicily and Spain succeeded at length in obtaining good photographs of the corona with its radiations, and in all the photographs which showed the corona at all there occurred a gap shaped like a V. Now it was impossible this feature could have been seen just alike in stations so far apart unless it were a true solar appendage, and not formed in our atmosphere. Since then, in the Indian eclipse of 1871, this photographic evidence was confirmed, and the spectroscope gave some evidence tending to make it probable that solid and liquid matter exists in the corona. We must now consider what the corona is, and we may as well begin by saying no one knows certainly as yet. All we can do is to take the most likely theory. First, in

appearance it is a circle of silvery light, the inner parts being much brighter than the outer; and here and there, but especially over the spot-zone, long faint streamers or radiations are visible, extending probably to a million of miles from the sun's visible surface, and possibly much more. In seeking to know what the corona is, we must recognise what it is *not*; namely, neither a halo in our own air, nor is it merely a kind of sunlight seen projected on the heavens, for its spectrum differs from sunlight; and it seems now proved that it is in no sense a solar atmosphere, as it is mathematically demonstrable that the enormous force of the sun's gravity would prevent such an extended atmosphere—indeed, the sun's true atmosphere is believed to bear about the same proportion to its size that ours does to us. The corona however, has not even such atmospheric characteristics as the sierra, and the simplest theory at present seems to be that it consists in part of solid matter shot out during solar eruptions, with a velocity sufficient to carry it or a great part of it beyond the domain of the sun altogether—a sort of erupted meteor train; and that its light is, at any rate, partly due to its own extreme incandescence. To this must be added that there are some signs of a likeness between the corona and the Aurora Borealis, and the zodiacal light. It is very hard to reconcile all the theories about it. Probably a good deal of it may be gaseous, and Mr. Mattieu Williams believes in a particular combination of hydrogen with iron; there is also a substance called Helium, which is an unknown one at present.

The last thing to be said about the corona is that Dr. Huggins succeeded only last year in photographing the corona without the help of an eclipse, so that we shall soon know a good deal more about it; for, of course, if the corona can be studied any fine day, far more will be learnt in a month, than might have been attained in years of eclipse observations only.

Eclipses of the moon need not detain us long. They are interesting to watch, but are of little importance. The two sorts of eclipse are so different, it would almost be well if we had two different names for them. If a solar eclipse could be designated a transit of the moon, and a lunar one an eclipse of the moon, as with Jupiter's satellites, we should the less confound the two phenomena. For, of course, in a solar eclipse the sun is not really darkened—the moon only hides it from the earth. In a lunar eclipse nothing comes between the moon and us, but she really loses her light by passing through the earth's shadow. Sun, earth, and moon are again in a straight line, only this time the earth is between the other two, and thus the moon can only be eclipsed when she is full. Unlike a solar eclipse, a lunar one is visible wherever the moon can be seen at all. The total phase lasts much longer than in an eclipse of the sun. It may be as long as an hour and three quarters.

The earth's shadow is like a cone, and wherever this touches the moon, it is quite dark and is called the *umbra*; but all shadows have

an edge of lighter shadow, and in astronomy this is called the *penumbra*; and in the earth's shadow it is about twice as wide as the true umbra. The moon then, is first plunged in the penumbra, and is then distinctly visible; but when she enters the umbra she is shorn of all her light, yet we can generally just see her. Often she is of a dull red colour, and this is due to the rays of light our atmosphere is sending her; we eclipse all the sun's direct rays, but some rays are refracted by our atmosphere, and bent out towards the moon, and this happens oftenest with the red rays. Sometimes all the rays being stopped, it quite disappears, as in 1816; sometimes very nearly so, as in the eclipse of the 4th of October last year. A greyish blue band may be seen between the bright portion of the moon and the umbra; and this must be due to the deflection of blue rays from our atmosphere.

One of the most interesting observations made in a lunar eclipse is the quenching or occultation of those stars which lie in the path of the dark moon.

The word 'eclipse' is from the Greek, and signifies to fail or fade away. It is the same verb as that used by our Lord to St. Peter, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.' Well, may we echo that prayer now, that it may be fulfilled in the Day when 'the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light.'

BOG-OAK.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XII.

THE INTERCESSIONS OF THE LITANY.

Susan. The next discussion is the Intercessions; as I see they are sometimes called, the Supplications.

Aunt Anne. I prefer reserving that term for the conclusion. In fact, however, the Intercessions only go, strictly speaking, as far as the clause about our enemies.

S. Intercessions are to be defined as praying *for* others.

A. Using our royal priesthood as members of the One Great High Priest, who ever maketh intercession for us. It is one great office of the Church to be for ever offering up her prayers, for her own children and for the outside world. But knowing our unworthiness, we begin with, 'We sinners beseech Thee.' After the example of Abraham's confession when pleading for Sodom.

S. 'Behold, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes' (Gen. xviii. 27). What was the old Latin response?

A. *Te rogamus audi nos.* It is hardly so solemn and beautiful in sound as ours.

S. The evening hymn in the 'Christian Year' seems to follow the order of the Intercessions in the Litany. First—

'Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own Ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.'

A. *Steer* exactly answers to the right and original meaning of govern. *Gubernare* is to steer a ship, and is figuratively applied to guiding the helm of Church or State.

S.—

'The rulers of this Christian land,
Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright;
Let all do all as in Thy sight.'

Here are three clauses for the Sovereign.

A. The first and last are from the Sarum use. The middle one seems to have been originated with the English Litany.

S. Affiance means trust, does it not?

A. Yes, it is so used in Tudor English.

S. One cannot help thinking here, as we go through the Litany, of

the brave men who continued to pray for King Charles by name in the days when it was forbidden. And, again, of those who persevered in praying for King James after the Revolution—and how the old Scotch ladies coughed and scraped their chairs when their clergy began to pray for King George.

A. I am afraid there was more party than loyalty there.

S. The word here needing explanation is *affiance*, which, of course, means trust.

A. It comes originally from the Latin *fides*, faith or trust, whence the Mediæval form *affido*, I pledge my faith.

S. Is that what making an affidavit comes from?

A. Yes. *Affidavit*, he has made oath. This is the beginning of a document containing the evidence of a witness unable to be present at a trial, from death or illness. Affiance thus is meant to express the strongest possible confidence.

S. Such as that of Hezekiah when he held out Jerusalem, and refused all help from Egypt, with the Assyrians overrunning his country, and half his own counsellors against him.

A. Or such as Zedekiah failed in, when he was commanded to submit to the Assyrians, and would not do so.

S. And I think good old George III. had that trust when England held out against Napoleon and all Europe. Then the royal family—

A. The old Sarum Litany mentioned 'our princes,' and in 1535 Queen Anne appears; 1544, Queen Catharine and Prince Edward are mentioned.

S. Anne Boleyn, Catharine Parr.

A. Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth both omitted the suffrage altogether—probably because there was no desire to attract attention to the question, who were the royal family? But James I. restored the prayers for his wife and children, and the suffrage has gone on varying with the alterations in the royal family. I have been told that when George IV. would not permit Queen Caroline's name to be brought in, one of her defenders—Lord Brougham, I think—made a great point by saying, that at any rate she was included among the desolate and afflicted. It is well that the heir on whom so much depends, as well as all those who live 'in the fierce light around the throne,' should be specially interceded for.

S. Then follow the clergy.

A. That was an introduction in 1544, from the Church of Soissons. At first it was bishops, pastors, and ministers, but, after the Restoration, the three orders were explicitly mentioned, as now.

S. Illuminate, that is enlighten. As the clergy are the torch-bearers of the pilgrims, I suppose, 'the light of the world,' (Matt. v. 14) and let their light shine before men.

A. The petition goes further. It asks that their understanding may be enlightened to full comprehension of God's Holy Word, so that

they may explain it in their preaching, and turn it to exhortation, and likewise set it forth by the example of their lives.

S. According with their preaching, so that precept and example may go together. Then follow the prayers for the government and for the magistracy.

A. Both, in some form, with older examples, though necessarily adapted to the constitution. 'To maintain truth' was at first understood in a narrower sense than now, when the magistracy considered it a duty to punish errors in doctrine as such; but now we only feel that a sound and upright judge or magistrate maintains truth by upholding the law against all crime. I think the clause must have been suggested by the royal 101st Psalm. And when we recollect what a reputation our judges have gained, now for two centuries past, we feel that the entreaty has been granted.

S. The versicle and the intercessory prayer for the clergy and people are spread out—dissected one might almost say in these—next come the people in general.

A. For whom the Sarum ritual repeated the pleading in the *Te Deum*, 'All Christian people whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood.'

S. To give all nations unity, peace, and concord.

A. That sentence is put together from two or three older forms. Unity would seem to stand for oneness of faith, peace for absence of war, and concord that agreement of heart which belongs to brotherhood. And the next verse, which seems to be original, asks for the sort of hearts that will be in unison.

S. Hearts brought up in steadfast fear and love, and only set to live after—that is, according to, the commandments.

A. Diligently, that is, not fitfully and uncertainly, but with earnest steadiness of purpose, and in the next we ask for what must be the root of such practice.

S. Increase of grace—that is more and more—as in the Confirmation blessing.

A. That such grace may enable us to carry out the likeness to the good soil in the Parable of the Sower; hearing the Word meekly (I suppose), not in a spirit of disputation or conceit.

S. 'But receive with meekness the engrafted Word which is able to save your souls' (James i. 21). And bring forth the fruits, which we know from St. Paul, in the catalogue, as it were, in the Epistle to the Galatians (v. 22).

A. Thence we turn to those who are in need of prayer in seven clauses. The first is from an old Lyons Litany 600 years old.

S. It is like the Collect: 'Who shewest to them that be in error the light of Thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness.' I suppose it especially means those that have done wrong in faith.

A. Of whom, alas! there are especially many at this time, bewildered

by agnostic conceits and denials, which meet us in popular literature of all kinds, like fiery darts of the wicked one. May God bring back again those who are deceived by these cruel follies.

S. Then comes the petition for all fighting under Christ's banner: those who stand; those who are weak-hearted; and those that have fallen; and finally to tread down the enemy under our feet.

A. I do not know if it is much read now, but Edward Monro's beautiful allegory, 'The Combatants,' is a vivid commentary on that clause. The old Liturgy of S. Cyril, whence this was taken, was very terse: '*Stantes confirme, conforta pusillanimos, lapsos erige*' and the final sentence is in a Greek intercessory prayer of S. Mark, quoting, indeed, Romans xvi. 20. From the same comes the ensuing clause for those in danger, necessity, or tribulation. Then follow special needs.

S. Travelling by land or water. I am sure one seldom looks at a newspaper without seeing that those are very real perils, wreck, and accident, and all their horrors; and then come the other forms of bodily suffering and danger, young children, because they cannot pray for themselves; prisoners who, I think, mean criminals, and captives—people taken in war, or by pirates.

A. And in slavery. Observe, this petition has borne fruit in the almost universal emancipation of slaves in Christian lands; also in the cessation of that terrible Moorish and Turkish piracy, which no doubt was in the thoughts of the framers of the petition.

S. Are there parallels to this clause?

A. Sarum has 'the poor and the captives' yoke,' that Thou wouldst grant to our brethren and to all faithful people who are sick health of mind and body. S. Basil's Liturgy had 'Sail Thou with the voyagers, travel with the travellers, stand forth for the widows, shield the orphans, deliver the captives, heal the sick, remember all who are in affliction or necessity.'

S. That covers the next petition for the fatherless children and widows.

A. It is well here to point out how much in accordance with the will of God that petition must be, referring to Psalm lxxviii., or some of the other verses that proclaim His especial care of the unprotected.

S. Then we have a petition for mercy on all men.

A. The Calvinists' temper objected to this at the Restoration, but Bishop Brian Duppa marked it with a note that it was in the spirit of what St. Paul says in 1 Timothy ii. 1, that God would have all men to be saved.

S. And then, for fear we should make uncharitable exceptions, there follow, 'our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers,' obeying the words of our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount.—Matt. v. 44.

A. It shows how needful this formulary is, that we find the Puritans absolutely praying for the utter destruction of Algerine pirates, and of their own political antagonists, not knowing what spirit they were of.

S. 'To turn their hearts,' that is the right prayer, like the Collect on Good Friday; 'take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word and Commandment.'

A. The three terms cover all who wilfully give us pain or do us injury by deed or word, whether out of personal enmity or party spirit and spite, or idle or malicious talk. The petition in the old English-Greek Litany is 'that Thou wouldest bestow on all our enemies peace and love.' It completes the intercessions, properly so called, but we had better go on to the two supplications which have the same response.

S. That for the kindly fruits of the earth in due season. I used to think it meant the kind, beneficent fruits, but I see it does mean the fruits according to their kind or nature.

A. It reminds of the special use of the original Litanies, sung in procession at Rogation tide for the blessing of the crops. The words, only without 'kindly,' come from York. And the last of all these clauses is a deeply penetrating, very beautiful one, framed in 1544, but embodying thoughts from elsewhere. It seems to express our sense of our unworthiness to ask what we have prayed for, and therefore to beg for *true* repentance, as well as forgiveness for our three classes of errors.

S. Sins, what we ought not to have done; negligences, what we have left undone; ignorances, what we knew not that we should have done.

A. Sins of commission, omission, and ignorance. And what more can we ask but grace to amend our lives according to His word? Mr. Blunt's book says that the Sarum use took the words for sins and ignorances from the Vulgate form in Psalm xxv. 6.

S. Remember not the sins and offences of my youth, as we have it.

A. And the negligences from the Vulgate of Numbers v. 6, where the law of the trespass offering is given. But let the form come from whence it will, it is the cry of the Christian whose standard of conduct and devotion has been gradually rising, and who entreats that all the evil that he knows of, or that is still undetected, and it may be forgotten, may alike be forgiven.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Arachne. I have a few more books to tell you of—very different in kind. First, and don't confuse them, there are *Letters to my Unknown Friends*, by Miss Sewell (Walter Smith), the same very valuable letters of counsel which appeared last year in the *Monthly Packet*, and secondly, *Letters from an Unknown Friend*, by the author of the *Life of Charles Lowder* (Kegan Paul), a very valuable little book for use among the more advanced young people of a school; teaching them what is the last thing they seem to understand, namely, what is the Divine authority of the Church and her ministers. There is a catechism at the end, which you would find very helpful, if, after reading the book with your class, you made them answer the questions in writing.

Spider. I might do so with my G. F. S. girls, but the pupil teachers are so bound to examinations that they can do nothing aside from the mark.

A. Yes, but this is a very short book, and could be put into them in the pause when one examination is over. It is not, however, beyond the powers of elder school children. Here is a G. F. S. book that you will find very nice for reading to your class of girls, *The Service of the King*, by Mrs. Hallett (Walter Smith). It is excellent advice, well expressed and intended for young servants. With both these books, the wisest way is to read to them as impressively as you can manage, rather than give or lend what can be set aside and cannot speak for itself.

S. I see, and reading aloud is best with those great girls who have outgrown being catechised. What else is there of the entertaining kind to read to them?

A. I think they have been a little neglected this year. Miss Winchester's *A City Violet* (Nisbet) has a good deal of interest and life about it, but I can't say it is natural, though it is in a style your young people are sure to like. *On Angels' Wings*, by the Honble. Mrs. Greene (Nelson), is a charming little story of a deformed German child, very pathetic and sweet. Its only fault is that children might be led to suppose that departed spirits become angels, though it does not actually say so. *As a Man Soweth* (Nisbet) is, on the other hand, one of the best books for a mother's meeting I have seen. The woman who laughs when her child cribs his fellow's marbles, or picks up an apple from the greengrocer's store, and then finds him turn out a thief, is an excellent lesson. The last story in *A Good Copy* (S. P. C. K.) is also very good for reading aloud.

S. I saw a pretty little child's story named *Little Gladness*, by

Nellie Hollis (Jarrold); and *His Life's Work*, by Catharine MacSorley, is a short tale that is very nice reading; but the most amusing book of all is American, *The Adventures of Six Young Men, or The Knock-about Club*. They have a delightful expedition in Maine and Lower Canada, and meet with all sorts of curious creatures, and odd adventures, among the otters, and Moose deer, and *loup-cerviers*, whatever they may be.


A. *Louseviers*, as the Canadians shorten the word. They are lynxes, and troublesome customers.

S. I should think so. One of the party had to get up into a tree and stay there all night, while three of the creatures sat and watched him, and one occasionally cleaned its claws, like a cat, on the trunk.

A. Two books of Cassell's are worth remembering for sensible children's reading, *The Children of All Countries*, and *Walks about London Town*. Indeed, I enjoyed both very much on my own account, and obtained a good deal of fresh information from them. Moreover, you should read the Reverend S. Kettlewell's *Thomas à Kempis, and the Brothers of Daily Life* (Kegan Paul). There is a good deal of the inference style—the 'must have been,' and 'must have seen,' to supply the lack of positive information; but it is a very interesting picture of old monastic life, and I am happy to say Mr. Kettlewell proves satisfactorily the authorship of the *Imitation*.

S. I will try to get the book; and now we must be frivolous, and come to novels.

A. *Ramona*, by Helen Jackson (Macmillan), is the best I have seen. It gives the old Spanish life in California, just as the American influx was destroying it. It is exceedingly fresh and original, though it cannot help being sad. There are very interesting customs described. The first person awake in one of the great farm-houses began to sing a morning hymn, and each awaking joined in, from his or her room, till the full body of sound rose up. There is a beautiful character, too, in an old Franciscan missionary, and the Indian part of the story is most interesting, though most piteous. Another novel I will mention, as innocent and sound-hearted, *Venetia's Lovers*, by Leslie Keith (Bentley). It is very Scotch—or perhaps it tries to be; and it is a jumble of periods, for I do not believe even old maids are so rampantly Jacobite still as they are here represented. They are the old ladies of 1800, while the London society is of the modern æsthetic class, and is very funnily described, especially the attempts of the young lady who goes out as a lady help, and tries to fuse classes. It turns, however, on an utter impossibility. Fancy a Scottish laird's family not knowing that the heir of their nearest neighbour, an earl, was married, not secretly, but from his lordship's own London house! It really is a pity to spoil a clever and good story by what is more than improbable. Miss Carey's *Not Like Other Girls* is also pleasant reading.

S. And do you know that those very charming verses of Mrs. Panton's, that we have seen from time to time in 'Aunt Judy,' are republished by Wells Gardner in a red book called *Listen?* 

THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.

BY THE BISHOP OF BOMBAY.

'Our Society,'—said the courteous Jesuit who escorted the writer one day round the '*Missions Etrangères*' in the Rue de Sèvres—'our Society is like a crack corps of Zouaves. Each community has its own ideal; the monk seeks his proper perfection, the Franciscan in likeness to Christ, the Carthusian in the angelic life. The Jesuit is a soldier. He goes where he is told, and fights.'

The words were followed up forthwith by a highly effective exhibition both of the strategical and the combative powers of the spiritual Zouave who spoke them: and the writer learnt more that day of the mission of one Jesuit to an Anglican than of that of the Society to the heathen. But the words with which he began served to furnish a central thought round which subsequent knowledge could be gathered.

Père de Ravignan, in the eloquent apology entitled *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuits*, expresses the same idea in touching and characteristic words. After quoting the Constitution of the Order, that the Jesuit must yield passive obedience '*perinde ac cadaver esset*,' he goes on—"Soldier, you will take your stand at the head of the bridge there; you will remain; you will die; we shall cross it." "I will, General." Such is obedience in an army, *perinde ac cadaver*. "To-morrow you start for China; persecution awaits you, perhaps martyrdom." "I will, my father." Such is obedience in a religious order, *perinde ac cadaver*; such is the obedience of the Jesuit. You have thought, it may be, to hold it up to public ridicule; you have chosen to misconstrue it. Give me leave to think that up to this very day you have never understood what it was.'

The writer was a Frenchman and a Jesuit; he wrote as the ardent apologist of an Order that was everywhere spoken against. We may discount the ideal to some extent, when we look at it from an Englishman's point of view, and in the light of all the facts that we know. But the nobility of the ideal, as an ideal, no chivalrous heart will deny, least of all if it be remembered that the writer, before he could speak in the name of the Society, had sacrificed station, and reputation, and fortune, and vowed that if he were called upon to do so, he was ready to beg his bread from house to house for love of the Lord Jesus Christ. At the moment when he was admitted to the Society, he had been told by the Superior who admitted him, 'You will pass among men for mad;' to which, in his own words, '*il faut répondre*,

et graces immortelles en soient rendu à la bonté de Dieu, j'ai répondu, "Oui." "Vous passerez pour fou." "Oui, cela me convient."

Every Jesuit is *ipso facto* a missionary; the field of the missions may range from the pulpit of Notre Dame or of the Gesù to Sancian, where Xavier died; but aggression, the propagation of the faith in the sense in which the Society understands it, is the object for which he lives, and for which he is sworn to die. The foreign missionary has little of special training to distinguish him from the worker at home. All are cast in the same rigid mould, all go through the same iron discipline.

Two years of silence and retreat, two for study of rhetoric and *belles lettres*, three for philosophy and science, five for 'regency' in a college or school, two for theological study, and again one for silence and retirement—that, according to de Ravignan, is the programme of the Jesuit's training; and all this time unquestioning obedience, *perinde ac cadaver*.

And yet the training is not the system, is not perhaps what makes the Jesuit most entirely a link in a great system; it is the corporate existence of his Order as a gigantic organisation. Place him in the most solitary spot, or place him in the most hostile crowd, and he cannot feel himself alone. He is still part of a world-embracing organisation; he still knows that the prayers and the Eucharists of hundreds of his fellows in the Society go up continually for his work; he still is working on the very lines which have come down to him in an unwavering tradition. Every weapon that the Jesuit uses has been dinted in a hundred fights in the hands of his predecessors in the ranks. The very ground on which he stands is marked with their sturdy footsteps, it may be, dyed with their blood.

Contrast an organisation like this with that on which most Anglican missionaries have to rely. They preach a purer faith; they live a more healthy life, in the free air of a more human existence, not under the forcing-house of such an Order. All this must be freely allowed. Yet the tremendous power of the weapons which such a Society brings to bear can hardly perhaps be overrated—its unbroken continuity of tradition, the wedgelike penetration of its phalanx, the weight which is given to the individual urged on in this serried mass, the way in which a feeble personality may be supplemented by the power of association.

The virtue of passive obedience is not the sum and substance of Christianity, as it would too often appear to be made by Jesuits and those whom they rule. But if we had more mission workers who were trained, as de Ravignan says, to make the salvation of souls their end, and obedience their means, the missions of our Church in India would present a less humiliating contrast to the grand organisation of our Government.

There are dioceses in the Church of England to-day where the power of an Order is being felt, and a thrilling feel it is. There are

men at work in India—one has died in harness there—who leave behind them that greatest of powers, the organisation of an enthusiastic community inspired by the genius of a great founder. In Bombay and in Poona there are houses which are offshoots of a main stem whose roots are planted in England, and at the centre of English Church life. The Society of S. John the Evangelist, from its home on the outskirts of Oxford, is sending the thrill of its power into the lives of its workers abroad. God send our missionary dioceses a few more such workers as they.

There was one field of Jesuit labour in the two centuries preceding our own, where the organisation of the mission field was identical with that of the Government, where the Jesuit fathers and bishops were missionaries, and magistrates, and generals, clerks of the works, and collectors of the revenue,—did all that the Civil Service and the Staff Corps are doing in the British India of to-day.

The first Christian community in Paraguay began with the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the Jesuits were expelled from the country in 1777. Between these two dates they were immediately answerable to the crown of Spain for the government and revenue of the country. The attention of the present writer was first called to their missions in Paraguay by a sentence in Bishop Patteson's Life.* The Bishop says in one of his letters, that he does not wish to be like the Jesuits in Paraguay, who filled their mission settlements with docile and industrious 'fags,' but that his object had always been to develop Christian manhood in his converts.

If the Bishop's estimate was right, it was evident that this field of work would furnish a study of Jesuit methods, by which both their weakness and their strength could be admirably seen and brought out. The expectations thus excited were more than borne out by results. The Paraguayan missions of the Society showed the Jesuit supreme and independent. He was answerable only to the crown, with the Atlantic ocean between, and that in the days of slow sailing. Spiritually he had it all his own way. His system was introduced fully formed among a people whose mental condition came as near as anything could do to the proverbial *tabula rasa*. How far, under circumstances like these, could the Order be true to its principles? How far could it raise these babes in the scale of Christian manhood?

The literature of the subject was disappointing, such literature as the writer could discover. The Bodleian was the library at hand, but the books proved few in number, and most of them unutterably dull. The Nemesis of unquestioning obedience seems to have told on the Jesuit historians. In Père de Charlevoix's *Histoire de Paraguay* not a character stands out with distinctness. Macaulay said of Miss Austen that she had sketched three common-place clergymen with so wonder-

* Vol. ii. p. 172, edition of 1874.

fully individualising a pencil that no one of them could be confused with the others in the memory of the reader of her works. Père de Charlevoix writes of many clergymen engaged in the most interesting of tasks, the formation of a Christian nationality, and the memory of the reader tries in vain to retain a single individual characteristic. Each of them is a priest and a Jesuit—and when you have said this you have said all; they are as indistinguishable as the spokes of a wheel. And what is true of the clergy is equally true of the work. The foundation, the rise, and the progress is the same in every mission. The same docility in the converts, the same obstinacy in the recusants, the same unvarying string of miracles for the establishment of the same supremacy, the same judgments, horrible or comic, in punishment of the same offences.

The *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* have more of originality and quaintness. The enemy of the Jesuit rulers is the most intolerable bore of all. Père de Charlevoix is as good as he is dull. This writer is stupidly abusive and unappreciatively malicious.

But the subject has so lively an interest that from this point the chief object of our paper must be to present in a more readable form what its own historians make so dull.

The country known to them as Paraguay was very much larger in extent than the one which under that name we associate with the interminable dissensions of the petty South American Republics. It included, besides the modern Paraguay, Uruguay, Patagonia, and the territories of the Argentine Confederation; extended, that is to say, from the twentieth degree south of the equator to the Straits of Magellan, and from Peru on the west to Brazil on the east. Its first discoverer, Juan de Solis, High-Admiral of Castile, paid the penalty of his distinction by being cooked and eaten by the natives in sight of his own crew. This was in 1615. Sebastian Cabot was the *oikistes* of the first settlement. He encountered the same treachery and the same courage which were fatal to poor De Solis, but his colony held its own. The tragedy of Hurtado and Miranda, which Don Guzman relates in *Westward Ho!* formed an episode in its chequered history. The colony of Buenos Ayres was founded in 1535; and it was here that the thought first arose that the natives might be converted instead of conquered, and that they would be better neighbours to Europeans as Christian subjects of Spain, than as wandering predatory tribes. Don Alvarez, the second founder of the colony in 1541, seems to have been the first to have set forward the work; but it was not till 1586, after its third foundation, that the Jesuits were called in. The Franciscans had begun the good work, but had not advanced very far; and one apostate monk left a legacy of sad difficulty behind him, having baptized large numbers of the natives without instruction in faith or life.

But after holding a preliminary mission among the lapsed or ungodly in the colony, the fathers plunged boldly into work for the

benefit of the surrounding pagans. Their method of approaching the wild tribes reminds one strangely of Patteson's own. The missionary would walk unarmed into a crowd of hostile natives with their arrows ready fitted to the string, and persuade them by his friendly demeanour, of his good intentions towards them. Among some of the wilder tribes no permanent footing was secured. But among two important tribes, the Guaranis and the Chiquitas, the missions were established without difficulty. The Guaranis, who lived in the modern Uruguay, furnished the first large body of converts; and it was here that the grand idea first arose of establishing a Christian Republic under the rule of the Fathers of the Order. As usual, the grand stumbling-block to the converts was found in the bad lives of Europeans who professed the Christian religion. And in the present instance, another great difficulty was the hostility of surrounding barbarians. Both, it was thought, might be removed, if nationality were secured to the Christians; and so the crown of Spain was invoked to create an independent Christian state, with the right to defend itself by arms, and to banish all intruders from its borders. The design could not be carried out without incurring hostility and opposition, but carried out it was, and the Jesuits got a charter from the crown in the reign of Philip III., who made them the sole rulers of the country. On condition of paying a poll tax of a crown for every adult male in their dominions, they acquired the right to arm their converts with fire-arms, and to exclude all Europeans from their territories. Any traveller who had occasion to pass through was hospitably entertained for three days at the missions where he happened to present himself, and then, like the poets in Plato's Republic, he was requested to transfer himself and his civilisation to some district where his presence would be more welcome.

The subjects of the Jesuit rule proved a people of extraordinary docility. Child-like in character, and almost without religious ideas, the neophytes had little to unlearn. Polygamy was not practised by the common people; and idleness, the great vice of savage life, was the principal barrier to good living, coupled with the habits of drunkenness which the ease of making liquor had engendered. Their habits were wandering and unsettled; they would hunt during part of the year, and then settle down for a few months to the cultivation of manioc, from whose roots they made a bread called casava. The introduction of more civilized living was the first great object of the fathers, and when once a few converts were made, the progress of civilization was rapid. The neophytes became missionaries at once. The advantages of a more settled way of living seem to have been appreciated with wonderful readiness, and each 'Reduction,' as the settlements were called, became speedily the mother of more. A party would set forth into the wilds, headed by a Jesuit father, and containing within itself all the materials for founding a new settlement. The native Christians scoured the woods, and by their

descriptions of the advantages of Christianity, brought in candidates for a civilized life almost faster than the Jesuits could instruct them. A great cross marked the home of the colony, a rude building was erected for a chapel; and, with a *naïveté* which excites some surprise, we are told how the mysteries of the mass were celebrated with every attraction, before the eyes of crowds of pagan natives. No scruples about *disciplina arcani* seem to have troubled the Jesuit Fathers. The attention of the natives was to be won, and this was the readiest way of winning it. But the real power of each nascent mission lay in the wonderful discipline of the converts. Before the eyes of wandering savages there was displayed the attractive spectacle of a body of their own countrymen and women living lives of peaceful industry under the guidance of their fathers in Christ. The peace and, most attractive of all, the plenty of the Christian Reduction was presented to the wondering eyes of men living a life of nomad squalor with continual danger of scarcity. No wonder that such orderly wisdom achieved great successes for the Gospel. Hearts were opened for supernatural impressions by seeing the social fruits of Christianity, the best of living epistles to the untaught. Then the discipline of regulated labour was brought to bear on the inquirers. Abandonment of wandering habits was a *sine quâ non* for the proselyte. There was a long course of discipline and training in the settled life of a Reduction before he could be admitted to baptism. Then came seven years of further training before he could be admitted to communion. Under this, of course, many broke down, on the admission of the Jesuits themselves. But the social discipline of the Reductions was at once so gentle and so complete, that the difficulties of a nascent Christianity were reduced to the lowest *minimum*. Early marriages were the rule, and these proved a wonderful protection. The minutest affairs of the colonies were regulated by a paternal supervision. On Monday every person in the village was assigned a task of work to be shown up on Saturday night. Each family had its own patch of ground which produced enough for its own wants, and public lands were tilled in common, for the public weal and for the poll-tax. In the centre of the village stood the mission-house, and beside it there was a church which in time came to rival in its decorations the churches of European towns. So ably did the converts learn trades, that metal-work, carving, and even paintings, the work of native artists, were hardly to be distinguished, we are told, from those of European artificers. All met in the church twice a day, for mass and instruction in the morning, and for saying of the rosary at night, and we are told that the services as well as the churches, would stand comparison with those of Europe. The docility and the piety of the converts seem to have been beyond all praise. They were children indeed in malice, and the real difficulty would have been to make them anything but children in understanding. *Would have been* we say advisedly, for the Jesuits do not

seem to have attempted it. In writing of times a century, and a century and a half, after the missions were first established, the historian, himself a Jesuit, still speaks of the native Christians as *neophytes*. We cannot tell what difficulties there might have been in making them anything else, but the writings of their spiritual fathers show no sign that they desired or attempted it. They speak with a ludicrous simplicity of the clever imitative power which the Guarani converts displayed, and how they would copy Greek or Latin manuscripts as well as the best calligraphers in Spain, without understanding a word of them. But it never seems to have occurred to any one that they might be taught a European language of a more cultured type than their own. A Capucin who travelled through the country, and described the reception he met, tells how a young man read aloud in the Refectory, from Latin and Spanish books 'as accurately as though he had understood them.' Can we say that Bishop Patteson was wrong when he described this as a system of fagging?

And yet there is something to be said on the other side. The fathers tell quaint stories of the incorrigible childishness of their converts. When trusted with corn to sow their land, they would meet and make a feast with it instead. When the ploughing for the day was done, they were too lazy to unyoke the oxen and bring them home to be fed. One good man tells a pitiable tale of the voracity of his grown-up children. Such, he says, were their appetites and their digestions, that as soon as they had eaten one meal, they were ready to begin upon another. He sends them out with the oxen to plough, and they cut them up and ate them on the spot. And when he finds fault with them for it, they answer—'Well, but we were hungry.' It might well be that for subjects such as these, the only rule which should seem applicable might be a child-system of punishments and rewards. And yet among our own agricultural poor the clergy meet instances of childishness which seem almost comparable to these. The wine for the beloved sick child must be doled out to the mother in dribblets, lest a taste should be given to each neighbour who comes in to inquire for the invalid; the leeches will not be put on if the doctor does not see to it himself. Can we believe then that, after a century of teaching, the children of the Christian Guaranis might not, in the fourth generation, have been trained to some degree of Christian manhood incompatible with the title of '*neophytes*?' The development of an indigenous clergy does not seem to have been so much as attempted, and this is what makes it appear certain that the aim of the Jesuit Fathers was to keep their subjects as they were. Once for all, we believe their motive was pure. Their foul-mouthed and slanderous opponent, who writes with the air of a man to whom goodness and disinterestedness were inconceivable, fails to leave on the mind of the reader one doubt about the goodness of their rule. But whatever the motive may have been, Christianity is not a great nursery in which grown-up children are to live. Men and women

are not mere units to be told over and put into safe keeping till Christ shall come to claim them. The object of a discerning clergy must be to people heaven and earth with beings as perfectly developed as our fallen humanity will allow, and deliberately to keep people children, that they may be saved from the risks of maturity, is surely a method of procedure out of harmony with the principles of the Gospel. More than that, it is a method of procedure which in the long run will fail of its object. Human nature will be avenged in the end upon a system which would mutilate or stint it. Isolation cannot always be maintained, and the plant which has been too tenderly sheltered will be the first to wither in the cold.

The isolation of the Jesuit Reductions was broken down by a combination of causes. It could not be completely maintained against the attacks of surrounding marauders, and it was finally brought to an end by the misfortunes of the Order in Europe.

Even within the pale of the Christian state the colonies had their own troubles. Whole settlements when hard pressed by savage neighbours, or while suffering from the failure of their crops, would turn against the Fathers and expel them; though these were almost always won back by the long-suffering and the wisdom of the priests. There were the usual relapses and heresies from which all missions always suffer. Paraguay had many a Simon Magus who seduced the new converts away by lying sorceries and wonders. And it happened now and again that some community was finally broken up, or lapsed altogether from the faith. But this, throughout a century and a half, was a rare and exceptional case.

The great enemies of Paraguayan Christianity were the 'Mamelukes,' as they were called, of Brazil. On the borders of European civilization, when it exists among barbarian surroundings, there always springs up a mixed breed, the curse and the disgrace of the community. The offspring for the most part of sin, these develop the bad qualities of both races, and reproduce the virtues of neither. And so it turned out in Brazil. They were cruel and proud like their fathers, sensual and lazy like their mothers. Europeans would not treat them as equals, and the natives were despised by them in turn, and they developed into rapacious banditti without a strong government to restrain them. They built one fortified place, so strong that it never was reduced, and from this, and all along the Brazilian frontier they harassed the Christian state. The Jesuits had availed themselves of their charter, and drilled their converts into regular troops. They often held their own against the Mamelukes, and even on at least one occasion, against European troops. But the incursions of these ruthless marauders were a terrible hindrance to the Gospel. Again we are reminded of Patteson and the way he lost his life. The Mamelukes sent emissaries first in the disguise of Jesuit priests, and surprised whole villages into slavery when they had won their confidence in this way. When the genuine fathers

appeared, we can imagine the treatment they would receive. And even among the converted natives, a scare would sometimes be introduced; a village would break away from its rulers on learning how their countrymen had been enslaved by men who made the same advances by which they themselves had been won. Yet with all fluctuations and hindrances, whether they came from barbarism within, or from semi-civilization without, the Christian Republic held its own, as long as the Jesuits remained and were upheld by the Spanish Crown. And the power which the fathers exerted has not ceased to be felt at this day. They were expelled more than a century ago; yet we are told that among the Paraguayans of to-day three leading virtues are to be found—the sobriety, chastity and obedience which they learnt from their fathers in Christ.

The first blow to the Jesuit dominion had no connection with religious controversy. In 1750, by the 'Treaty of Limitations,' as it was called, seven Reductions east of the Crusully were ceded to the Portuguese crown. Brazil was the terror of the Paraguayans—it had sent them their Mameluke enemies—and even the persuasions of the priests could not induce them to become subjects of Portugal. Putting the fathers into honourable captivity, they marched out against the Portuguese troops who were sent to take over the new territory. The result was a foregone conclusion. The natives were ruinously defeated, and the country overrun and subdued. To the credit of the priests be it said, they were tried by the conquering general, and acquitted of all complicity in the resistance. And the Portuguese actually abandoned their conquest, and ceded back to the crown of Spain the territory they had acquired under the treaty. But the Reductions never regained the prosperity which they had enjoyed before the war. The prestige of the Jesuits was injured in the eyes of both Spaniards and Indians, and in 1777, when the decree for their expulsion arrived, their subjects were fewer by one-third than they had been before the Treaty of Limitations.

The final expulsion of the Jesuits was the result of one of the later campaigns of that relentless war against the Society which was waged all over the world in the latter part of the last century.

They had been expelled from Portuguese America some twenty years before, when the Order were charged with being accomplices in the attempt to assassinate Ferdinand VI. Of their expulsion from the Paraguayan Reductions, Southey, no lover of Roman Catholics and Jesuits, employs the following language:—

'Every motive which was pretended for their expulsion from the Spanish Indies was founded upon malicious misrepresentations or gross calumnies. By listening to such falsehoods, the Court of Madrid deprived itself of its most faithful and meritorious subjects in America, a body of men who were ready to live and die in its service, and whose interests were inseparably united with the preservation of the established Government.'

The motive of these misrepresentations it is not difficult to find. On

the borders of the Christian Republic there were hundreds of the unscrupulous Europeans whom it had been the object of the Fathers to exclude, men eager to take advantage of the openings which these flourishing settlements offered. The effect of contact with an inferior race upon unprincipled Europeans, has been a standing scandal and reproach ever since colonization began. Take a humane and high principled Englishman, and make it his business to be good to a weak race, pledge his honour to maintaining their interests, and make him part of a great civilizing government, and you will find in him that 'man's truth I was proud that God should see.' But it may be that the very same ruler, if he had been simply a settler in the country, with no traditions of government to guide him, and no interests which identified him with the natives, might have become as unscrupulous in his dealings, and as reckless of the rights of his inferiors, as any colonist that ever poisoned off blacks because they interfered with his cattle. And it was with men of the latter type that the Jesuit Fathers had to do. Spaniards of all men, but Portuguese, have been least scrupulous in their dealings with barbarians. And with lands lying ready reclaimed, and intelligent 'fags' ready made, it is no wonder if the men who kept them isolated were assailed by misrepresentations. The only specimen which the writer has come across has been sufficiently characterized already. But the calumniators had it their own way, and the decree of expulsion went forth. How far the nations of Europe were justified in ridding themselves of the Order of Jesus this is not the place to discuss. That they were expelled from the Paraguayan Reductions on absolutely unjustifiable grounds, it would seem to be impossible to doubt. Their rule had its weaknesses no doubt; of these some have been indicated above. Ecclesiastics are not always good rulers. We are told on the highest authority that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. But when these priests were sent packing from their Government, the worst that could be proved against them was that they treated their subjects like children. What degree of worldliness or ambition may have mingled with their higher qualities it concerns us little to judge. Being in a most irresponsible position, they had governed wisely and well. And at least for a century and a half they had kept a weak and childish people in a condition of peace and prosperity, and saved them from being enslaved or conquered by a more powerful race who were their neighbours.

This from a merely secular point of view. But, said the late Bishop of Brechin, with whom the writer once conversed upon the subject: 'It may be true that they treated them as fags, but all the time the fags were going to heaven.' There, on the spiritual side, was the strength, and, it must be added, the weakness of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. To send people to heaven is not all. And in the long run you send most to heaven by trying to develop, like S. Paul, 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A Painter's Day-dream, and the Vision that ensued.

BY REV. ALFRED GURNEY.

'HAND AND SOUL.'

'Such be thy sorrows, yet methinks for them
 Thine Art herself has help and requiem;
 Ah, when some painter, God-encompassed,
 Finds the pure passion, lives among the dead,
 When angel eyes regarding thee enthral
 Thy spirit in the light angelical,
 And heaven and hope and all thy memories seem
 Mixed with their being in a lovely dream,—
 What place for anger? what to thee is this
 That foe or friend judge justly or amiss?
 No man can help or harm thee; far away
 Their voices sound and like thin air are they;
 Thou with the primal Beauty art alone,
 And tears forgotten and a world thine own.'

—F. W. H. MYERS.

ALL genuine self-discovery on the part of human beings is interesting. When such self-discovery is a task honestly and earnestly proposed to himself by a man to whom belongs the distinction of genius, and whose life-work is from first to last creative, it cannot but possess an absorbing interest for those who look below the surface of life, and occupy themselves with the great undercurrents of thought and feeling, the vital springs and principles of human activity. It is more than interesting, it is solemnizing; it should be stimulating, whenever the veil is rent in twain from the top to the bottom, behind which a human life is lived; whenever the sanctuary of a human soul is thrown open, and its secret things made accessible. Such an interest attaches to the work which we propose briefly to consider.

'Hand and Soul' was the name of an article contributed by Dante Gabriel Rossetti to *The Germ*, the organ of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood, many years ago. It appeared subsequently in a somewhat altered form in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. Known probably to but a few, it has at the present time a special interest in connection with the two collections of his pictures, never in his lifetime exhibited, which have recently attracted so much attention, and been made the subject of so much criticism. For we have Mr. Sharp's authority for saying (gathered on more than one occasion from the painter's own lips) that 'Hand and Soul' amounts to nothing less than an 'artistic *confessio fidei*,' declaring in an indirect, but most

forcible and characteristic way, what the author conceived to be the true aim and aspiration of a life dedicated to Art. It may reasonably be expected, therefore, to throw considerable light on his pictures.

The whole framework of 'Hand and Soul' is an invention. We recognise a remarkable feat of the imagination by means of which the writer was enabled to discover himself with a freedom which would probably have been impossible, so sensitive and vulnerable was he by natural temperament, had any other method been adopted. In this way he was able, not only to show himself, but also, if we mistake not, to *meet* himself.

We have before us then, in the form of a narrative, an allegorical study, of some twenty-two pages only, which touches not a few of the most interesting problems of life, and strikes its root deep into theology and psychology. It is adorned, moreover, by many artistic touches which bespeak a hand steady enough to be gentle, and a mind earnest enough to be playful, and the whole is expressed with a felicity of diction, the charm of which it would be difficult to exaggerate or surpass. The attempt to interpret a work of genius is always a perilous enterprise; but, persuaded as we are that the circle of Rossetti's admirers is a rapidly increasing one, as evidenced by the amount of literature which is growing up in connection with his art, both pictures and poems, we are anxious, even at the risk of humiliating failure, to draw attention to this little known prose work, which, though so slight, clearly holds the key to many of the perplexities which have been suggested by his more ambitious efforts. Let it be remembered that we are presenting our readers with a bare outline of 'Hand and Soul,' in the hope that they will be persuaded to study it for themselves. We are concerned only with the *sense*, and that for the purpose already indicated—that this painter's pictures may be examined in the light of the principles to which he has thus publicly committed himself. So much by way of preface.

In 'Hand and Soul' Rossetti tells, as only a poet can tell it, the story of what professes to be a small picture by an almost unknown thirteenth century painter, Chiaro by name, in the Pitti Palace at Florence. The words '*Manus animam pinxit*' give the clue to its meaning. It is in truth a powerful statement of the author's own convictions as to the co-operation of hand and soul, if Art is to be worthily and successfully pursued. The picture represents 'merely the figure of a woman,' he says, 'exceedingly simple, she is standing, her hands are held together lightly, and her eyes set earnestly open. . . . As soon as I saw the figure it drew an awe upon me, like water in shadow. . . . The most absorbing wonder of it was its *literality*. You knew that figure, when painted, *had been seen*. Yet it was not a thing to be seen of men.'

Rossetti's own paint-brush has inspired some at least with a similar awe as they have gazed upon the predella of his picture of the Blessed Damozel. 'Water in shadow,'—yes, the water of life

overshadowed by 'the Living Mystic Tree;' that water flows from a smitten Rock; that tree is planted in the midst of the Paradise of God. To know that this is true of every tree, of all water, is indeed to be a child of the Resurrection!

In a few pages he tells the story of the painter—it is himself—to whom this vision was vouchsafed. He began to paint, impelled by 'an extreme longing after a visible embodiment of his thoughts, which strengthened as his years increased, more even than his sinews or the blood of his life, until he would feel faint in sunsets and at the sight of stately persons.' His peace of mind, however, was in a measure forfeited at the very outset of his career, through yielding to an unworthy inspiration—the desire for fame, and to surpass others who were, as painters, illustrious. He succeeded, but found no satisfaction. If it be true that Rossetti himself was at any time actuated by such a desire, it would seem to have been speedily and successfully mortified. 'He was a standing protest,' says the writer of a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, 'against the idols of the market—an influence that "made," as Arnold would say, "for" artistic "righteousness." In the minds of hundreds of young men, who never even saw him, there lurked a satisfaction that down at Chelsea a man was living, painting and writing, without caring a brass farthing what any one thought of his works.'

To return to our allegory. The successful painter, dissatisfied with himself, is led on to entertain nobler aspirations. 'Sometimes it had even seemed to him to behold that day when his mistress, his mystical Lady—even she, his own gracious Italian Art—should pass through the sun that never sets, into the shadow of the Tree of Life, and be seen of God and found good; and then it had seemed to him that he, with many others who since his coming had joined the band of which he was one, were permitted to gather round the blessed maiden, and to worship with her through all ages and ages of ages, saying, "Holy, holy, holy!" This thing he had seen with the eyes of his spirit; and in this thing had trusted, believing that it would surely come to pass.'

Still, however, dissatisfied with the selfishness of his aim, he resolves to paint for the edification of mankind, and to recommend 'moral greatness,' 'forgetting the beauty and passion of the world.' Vain endeavour! it is a life *more* impassioned, *more* enamoured of Beauty, that we need. To subordinate the lower to the higher is the true path of progress, and to love supremely the Best. No wonder that complete failure ensued. Our painter, discouraged, lost the admiration of the people, and his heart was as heavy as ever.

Then came a great Church festival, ending in tumult and violence, and his allegorical paintings in the porch of San Petronio, representing Peace, were besmeared with blood.

In all the churches of Pisa, Mass for the Dead was sung that night,—such was the solemn music that accompanied his vision. What

does it mean? Blood is the only remedy for blood; tears for tears. A world in which holy things are so profaned, where the sin of blood-guiltiness is so rife, and the sanctity of life so little respected, is not to be regenerated by Art. But every man shall have his part in the work of regeneration who will submit to the consecrating touch of the sacrificial knife, which in hands strong and tender is effectual to circumcise the heart. Laid on the altar, and dedicated to love-constrained, God-glorifying toil, every man, being himself enfranchised, shall further the emancipation of others, his heart being enlarged by the love-wound, and engrafted on

‘The great world-heart, whose blood for ever shed
Is human life, whose ache is man’s dumb pain.’

This, surely, is the meaning of the Requiem which from God’s altar—the place of sacrifice—is wafted to our painter’s ear. But the music becomes articulate when within the sanctuary of his own soul a voice is awakened,—a voice which seems to address him with the authority of an external monitor. And this is no mere fancy, for we are each of us dual, not single, and every soliloquy is in truth a colloquy.

But to return to our story.

Chiario, disconsolate, complained of the failure both of fame and of faith, when he became sensible of the spiritual presence of a fair woman, clad in soft green and grey, youthful yet venerable, tender yet austere (for so we interpret the colours)*, and knew her eyes the inspirer of his *first* thoughts, and her hair ‘the golden veil through which he beheld his dreams.’ ‘I am an image of thine own soul within thee; see me and know me as I am,’ she said; and then she discoursed of love as being one with faith, so ensuring faith from failure, and rebuked him for his repining. ‘Wouldst thou sift the warm breeze,’ she continues, ‘from the sun that quickens it? . . . Be not nice to seek out division, but possess thy love in sufficiency; assuredly this is faith, for *the heart* must believe first. What He hath set in thy heart to do, that do thou; and even though thou do it without thought of Him it shall be well done; it is the sacrifice that He asketh of thee, and His flame is upon it for a sign. Think not of Him, but of His love and thy love. *For with God there is no lust of godhead.*’

Here we have in words, bright and clear as crystals, a presentation

* ‘I deemed thy garments, O my hope, were grey,
So far I viewed thee. Now the space between
Is passed at length, and garmented in green,
E’en as in days of yore thou stand’st to-day.

Ah God! and but for lingering dull dismay,
On all that road our footsteps erst had been,
Even thus commingled, and our shadows seen
Blent on the hedgerows and the water-way.’

—Sonnet xlii. of ‘The House of Life.’

of truths which are, I believe, profoundly Christian, and upon which it is impossible at the present day to insist too earnestly. It has, moreover, to my ear at least, all the charm of a prophetic utterance, oracular but not obscure, and sealed and stamped with the image and superscription of a king. It comes to him, observe, from the lips of a woman, whom I take to be (for we are not limited surely to one meaning) the Divine Wisdom, a Virgin-Mother. And her voice is raised to proclaim a vital unity, wherein love and faith co-operate, to the knowledge and possession of which engraced man is brought; and to protest against 'division,' which no less than 'confusion,' is the curse of the Babel city. Faith is represented as being no mere intellectual apprehension, but *vital*, one with the love by which it is generated, and exercising the heart to which it brings satisfaction. Right *action* is the outcome of right *being*, the necessary, spontaneous, and unconscious outgrowth of a life rightly ordered—a *love-life*. We are reminded of St. Augustine's words: 'The man is as his love is,' and 'Love, and do what thou wilt.' 'Think not of Him, but of His love,' is surely a forcible way of uttering a warning against those subtle idolatries into which men inevitably fall when they take to enthroning their own spiritual intuitions, not content with the simplicity of the only adequate definition—'God is love.' And then come the remarkable words, 'With God there is no lust of Godhead,' or, as they were originally written in 'The Germ,' 'God is no morbid exactor.' It will be enough to refer in explanation, and vindication, if that he thought necessary, of this expression, to the Bishop of Durham's rendering of the sense of Philippians ii. 6, 7; 'Though He pre-existed in the form of God, yet He did not look upon equality with God as a prize which must not slip from His grasp, but He emptied Himself, divested Himself, taking upon Him the form of a slave.'

Then to Chiaro, abashed and silently weeping, while with her hair she made a covering for his shamefacedness, the lady resumed: 'How is it that thou, a man, wouldst say coldly to the mind what God hath said to the heart warmly?' and again, 'In all that thou doest, work from thine own heart simply; for His Heart is as thine, when thine is wise and humble; and He shall have understanding of thee. One drop of rain is as another, and the sun's prism in all, and shalt thou not be as he whose lives are the breath of One.' If I understand this rightly, it is a strong assertion of the *solidarity* of humankind, Catholic unity being truly represented as the creation and reflexion of His Divine unity, whose are all lives, and who into man's nostrils at the beginning, breathed 'the breath of lives,'* recapitulating all in him. And then the Incarnation is stated in words, the beauty of which is only equalled by their precision: 'Only by making thyself His equal can He learn to hold communion with thee, and at last own thee above Him. Not till thou lean over the water shalt thou see thine image therein: stand erect, and it shall slope from thy feet and be

* Genesis ii. 7.

lost. Know that there is but this means whereby thou mayest serve God with man—*Set thine hand and thy soul to serve man with God.*

Then, addressing him as the ‘servant of God,’ she bade him paint her as she was, weak, but with ‘eyes which seek out labour, and with a faith not learned, yet jealous of prayer,’ and he did so. ‘While he worked, his face,’ we read, ‘grew solemn with knowledge; and before the shadows had turned his work was done.’ Weary, but happy, and delivered from all perplexity, he fell asleep—was it like Adam’s, the sleep of ecstasy?—while

——‘ bright about him flamed and fell
The rapture of the day.’*

‘When she saw him lie back, the beautiful woman came to him, and sat at his head, gazing, and quieted his sleep with her voice.’ This was the sight that the setting sun gazed upon.

Such is the story, strange and lovely. Enough has been given, let us hope, to make the meaning clear. The Incarnation is insisted on—not in the language of the Schools, which in this connexion would be unsuitable, but in the homely speech that poets, being children, love—insisted on as God’s open secret, whereby He manifests Himself, in the light of which manifestation the secret of all successful work, of all honourable life is discovered. ‘Not till thou lean over the water shalt thou see thine image therein; stand erect, and it shall slope from thy feet and be lost.’ Thus has the Divine Compassion stooped to accomplish its saving purpose, and thus do the meek still inherit, not only the earth, but themselves, hand and soul, in peace—imitators and followers of One who said, ‘Learn of Me, for I am meek;’ who, as the Refiner of silver, leans over the molten metal as He stirs it, until He sees His Own Countenance perfectly reflected therein; and into whose tear-filled eyes, we too, down-stooping in humility, must fixedly gaze—for He has placed Himself at our feet—until, enamoured of their loveliness, we see ourselves mirrored therein, transfigured thereby, conformed thereto. Then shall we serve man with both hand and soul, and our service shall be sacrifice, and God shall be glorified thereby.

And now to sum up what seems to us to be the moral of the story:—‘Painters,’ he seems to say—and with the persuasiveness of an oracle that utters itself almost unconsciously in weighty words, measured and musical,—‘Painters, mix your colours, paint your pictures, as those who must work the works of One who sends you forth and empowers you to *serve*. Seek not to edify, much less to eclipse, your fellows, but see to it that patient love has in you and through you her perfect work,—that He, from whom your inspiration comes, finds in you the means of expression—the channel of blessing—that He looks for, and has a right to expect. Be what His informing, out-

* F. W. H. Myers.

working, Love-Spirit makes you ; paint only what you *see*, but covet the vision that discovers itself only to eyes anointed. Be simple, be sincere, be in earnest ; remember it matters comparatively little what you feel or what you make, much what you *are* ; recognize in Love the Master, and let His Purpose fulfil itself in you.*

‘ By thine own tears thy song must tears beget,
O singer ! magic mirror thou hast none
Except thy manifest want ; and save thine own
Anguish or ardour, else no amulet.

Cisterned in Pride, verse is the feathery jet
Of soulless air-flung fountains ; nay, more dry
Than the Dead Sea for throats that thirst and sigh,
That song o’er which no singer’s lids grew wet.”*

This, as well as we can read the parable, is its lovely meaning. Happy they whose *souls* are really painted in rainbow hues, fittingly adorned, robed in a priestly garment of many colours, through the gracious activities with which their *hands* are occupied. For in every child of man the hands should paint the soul ; and then every head and heart should by her spirit-voice from within be comforted. Is it not a new version of an oft-told tale with which the students of Rossetti at least cannot but be familiar ? Is it not one more vision of the Blessed Damozel ? Is it not one more epiphany of that spiritual authority exercised by holy womanhood, when sceptred with ‘ the stainless sceptre,’ and crowned with ‘ the myrtle crown ’ ?

For in every man the soul is the woman ; and from every man she must be taken, as of old Eve from Adam, for love-struck recognition and worshipful embrace. So only can they twain be one New Man, which is Christ. St. Clement, Bishop of Rome, relates that Christ, being asked when His Kingdom should come, gave this answer— ‘ When two things shall become one, and that which is outward be as that which is inward—the male with the female, neither man nor woman.’ Neither, that is, to the exclusion of the other, since the perfect man is both.† Then shall the promise be fulfilled, ‘ The works that I do shall ye do also,’ and ‘ out of Sion,’ the True Palace of Art, shall the workers of such works appear at length in perfect beauty !

Two objections are likely to be urged—and not, it must be admitted, without much show of reason—against our endeavour to connect a lofty aim and a genuine spiritual force with Rossetti’s creations. It will be said by some that he is numbered with those who justify the despair, rather than with those who feed the hopes, of humanity. Others will feel that he is too much identified with the schools of licence to be trusted as a teacher and inspirer, whatever artistic merit his work may possess. We feel the force of both objections. The true artist should inspire hope, should inculcate purity. But at least, it may be said that, compared with many of his contemporaries,

* Sonnet lxi. ‘ The Song-Throe.’

† Genesis i. 27 ; Galatians iii. 28.

Rossetti has the advantage. Though it cannot be denied that something very like a note of despair recurs not unfrequently in the Poems, and may perhaps be suggested by some of the Pictures; yet, if we look closely, we shall find the antidote at hand. In the poem entitled 'Cloud confines,' for example, we have indeed the outcry of a horror-stricken and tortured soul, finding the day as black as the night, and 'the heart of love' acquainted with a bitterness like that of hate, yet the refrain with which each stanza concludes, speaks with faith's assurance of immortality, and a coming day when we shall know as we are known.* And in like manner, after all the anguish of bereavement and desolation, which finds expression in the four sonnets entitled 'Willowwood,' the concluding line brings consolation, foreshowing the reunion of espoused souls, when they find themselves together, crowned at length with the aureole of unforsaking and compassionate love. So from 'the Heart of the Night,' goes forth the first low whisper that heralds the dawn, and the soul, o'erwhelmed in the darkness of a great catastrophe, is constrained to pray the prayer of faith:—

' O Lord of work and peace! O Lord of life!
 O Lord, the awful Lord of will! though late,
 Even yet renew this soul with duteous breath:
 That when the peace is garnered in from strife,
 The work retrieved, the will regenerate,
 This soul may see Thy Face, O Lord of death! '†

With regard to the second charge, there is, we are persuaded, much misconception, but it is a subject upon which it is hardly necessary to enter after the earnest testimony and discerning criticism of such writers as Ruskin, Frederick Myers, and Theodore Watts. We should be the first to concede that the doctrine of the sincerity of Art, so warmly espoused by Rossetti, is a doctrine very liable to abuse. The true artist must know when to practise reserve; he more than other men must be exercised in self-restraint; he must know by an unerring instinct when to *draw*, no less than when to *lift*, the veil; for the Palace of Art, if it is to be indeed a Tabernacle and Presence-chamber, may not dispense with veils any more than with blood-sprinkling. Uncomely things there unquestionably are, which even

* We quote the closing lines:—

' The sky leans dumb on the sea,
 Awearied with all its wings;
 And oh! the song the sea sings
 Is dark everlastingly.
 Our past is clean forgot,
 Our present is and is not,
 Our future's a sealed seed plot,
 And what betwixt them are we?

We, who say as we go,—
 "Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day." '

† Sonnet lxi. of 'The House of Life,'—'The Heart of the Night.'

art cannot transfigure,—to handle which effectually another hand is needed, holding not the brush, but the rod and the hyssop. The true artist must ever cherish a sacerdotal intention. But who has taught us this lesson more earnestly than Rossetti himself?

Let us conclude this paper with his own beautiful words—the lines on ‘S. Luke the Painter’—the most religious, and certainly not the least lovely, of his sonnets:—

‘Give honour unto Luke Evangelist;
 For he it was (the aged legends say)
 Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray.
 Scarcely at once she dared to rend the mist
 Of devious symbols; but soon having wist
 How sky-breadth and field-silence and this day
 Are symbols also in some deeper way,
 She looked through these to God, and was God’s priest.
 And if, past noon, her toil began to irk,
 And she sought talismans, and turned in vain
 To soulless self-reflections of man’s skill,—
 Yet now, in this the twilight, she might still
 Kneel in the latter grass to pray again,
 Ere the night cometh and she may not work.’*

* Sonnet lxxiv. of ‘The House of Life.’

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

Of the translations of the verses: Apathy did not exert herself to 'look out' *plafond*; Nelly's rhymes are awkward; M. T., Mignonette, Metellile's, 2, Selborne Terrace, Spinning Jenny, Bothberry, Nemo, and Vögelein are correct, but wanting in rhythm and metre. Grasshopper is very good in sense and sound; Bog Oak's droll variations must be given.

Only three have answered the Tower and Bastille, A Bee, Cobweb, and Primrose; but they do not seem to have thought out the *reason* why the Bastille was the first object of popular fury, while the Tower was regarded with national pride. Will the Spiders try again, and also answer—

What is meant by a person of high principle?

TRANSLATION.

TELL me if sweeter hours have ever flown
Than those when lingering by a taper lone
At some dear side, half on the elbow leant,
The head drooped slightly and the eyes oft bent
On the white ceiling, in hushed tones we tell
Of all that moves us, all who love us well,
At random, as our wayward fancies flow,
And wake again the days of long ago.
So hoary-headed men of three-score years
May grieve a little o'er their childhood's tears,
Look with sad scorn on passion's foolish past
And from its evil cleanse their hands at last.

GRASSHOPPER.

Spoken in the character of Aunt Judy's two old Gaffers, when they went home that night. Chorus of pussies interpolated.

N.B.—Though early summer there was a fire on the hearth.

First Gaffer.

'Settin' here alongside o' this single candle's light,
D'ye know anything that's jollier for a summer's night?'

Chorus of pussies:—*Lying here
Before this fire
Is a warmer
Joy and higher.*

Second Gaffer.

'Side by side, with elbows on the table meekly stealing,
The head a little bent and the eyes upon the ceiling.'

Chorus of pussies :—*Better still
Pursue one's tail,
With an eye
On the milk-pail.*

First Gaffer.

'Chatting on the quiet-like of what moves the head or heart ;
Tell the tale of our young days, just as whim and humour
start.'

Chorus of pussies :—*Better mew,
If you could,
Than prate of what
Can do no good.*

Second Gaffer.

'Sixty years come Martinmas, two bald old standards we,
What fools we were in those young days whose errors plain
we see.'

Chorus of pussies :—*Better look forward
Than back to deplore.
We killed a bird once,
We won't do so no more.*

Both Gaffers.

'Speak for yourself—you may have been the biggest-born may-
hap ;
I wash my hands of that old time,—you *was* a fool, old chap !'

Chorus of pussies :—*Better by far
Wash your face
As we pussies do
With an air and a grace.*

Bog-Oak.

TRANSLATION.

CAN any one a greater pleasure name,
Than, by the light of a mere taper's flame,
Thus, sitting side by side,—with elbow pressed
Upon the board, bent head, and eyes that rest
Upon the ceiling ; whispering words that bring
With them the thought of many a stirring thing ;
Words, that, without much order or connection,
Serve to call bygone years to recollection ;
Just as two aged men, with hair all grey,
Might mourn the errors of their springtide gay ;—
On our mad passions plenteous scorn to cast,
And wash our hands of all the hateful past ?

VERTUMNUS I.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Galen.—‘There followed a mist,’ &c., is part of a poem in George Macdonald’s *Phantastes*.

Anon.—‘I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,’ is from *Duty*, by Ellen Sturgis Hooper, an American, born 1812, died 1846.

Head Mistress can well recommend to *Mentor*, *Daily Services for the Use of Public Schools*, compiled by the Rev. W. Percy Robinson, which, though intended for boys, she has found equally good (with slight alterations) for girls. She has also used *Rules for Daily Life*, suitable for school girls, which she will gladly copy if *Mentor* will send her address. Girls’ Grammar School, Ilminster, Somerset.

Can any one tell me what a *praise* stone is? One is mentioned in the *History of Lambeth Palace*, as being in the rim of the golden alms-basin given by the American Bishops to the English Church on July 2nd, 1872. The following is a quotation from the above-named book—“They are all (with one exception) American stones, the one exception being a species of *praise* stone from New Zealand, which was found in a lapidary’s shop in Philadelphia.”—M. S. R.

Rev. W. G. Sawyer, *St. Luke’s Vicarage, Maidenhead*, would be greatly obliged to any reader of the *Monthly Packet*, who would send him a copy of rules under which a parish nurse is employed among the sick poor.

Wanted the author of—

‘The little more and how much it is,
The little less, and what worlds away.’

Miss M. M.

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* give me particulars of any Stocking Knitting Competition, with money prizes, to be held during 1885? Address,

Miss E. M. W. Watson,
14 Park Road South,
Birkenhead.

Teragram.—I think the first syllable of *Faukham* probably comes from A. S. *fealg* or *fealh*, fallow. (Pronounce as in German, with the final *h* like *ch* in that language.) *Wrotham* seems connected with *wrót*, a snout. The first syllables of both words may, however, have been names of ancient landowners.—S. S. G.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Sextus.—Daisy Chain Cot, 2s. 6d.

A LIBERIAN HIGH SCHOOL.

Our geographical students may be aware that Liberia, in Africa, has for more than half a century been a Black Republic, the home of liberated negroes from the United States.

Miss Margaretta Scott, an American lady, has been for some time past working on the education of the young girls of the upper classes of this new country. The superior men are often well educated in America, but nothing had been done for their daughters until Miss Scott's attempt was made. She has been lately in England for her health, and we give a statement in her own words of her works and wants:—

It is twenty years since I went first to Liberia, but the last few years have been given to getting into shape a school for the daughters of the better class. A work of no little importance.

In 1880, after a short tour in America to collect funds for building, I returned to Liberia, and, accompanied by four Liberian friends, set out in a hammock to select the site—following the foot-paths which traverse the forest, and lead from one native town to another. After visiting several spots which had been suggested, we came upon a creek (rivulet), dancing merrily over the rocks, and shaded on either side by the tall trees of the forest. I called to my companions, and said that I had found the place for my house—it must be at the mouth of that creek, we must follow the water till we reached it. Some one raised the objection that it was impossible for a lady to get there, as there was no path; nothing but tree beyond tree, and interminable stretch of forest! However, I adhered resolutely to my determination that at the mouth of that creek the house should be, and we therefore repaired for the night to the nearest native town, intending to set out next day on our explorations. This native 'town' consisted of half-a-dozen mud huts with thatched roofs—one of which was given up to my use and that of the two Liberian women who were with me. It was so small that we could not lie down until the door was shut, and in this commodious residence we were detained for two nights and a day by heavy rain. When a return of fine weather set us at liberty, we started again for the mouth of the creek, taking with us a man from the village to clear a way through the trees. There is not much undergrowth in a primitive forest; in an hour we reached our goal. The water we had been following here flowed over a rocky bed to empty itself into a wider stream. Rocks, water, and a forest-covered hill, which rose above the place where the junction was effected—all gave a charm to the spot—and we unanimously agreed that *here* the house must be. Having climbed the slope and cleared away the undergrowth over the strip of ground that was our proposed site, we proceeded to say a short office of consecration. First, the whole party sang a hymn, which was followed by the cxxvii. Psalm—'Except the Lord build the house': then the creed and a few collects—that so our 'Beulah' might be no more 'termed forsaken,' nor the land 'desolate,' although *we* should not see it again for a time. Having thus selected a site, my efforts were next directed towards enlisting the interest of friends on behalf of the undertaking. With this object, I set out, in the autumn of 1880, for America, where I spent some months, returning to Liberia laden with spoil in the shape of fittings, furniture, &c.

In September, 1881, we anchored off Bassu. The barque lay some distance out, and as the boats could only make three or four trips a day, it was nearly a month before the freight was landed. There were tools, planks for floors, doors, sashes, cement, &c., besides boxes

filled by loving hands with the necessaries of civilized life. The principal merchants gave boats and men, also storage. We were hospitably entertained by Dr. J. S. Smith. My *rush* of work began at once, as everything required opening and looking after, lest it should have sustained injury from salt water. When all was quite secure, we went to live in part of a small house, lent by Mr. C. Crusoe, in Hartford, ten miles up the St. John's river, and about three miles from the site of All Saint's Hall. In the meantime, a man had been sent to clear sufficient ground and get materials ready, to erect a rough temporary house—the money for which was given by Liberians. Mr. C. Crusoe gave three men for three months, and besides a great deal of other work, quite a good-sized field of rice and cassavas was planted before the house was finished. Rice is harvested while cassavas are still small, as they take nine months to mature; therefore the two are always planted together. I managed to make room for three girls while at Hartford.

In November my dear father died suddenly of heart disease. I can scarce write of it even now. He was so glad to see Africa, and enjoyed the tropical foliage and flora intensely. He was felt to be a great loss, because of his intelligent interest in humanity, geology, and botany. He had already made himself felt, and is often spoken of with reverential love.

The house was not ready until March 18th, 1882. A rough place indeed! It was like living in the far west forty years ago. I took with me three girls (only one of the first three). There were stumps to the very door, nor could we walk in any direction without climbing over logs. They were no trifles: a log 100 feet long, lay within five yards of the front door. The stone for building is obtained by making large fires on a bed of rock, which crack it; the blocks being afterwards worked out with crowbars. The quarrying was commenced in the first week of March, within a few yards of the foundation. Many of the logs were burnt in the work; the others were used for terracing the slope of 200 yards between the house and the creek. By pressing a little, I succeeded in getting three other pieces (one quite a field) of rice that year.

The stumps were burned or worked out by some small native boys, a man helping occasionally with the worst ones. As a stump disappeared, its place was filled with a fruit tree, a rose bush, a flowering shrub, or sometimes an eddoe bulb. As one hill of eddoes can be made to yield half-a-bushel, I was quite proud when I had replaced eight stumps with this very nutritious vegetable. As soon as there was sufficient room to make arrangement possible, the boys and I began to lay out permanent wide walks, and the girls helped to plant flowers and small vegetables. 'Verily that solitary place rejoices and blossoms, and has a right to its name, Beulah' (Isa. 62, 4). It was many months before all things were passed up the river, and each load had to be unpacked and looked after. As I have only a canoe, the merchants cheerfully lent their boats. The usual price for a boat being \$5 per day, they have saved me in this and other ways hundreds of dollars. Only one firm (German) charged for the use of boats \$50. The girls have earned over £300 for the building fund, by making men's clothing, and have worked with cheerful interest. This means plenty of cutting out and overseeing, but it has done a double good by increasing their self-respect. Other girls came as

soon as I could accommodate them, and they had to be taught and trained, while more land was cleared and planted, stones quarried, and timber sawn. One head and heart, one pair of hands and feet, to look after and care for all. Surely it could only have been done in Him whose strength is all-sufficient! For the first six months I could get no regular native hands, and had sometimes only one or two on the place besides the rock getters; but in October I secured fifty men and boys from the interior, eighty miles from Cape Palmas. They were about as wild and heathenish a set as could be brought together, their knowledge of civilization consisting in an introduction to the debasing influences of the trading posts on the south coast. A merchant of Lower Buchanan, a Jew from Morocco, decoyed these hands away when they had scarcely been with me a month, and on my sending to claim them, he went to law. He could but lose the case, and he and the poor natives had all the expenses to meet. My part was managed by Dr. Smith, while I stayed quietly at home. They returned to me, bony and forlorn, some ill, from the quantity of bad gin that had been given them. Though it interrupted my work for some weeks, still the affair resulted in good; for there were fine, capable fellows among them, and they were now better able to appreciate kind treatment. I have never known natives accomplish so much—going about their work cheerfully and without grumbling—though it was often very heavy. Richard Watkins, a grey-headed Cape Palmas man, who understands the language of the native hands, is my overseer, and has been most faithful and untiring—always on the alert night and day, for the interests of the place. I do not know when he eats or sleeps. Unless there is a moon, it is not well to attempt crossing the rapids at Hartford by night. So if detained at the beach until night overtakes him on the river, he secures the canoe and sleeps in it, and will reappear at Beulah by six in the morning, superintending the work as usual. When at home he walks about at all hours of the night. By April, 1883, I had opened a good road, from thirty to forty feet wide, communicating with the river two-and-a-half miles off, with two creeks well bridged, a third bridge being completed a few months later. This was something for Africa! So much for my engineering. As to farming, I had last year the largest crop of rice in that region, and have also harvested two crops of cassavas, three of eddoes, four of sweet potatoes, and four of corn, having similar crops in the ground now in larger quantities. We grind our own corn, meal, and hominy in a hand-mill. Every fruit tree cultivated in the country is planted at Beulah—in some instances many of a kind.

During the last year I had an abundance of plantains, bananas, African cherries, and gramadillas, besides a few guavas, and by the next season other trees will be old enough to bear. I am also experimenting on the acclimatization of various trees of foreign growth. Besides this, I have the beginning of a coffee plantation, and am trying to cultivate black pepper, which grows wild all through the forests of Beulah, and can, I believe, be made of importance to Liberia, also the rubber tree, of which I have two beautiful specimens in the grounds. My farming, except very occasionally, is done by small boys, and by the use of odds and ends of time, &c., for instance, if a man is in any way incapacitated for carrying heavy loads, he is put to farm work until he is equal to taking his place again with the others. The

more I see of the 200 acres given by the Liberian Government, the more they commend themselves to me. Beulah is proving to be a very healthy locality, high above the sea, no swamp, no malaria, and an entire absence of the lassitude sometimes experienced on the sea-board. We have deliciously cool water from a creek a few yards from the house. The girls get so fat and strong a little while after coming, and the men the same. You could not find a healthier looking set anywhere in the world. As a building spot it is unequalled, having stone, sand, water and brick clay. We have already made 20,000 bricks within 200 yards of the foundation, and the timbers are sawn at a distance of one mile at farthest, most of them much nearer. The school work has gone on as uninterruptedly as possible, though I have at times been obliged to take classes out of doors when matters required my presence. The days are arranged pretty much as follows:—Rise at 5. Ready for duties 5.30. One cooks breakfast, another prepares for dinner, while the rest do the morning work, which must be finished by breakfast time, 6.30. Next comes prayers, and after that dishwashing and putting the kitchen to rights. At 8.30 lessons and sewing until 12, when they 'repair' (as one of the little girls calls it) for dinner—cooked by the older girls in turn. After dinner, washing up, &c. All in their places for lessons by 1.30. At 4 we all go into the garden. This is the most delightful part of the day, and as all take great pleasure in making the garden attractive, we have almost a wilderness of flowers. Tea at 5.45. Prayers at 7, after which the younger ones are sent to bed, and the older members lessons and needlework until 9. The girls are supported by their parents. The training must be that of a home as well as of a school. They will be the women of influence and position in Liberia, and will, we trust, be used of God to elevate the moral and social tone of the country.

Those who are interested, can feel sure that no money has been wasted. All that has been spent is *there* in kind. The story *cannot* be told in full. There has been such a multitude of things to look after, and, at the same time, I have endeavoured so to plan as to make what is being accomplished tell for the future to save the expense of a second doing.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Will you not join me in the prayer that God may bless the work, and that hearts may be moved to give, that the school may soon be in working order?

MARGARETTA SCOTT.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I HAVE very few contributions this month and little to remark upon them. I take this opportunity to press upon the members greater regularity in forwarding the packets. I have received many complaints on this subject, and some members have resigned in consequence. There are now vacancies for a few new members.

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON VICARAGE, BRISTOL.

The Monthly Packet.

MARCH, 1885.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

MISS MOHUN went to the Casement Cottages with Gillian to see what the elder Miss Hacket might wish, and whether they could be of use to her; the young people being left to exercise themselves within call in case the Tree was to be continued.

This proved to be an act of great kindness, for poor Mary Hacket was suffering all the distress of an upright and honourable woman at her sister's abuse of confidence; and had felt as if Colonel Mohun's summons to his nieces was the close of all intimacy with such an unworthy household. Moreover, the evening's entertainment could not be given up, and Gillian was despatched to summon the eager assistants; while Aunt Jane repeated her assurances that Lady Merrifield perfectly understood Miss Hacket's sheer ignorance of the doings in Constance's room; listening patiently even when the tender-hearted woman began to excuse her sister for having accepted Dolores's lamentations at being cut off from her so-called uncle. 'Dear Connie is so romantic, and so easily touched,' she said, 'though, of course, it was very wrong of her to suppose that Lady Merrifield could do anything harsh or unkind. She is in great grief now, poor darling, she feels so bitterly that her friend led her into it by deceiving her about the relationship and character.'

This, Aunt Jane did not think the worst part of the affair, and she said that the girl had been brought up to call the man Uncle Alfred, and very possibly did not understand that he was only so by courtesy, nor that he was so utterly untrustworthy.

'I thought so,' said Mary Hacket. 'I told Connie that such a child could not possibly have been a willing party to his fraud—for fraud,

I fear, it was—Miss Mohun. Do you think there is any hope of her recovering the sum she advanced.'

'I am afraid there is not, even if the wretched man is apprehended.'

'Ah! if she had only told me what she wanted it for!'

'I hope it was all her own.'

'Oh! Miss Mohun, no doubt you know that two sisters living together must accommodate one another a little, and Connie's dress expenses, at her age, are necessarily more than mine. But here come the dear children, and we ought to dismiss all painful subjects, though I declare I am so nervous I hardly know what I am about.'

However, by Miss Mohun's help, the good lady rose to the occasion, and when once busy, the trouble was thrown off, so that no guests would have detected how unhappy she had been in the forenoon. Constance soon came down, and confided to Gillian a parcel directed to Miss D. Mohun, containing all the notes written to her, and all the books lent to her, by the false friend whom she had cast off, after which she threw herself into the interests of the present.

The London ornaments, and the residue of the gifts and bonbons, made the Christmas Tree a most memorable one to the G. F. S. mind.

As to Fly, she fraternised to a great extent with a very small maid, in a very long, brown dress, and very thick boots, who did not taste a single bonbon, and being asked whether she understood that they were good to eat, replied that she was keeping them for 'our Bertie and Minnie;' and, on encouragement, launched into such a description of her charges—the blacksmith's small children—that Lady Phyllis went back, not without regrets that she could not be a little nurse who had done with school at twelve years old, and spent her days at the back of a perambulator.

'Oh! Daddy,' she said, 'I do wish you had come down; it was such lovely fun—the best tree I ever saw. Why wouldn't you come?'

'If thirty odd years should pass over that little head of yours, my Lady Fly, and you should then meet with Mysie and Val, maybe you will then learn the reason why.'

'We will recollect that in thirty years' time.'

'When our children go to a Christmas Tree.'

'And we sit over the fire instead.'

'Oh! but should we ever not care for a dear delightful Christmas Tree?'

'If we had each other instead.'

'Then we would all go still together!'

'And tell our little boys and girls all about this one, and the Butterfly's Ball!'

'Perhaps our husbands would want us, and not let us go.'

'Oh! I don't want a husband. He'd be in the way. We'd send him off to India or somewhere, like Aunt Lily's.'

'Don't, Fly; it is not at all nice to have papa away.'

'Oh! yes, it would be ten hundred times better if he was at home.'

Such were the mingled sentiments of the triad, as they went upstairs to bed, linked together in their curious fashion.

Some time later, a bed-room discussion of affairs was held by Lady Merrifield and Miss Mohun, who had not had a moment alone together all day, to converse upon the two versions of the disaster which the latter had extracted from Dolores and Constance, and which fairly agreed, though Constance had been by far the most voluble, and somewhat ungenerously violent against her former friend, at least so Lady Merrifield remarked.

'You should take into account the authoress's disappointed vanity.'

'Yes, poor thing! How he must have flattered her!'

'Besides, there is the loss of the money, which, I fear, falls as seriously on good Miss Hacket as on the goose herself.'

'Does it, indeed? That must not be. How much is it?'

'Fifteen pounds; and that foolish Constance fancies that poor Dolores assisted in duping her. I really had to defend the girl; though I am just as angry myself when I watch her adamant sullenness.'

'I am the person to be angry with, for having allowed the intimacy, in spite of your warnings, Jenny.'

'You were too innocent to know what girls are made of. Oh! yes, you are very welcome to have six of your own, but you might have six dozen without knowing what a girl brought up at a second-rate boarding-school is capable of, or what it is to have had no development of conscience. What shall you do; send her to school?'

'After that recommendation of yours?'

'I didn't propose a second-rate boarding-school, ma'am. There's a High School starting after the holidays at Rockstone. Let me have her, and send her there.'

'Ada would not like it.'

'Never mind Ada, I'll settle her. I would keep Dolly well up to her lessons, and prevent these friendships.'

'I suppose you would manage her better than I have been able to do,' said Lady Merrifield, reluctantly. 'Yet I should like to try again; I don't want to let her go. Is it the old story of duty and love, Jane? Have I failed again through negligence and ignorance, and deceived myself by calling weakness and blindness love?'

'You don't fail with your own, Lily. Rotherwood runs about admiring them, and saying he never saw a better union of freedom and obedience. It was really a treat to see Gillian's ways to-night; she had so much consideration, and managed her sisters so well.'

'Ah! but there's their father! I do so dread spoiling them for him before he comes home; but then he is a present influence with us all the time.'

'They would all clap their hands if I carried Dolly off.'

'Yes, and that is one reason I don't want to give her up; it seems so sad to send Maurice's child away leaving such an impression. One

thing I am thankful for, that it will be all over before Grandmamma and Bessie Merrifield come.'

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a small figure appeared in a scarlet robe, bare feet, and dishevelled hair.

'Mysie, dear child! What's the matter? who is ill?'

'Oh! please come, mamma, Dolly is choking and crying in such a dreadful way, and I can't stop her.'

'I give up, Lily. This is mother-work,' said Miss Mohun.

Hurrying upstairs, Lady Merrifield found very distressing sounds issuing from Dolores's room; sobs, not loud, but almost strangled into a perfect agony of choking down by the resolute instinct, for it was scarcely will.

'My dear, my dear, don't stop it!' she exclaimed, lifting up the girl in her arms. 'Let it out; cry freely; never mind. She will be better soon, Mysie dear. Only get me a glass of water, and find a fresh handkerchief. There, there, that's right!' as Dolores let herself lean on the kind breast, and conscious that the utmost effects of the disturbance had come, allowed her long drawn sobs to come freely, and moaned as they shook her whole frame, though without screaming. Her aunt propped her up on her own bosom, parted back her hair, kissed her, and saying she was getting better, sent Mysie back to her bed. The first words that were gasped out between the rending sobs were, 'Oh! is my—he—to be tried?'

'Most likely not, my dear. He has had full time to get away, and I hope it is so.'

'But wasn't he there? Haven't they got him? Weren't they asking me about him, and saying I must be tried for stealing father's cheque?'

'You were dreaming, my poor child. They have not taken him, and I am quite sure you will not be tried any way.'

'They said—Aunt Jane and Uncle Reginald and all, and that dreadful man that came——'

'Perhaps they said you might have to be examined, but only if he is apprehended, and I fully expect that he is out of reach, so that you need not frighten yourself about that, my dear.'

'Oh! don't go!' cried Dolores, as her aunt stirred.

'No, I'm not going. I was only reaching some water for you. Let me sponge your face.'

To this Dolores submitted gratefully, and then sighed as if under heavy oppression. 'And did he really do it?'

'I am afraid he must have done so.'

'I never thought it. Mother always helped him.'

'Yes, my dear, that made it very hard for you to know what was right to do, and this is a most terrible shock for you,' said her aunt, feeling unable to utter another reproach just then to one who had been so loaded with blame, and she was touched the more when Dolores moaned, 'Mother would have cared so much.'

She answered with a kiss, was glad to find her hand still held, and forgot that it was past eleven o'clock.

'Please, will it quite ruin father?' asked Dolores, who had not outgrown childish confusion about large sums of money.

'Not exactly, my dear. It was more than he had in the bank, and Uncle Regie thinks the bankers will undertake part of the loss if he will let them. It is more inconvenient than ruinous.'

'Ah!' There was a faintness and oppression in the sound which made Lady Merrifield think the girl ought not to be left, and before long, sickness came on, Nurse Halfpenny had to be called up, and it was one o'clock before there was a quiet, comfortable sleep, which satisfied the aunt and nurse that it was safe to repair to their own beds again.

The dreary, undefined self-reproach and vague alarms, intensified by the sullen, reserved temper, and culminating in such a shock, alienating the only persons she cared for, and filling her with terror for the future, could not but have a physical effect, and Dolores was found on the morrow with a bad headache, and altogether in a state to be kept in bed, with a fire in her room.

Gillian and Mysie were much impressed by the intelligence of their cousin's illness when they came to their mother's room on the way to breakfast, and Mysie turned to her sister, saying, 'There, Gill, you see she did care, though she didn't cry like us. Being ill is more than crying.'

'Well,' said Gillian, 'it is a good deal more than such things as you and Val cry for, Mysie.'

'It was a trial such as you don't understand, my dears,' said Lady Merrifield. 'I don't, of course, excuse much that she did, but she had been used to see her mother make every exertion to help the man.'

'That does make a difference,' said Gillian, 'but she shouldn't have taken her father's money. And wasn't it dreadful of Constance to smuggle her letters? I'm quite glad Constance gets part of the punishment.'

'Certainly, that might be just, Gillian, but unfortunately the loss falls infinitely more heavily upon Miss Hacket, who cannot afford the loss at all.'

'Oh, dear!' cried Mysie.

'I'm very sorry,' said Gillian.

'And, my dear girls, in all honour and honesty, we must make it up to her.'

'Can't we save it out of our allowance?' said Mysie.

'Sixpence a month from you, a shilling perhaps from Gill, how long would that take? No, my dear girls, I am going to put you to a heavy trial.'

'Oh! mamma! don't,' cried Gillian, seeing what she was driving at. 'Don't give up the Butterfly's Ball.'

'Oh! don't,' implored Mysie, tears starting in her eyes. 'We never saw a costume ball, and Fly wishes it so.'

'And I thought you had promised,' said Gillian.

'Cousin Rotherwood assumes that I did; but I did not really accept. I told him I could not tell, for you know your Grandmamma Merrifield talked of coming here, and I cannot put her off. And now I see that it must be given up.'

'It need only be calico!' sighed Gillian, sticking pins in and out of the pincushion.

'Fancy dresses even in calico are very expensive. Besides, I could not go to a place like Rotherwood without at least two new dresses, and it is not right to put papa to more expense.'

'Oh! mamma! couldn't you? You always do look nicer than anyone,' said Mysie.

'My dear, I am afraid nothing I have at present would be suitable for a general's wife at Lady Rotherwood's party, and we must think of what would be fitting both towards our hostess and papa. Don't you see?'

'Ah! your velvet dress!' sighed Gillian.

'My poor old faithful state apparel,' smiled Lady Merrifield. 'Poor Gill, you did not think again to have to mourn for it, but I don't know that even that could have been sufficiently revived, though it was my *cheval de bataille* for so many years.'

For Lady Merrifield's black velvet of many years' usefulness, had been put on for her *p.p.c.* party at Dublin, when Gillian, in abetting Jasper in roasting chestnuts over a paraffine lamp, had set herself and the table cloth on fire, and had been extinguished with such damages as singed hair, a scar on Jasper's hands, and the destruction of her mother's 'front breadth.' There had been such relief and thankfulness at its being no worse, that the 'state apparel' had not been much mourned, especially as the remains made a charming pelisse for Primrose; and in the retirement of Silverfold, it had not been missed till the present occasion.

'Do gowns cost so very much?' said Mysie.

'Indeed they do, my poor Mouse. The lamented cost more than twenty pounds. I had been thinking whether I could afford the requisite garments—not quite so costly—and thought I might get them for about sixteen, with contrivance; but you see I feel it my fault that I let Dolores go and lead Constance to get cheated, and I cannot take the money out of what papa gives for household expenses, and your education, so it must come out of my own personal allowance. Don't you see?'

'Ye—es—' said Gillian, apparently intent on getting a big black headed pin repeatedly into the same hole, while Mysie was trying with all her might not to cry.

'You are thinking it is very hard that you should suffer for Dolly's faults. Perhaps it is, but such things may often happen

to you, my dears. Christians bear them well for love's sake, you know.'

'And it is a little my fault,' said Gillian, thoughtfully; 'for it was I that let the chestnut fall into the lamp.'

'I—I don't think I should have minded so much,' said Mysie, almost crying; 'if we had done it our own selves—and Fly too—for some very poor woman in the snow.'

'I know that very well, Mysie, and this is a much harder trial, as you don't get the honour and glory of it; and besides, you will have to take care to say not a word of this reason to Fly or Valetta, or any one else.'

'Val will be awfully disappointed,' said Gillian.

'Poor Val! But I should not have taken her any way, so that matters the less. I should have taken Jasper, for that would have been more convenient than so many girls. In fact, I did not mean anybody to have heard of it, till I had made up my mind, so that there would have been no disappointment; but that naughty Cousin Rotherwood could not keep it to himself; and so, my poor maidens, you have to bear it with a good grace, and to be treated as my confidential friends.'

Mysie smiled and kissed her mother—Gillian cleared somewhat, but observing, 'I only wish it wasn't clothes;' tried to dismiss the subject as the gong began to sound, but Mysie caught her mother's dress, and said, 'Mayn't I tell Fly, for a great secret?'

'No, my dear, certainly not. Fly is a dear little girl, but we don't know how she can keep secrets, and it would never do to let the Rotherwoods know; papa and Uncle William would be exceedingly annoyed. And only think of Miss Hacket's feelings if it came round. It will be hard enough to get her to take it now.'

'Perhaps she won't,' flashed into the minds of both girls; but Mysie said, entreatingly, 'One moment more, mamma, please! What can I say to Fly that will be the truth?'

'Say that I find we cannot go, and that I had never promised,' said Lady Merrifield. 'I trust you, my dears.'

And as she opened the door to hurry down to prayers, the two sisters felt the words very precious and inspiring. Mysie lingered on the step, and bravely asked Gillian whether her eyes looked like crying—

'No, only a little twinkly,' answered the elder sister; 'they will be all right after prayers if you don't rub them.'

'No, I won't, said Mysie; 'I'll try to mean "Thy will be done." For I suppose it is His will, though it is mamma's.'

'I'm glad you thought of that, Mysie,' said Gillian; 'you see it is mamma's goodness.' And Gillian added to herself, 'dear little Mysie too. If it had not been for her, I believe I should have "grizzled" all prayer time, and now I hope I shall attend instead.'

When everybody rose up from their knees, Lady Merrifield was glad to see two fairly cheerful faces. She tried to lessen the respon-

sibility of the confidants, and to get the matter settled, by telling Lord Rotherwood at once and publicly that she had thought his kind invitation over, and that she found she must not accept it. Perhaps she warily took the moment after she had seen the postman coming up the drive, for he had only time to say, 'Now, that's too bad, Lily, you don't mean it,' and she to answer, 'Yes, in sad earnest, I do,' before the letters came in, and the attention of the elders was taken off by the distribution.

But Valetta whispered to Gillian, 'Not going; oh! why?'

'No; never mind, you wouldn't have gone, any way—hush—' said Gillian, beginning, perhaps, a little sharply, but then becoming dismayed as Valetta, perhaps a little unhinged by the late pleasures, burst forth into such a fit of crying as made everybody look up, and her mother tell her to go away if she could not behave better. Gillian, understanding a sign of the head as permission, led her away, hearing Lord Rotherwood observe,—

'There, you cruel party!' before again becoming absorbed in his letter.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Fly, turning to Mysie as they rose from table, 'I am so sorry! It would have been so nice; and I thought we were safe, as mamma had written herself!'

'Ah! but my mamma hadn't accepted,' said Mysie.

Phyllis seemed to take this as final, and sighed, but Mysie presently exclaimed, 'I say! can't we all play at Butterfly's Ball in the hall after lessons?'

'Lessons?' said Fly; 'but it's holiday-time?'

'Mamma always makes us do a sort of little lessons, even in the holidays, as she says we get naughty. But I suppose you need not; and perhaps she will not make us, now you are here.'

Colonel Mohun and Lord Rotherwood were going to Darminster to see what was the state of the investigation about Mr. Flinders. They set out directly after breakfast, and after the feeding of the pets, where Valetta joined them, much consoled by the prospect of the extemporaneous Butterfly's Ball at home, Lady Phyllis, with her usual ready adaptability, repaired with the others to the school room, where the Psalms and Lessons were read, and a small amount of French reading in turn from '*En Quarantaine*' followed, with accompaniment of needlework or drawing, after which the children were free.

Aunt Jane was going home to her Sunday School and the Rockstone festivities. She came down for her final talk with her sister just in time to perceive the folding up of three five-pound notes.

'Lily,' she said, with instant perception, 'I could beat myself for what I told you yesterday.'

Lady Merrifield laughed. 'The girls are very good about it!' she said. 'Now you have found it out, see whether that note will make Miss Hackett swallow it.'

'Can't be better! But oh! Lily, it is disgusting. Could not I rig up something fanciful for the children?'

'That's not so much the point. "The General's lady," as Mrs. Halfpenny would say, is bound not to look like "ane scrub," as she would be unwelcome to Victoria, and what would be William's feelings? I could hardly have accomplished it even with this, and the catastrophe settles the matter.'

'You could not get into my black satin?'

'No, I thank you, my dear little Brownie,' said Lady Merrifield, elongating herself like a girl measuring heights.

'Ada has a larger assortment, as well as a taller person,' continued Miss Jane, 'but then they are rather "kenspeckle," and they have all made their first appearance at Rotherwood.'

'No, no, thank you, my dear, Jasper would not like the notion—even if there was not more of me than of Ada. I have no doubt it is much better for us.'

'Should you have liked it, Lily?'

'For once in a way, for Rotherwood's sake, dear old fellow. Yes, I should.'

'Ah! well! You are a bit of a *grande dame* yourself. Ada enjoys it, too, or I don't think I ever should go there.'

'Surely Victoria behaves well to you?'

'Far be it from me to say she is not exemplary in her perfect civility to all her husband's relations. Ada thinks her charming; but, oh! Lily, you've never found out what it is to be a little person in a great person's house, and to feel oneself scrupulously made one of the family, because her husband is so much attached to all of them. There's nothing spontaneous about it! I daresay you would get on better, though. You are not a country-town old maid; you would have an air of the world, and of distinction, even if you went in your old grey poplin.'

'Well, I thought better of my lady.'

'You ought not! She makes great efforts, I am sure, and is a pattern of graciousness and cordiality—only that's just what riles one, when one knows one is just as well born, and all the rest of it. And then I'm provided with the clever men, and the philanthropical folk to talk to. I know it's a great compliment, and they are very nice, but I'd ten times rather take my chance among them. However, now I've made the grapes sour for you, what do you think about Dolores? Will you send her to us?'

'Not immediately, at any rate, dear Jane. It is very kind in you to wish to take her off our hands, but I *do* want to try her a little longer. I thought she seemed to be softening last night.'

'She was as hard as ever when I went in to wish her good-bye.'

'I thought she had too much headache for conversation when I went in last; I think this is a regular upset from unhappiness and reserve.'

'Alias temper and deceitfulness.'

'Something of both. You know the body often suffers when things are not thrown out in a wholesome explosion at once, but go simmering on; and I mean to let this poor child alone till she is well.'

'Ah! here comes the pony carriage. Well, Lily, send her to me if you repent.'

The sisters came out to find the Butterfly's Ball in full action. Fly had become a butterfly by the help of a battered pair of fairy wings, stretched on wire, which were part of the theatrical stock. 'The shy little Dormouse' was creeping about on all fours under a fur jacket, with a dilapidated boa for a long tail, but her 'blind brother the mole' had escaped from her, and had been transformed into the frog, by means of a spotted handkerchief over his back, and tremendous leap-frog jumps. Primrose, in another pair of fairy wings, was personating the dragon-fly and all his relations, 'green, orange, and blue.' Valetta, in perfect content with the present, with a queer pair of ears, and tail made of an old brush, sat up and nibbled as squirrel. The grasshopper was performing antics which made him not easily distinguishable from the frog, and the spider was actually descending by a rope from the balusters, while his mother, standing somewhat aghast, breathed a hope that 'poor harlequin's' fall was not part of the programme. But she did not interfere, having trust in the gymnastics that were studied at school by Jasper, who had been beguiled into the game by Fly's fascinations.

'A far more realistic performance than the Rotherwood Butterfly's Ball is likely to be,' said Aunt Jane, aside, as the various guests came up for her departing kiss. 'And much more entertaining, if they could only think so. Where's Gillian?'

Gillian appeared on the stairs in her own person at the moment. She said Mrs. Halfpenny had called her, and told her that 'Miss Dollars' was crying, and that she did not think the child ought to be left alone long to fret herself, but Saturday morning needmints called away nurse herself, so she had ordered in Miss Gillian as her substitute. Gillian was reading to her, and had only come away to make her farewells to Aunt Jane.

'That is right, my dear,' said her mother; 'I will come and sit with her after luncheon.'

For the whole youthful family were to turn out to superintend the replantation of the much enduring fir, which, it was hoped, might survive for many another Christmas.

However, Lady Merrifield could not keep her promise, for a whole party of visitors arrived just after the children's dinner was over.

'And it's old Mrs. Norgood,' sighed Gillian, looking over the balusters, 'and she always stays for ages!'

'One of you young ladies must bide with Miss Dollars,' said Nurse Halfpenny, decidedly, 'or we shall have her fretting herself ill again.'

‘Oh! nursie, can’t you?’ entreated Gillian.

‘Me, Miss Gillian! How can I, when Miss Primrose is going out with the whole clanjamfrie, and all the laddies, into the wet plantations? Na—one of ye maun keep the lassie company. Ye’ve had your turn, Miss Gillian, so it should be Miss Mysie. It winna hurt ye, bairn, ye that hae been rampaunging o’wer the house all the morning.’

Mysie knew it was her turn, but she also knew that Nurse always favoured Gillian, and snubbed her. She had a devouring longing to be with her dear Fly, and a certain sense that she was the preferred one. Must another pleasure be sacrificed to that very naughty Dolores, whose misdemeanours had deprived them of the visit to Rotherwood. She looked so dismal that Gillian said good-naturedly, ‘Really, Mysie, I don’t think mamma would mind Dolores’ being left a little while; I must go down to see about the Tree, because mamma gave me a message to old Webb, but I’ll come back directly. Or perhaps Dolly is going to sleep, and does not want anyone. Go and see.’

Mysie on this crept quietly into the room, full of hope of escape, but Dolores was anything but asleep. ‘Oh! are you come, Mysie. Now you’ll go on with the story. I tried, but my eyes ache at the back of them, and I can’t.’

Mysie’s fate was sealed. She sat down by the fire, and took up the book, *A Story for the Schoolroom*, one of the new ones given from the Tree. It was the middle of the story, and she did not care about it at first, especially when she heard Fly’s voice, and all the others laughing and chattering on the stairs.

‘Didn’t they care for her absence?’ and her voice grew thick, and her eyes dim; but Dolores must not think her cross and unwilling, and she made a great effort, became interested in the girls there described, and wondered whether staying with Fly would have turned her head, after the example of the heroine of the book.

Dolores did not seem to want to talk. In fact, she was clinging to the reading, because she could not bear to speak or think of the state of affairs, and the story seemed, as it were, to drown her misery. She knew that her aunt and cousins were far less severe with her than she expected, but that could only be because she was ill. Had not Uncle Reginald turned against her, and Constance? It would all come upon her as soon as she came out of her room, and she was rather sorry to believe that she should be up and about to-morrow morning.

Mysie read on till the short winter day showed the first symptoms of closing in. Then Lady Merrifield came up. ‘You here, little nurse?’ she said. ‘Run out now and meet the others. I’ll stay with Dolly.’ Mysie knew by the kiss that her mother was pleased with her; but Dolores dreaded the talk with her aunt, and made herself sleepy.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INCONSTANCY OF CONSTANCE.

THE two gentlemen who had gone to Darminster brought home tidings that the police who had been put on the track of Flinders had telegraphed it was thought that a person answering to his description had embarked at Liverpool in an American bound steamer.

This idea, though very uncertain, was a relief, at least to all except the boys, who thought it a great shame that such a rascal should escape, and wanted to know whether the Americans could not be made to give him up. They did not at all understand their elders being glad, for the sake of Maurice Mohun and his dead wife, that the man should not be publicly convicted, and above all that Dolores should have to bear testimony against him in court, and describe her own very doubtful proceeding. Besides, there would have been other things to try him for, since he had cheated the publishing house which employed him of all he had been able to get into his hands. There was reason to believe that he had heavy debts, especially gambling ones, and that he had become desperate since he no longer had his step-sister to fall back upon.

Looking into his room, among other papers, a half-burnt manuscript was found upon his grate among some exhausted cinders, as if he had been trying to use the unfortunate 'Waif of the Moorland,' to eke out his last fire. Moreover, the proprietor of the *Politician* told Colonel Mohun of having remonstrated with him on the exceeding weakness and poorness of the 'Constantia' poetry, 'which,' as that indignant personage added, 'was evidently done merely as a lure to the unfortunate young lady.'

The £15 had been accepted in an honourable and ladylike manner by the elder sister—but without any overpowering expression of gratitude. No doubt it was a bitter pill to her, forced down by necessity, and without guessing that it cost the donors anything.

Dolores' mind was set at rest as to Flinders' evasion before night, and on the Sunday morning even Nurse Halfpenny could find out nothing the matter with her, so that she was obliged to make her appearance as usual. Uncle Reginald did not kiss her, he only gave a cold nod, and said 'Good morning.' Otherwise all went on as usual, and it was pleasant to find that Fly was as entirely used as they were to learning Collect and hymn, and copying out texts illustrating Catechism, and that she was expected to have them ready to repeat to her mother some time in the afternoon. There was something, too, that Mysie could not have described, but which she liked, in the manner in which, on this morning, Dolores accepted small acts of good nature, such as finding a book for her, getting a new pen and helping her to the whereabouts of a Scriptural reference. It seemed for the first

time as if she liked to receive a kindness, and her 'thank you' really had a sound of thanks, instead of being much more like 'I wish you would not.' Mysie felt really encouraged to be kind, and when, on setting forth for church, everybody was crowding round trying to walk with Fly, and Dolores was going along lonely and deserted, Mysie resigned her chance of one side of the favourite Phyllis, and dropped back to give her company to the solitary one. To her surprise and gratification, Dolores took hold of her hand, and listened quite willingly to her chatter about the schemes for the fortnight that Fly was to be left with them. Presently Constance was seen going markedly by the other gate of the church-yard, quite out of her usual way, and not even looking towards them.

It was the last day of the old year, and, in the midst of the Christmas joy, there were allusions to it in the services and hymns. Something in the tune of 'Days and moments quickly flying,' touched some chord in Dolores's spirit, and set her off crying. She would have done anything to stop it, but there was no helping it, great round splashes came down, and the more she was afraid of being noticed, the worse the choking grew. At last, the very worst person—she thought—to take notice, Uncle Reginald, did so, and, under cover of a general rising, said sternly, 'Stop that, or go out.'

Stop that! Much did the Colonel know about a girl's tears, or how she would have given anything to check them. But here was Aunt Lily edging down to her, taking her by the hand, leading her out, she did not know how, stopping all who would have come after them with help—then pausing a little in the open frosty air.

'Oh! Aunt Lily! I am very sorry!'

'Never mind that, my dear. Do you feel poorly?'

'Oh, no! I'm quite well—only—'

'Only overcome—I don't wonder—my dear—can you walk quietly home with me?'

'Yes, please.'

Nothing was said till they had passed the 'idle corner,' where men and half-grown lads smoked their pipes in anything but Sunday trim, and stared at the lady making her exit; till they were through the short street with shop windows closed, and a strong atmosphere of cooking, and had come into the quiet lane leading to the Paddock. Then Lady Merrifield laid her hand on the girl's shoulder very gently, and said, 'It was too much for you, my dear, you are not quite strong yet.'

'Oh! yes; I'm well. Only I am so very—very miserable,' and the gust of sobs and tears rushed on her again.

'Dear child, I should like to be able to help you!'

'You can't! I've done it! And—and they'll all be against me always—Uncle Regie and all!'

'Uncle Regie was very much hurt, but I am sure he will forgive you when he sees how sorry you are. You know we all hope this is going to be a fresh start. I am sure you were deceived.'

'Yes,' said Dolores. 'I never could have thought he—Uncle Alfred—was such a dreadful man.'

'I expect that since he lost your mother's influence and help he may have sunk lower than when you had seen him before. Did your father give you any directions about him?'

'No. Father hated to hear of him, and never spoke about him if he could help it; and we thought it was all Mohun high notions because he wasn't quite a gentleman.'

'I see. Indeed, my dear, though you have done very wrong, I have already felt that there was great excuse for you in trying to keep up with a person who belonged to your mother. I wish you had told me, but I suppose you were afraid.'

'Yes,' said Dolores. 'And I thought you were sure to be cross and harsh,' she muttered. And then suddenly looking up, 'Oh! Aunt Lily! everybody is angry but you—you and Mysie! Please go on being kind! I believe you've been good to me always.'

'My dear, I've tried,' said Lady Merrifield, with tears in her brown eyes and a choke in her voice, caressing the hand that had been put into hers. 'I have wished very much to make you happy with us; but the ways of a large family must be a trial to a new-comer.'

Dolores raised her face for a kiss, and said, 'I see it now. But I did not like everything, always, and I thought aunts were sure to be unkind.'

'That was very hard. And why?'

She was heard to mutter something about aunts in books always being cross.

'Ah! my dear! I suppose there are some unkind aunts, but I am sure there are a great many more who wish with all their hearts to make happy homes for their nieces. I hope now we may do so. I have more hope than ever I had, and so I shall write to your father.'

'And please—please,' cried Dolores, 'don't let Uncle Regie write him a very dreadful letter! I know he will.'

'I think you can do that best yourself, by telling Uncle Regie how sorry you are. He was specially grieved because he thinks you told him two direct falsehoods.'

'Oh! I didn't think they were *that*,' said Dolores, 'for it was true that Father did not leave anything with me for Uncle Alfred. And I did not know whether it was me whom he saw at Darminster. I did tell you one once, Aunt Lily, when you asked if Constance gave me a note. At least, I gave it to her, and not she to me. Indeed, I don't tell falsehoods, Aunt Lily—I mean I never did at home, but Constance said everybody said those sort of things at school, and that one was driven to it when one was——'

'Was what, my dear?'

'Tyranised over,' Dolores got out.

'Ah! Dolly, I am afraid Constance was no real friend. It was a great mistake to think her like Miss Hacket.'

'And now she has sent back all my notes, and won't look at me or speak to me,' and Dolores' tears began afresh.

'It is very ungenerous of her, but very likely she will be very sorry to have done so when her first anger is over, and she understands that you were quite as much deceived as she was.'

'But I shall never care for her again. It is not like Mysie, who never stopped being kind all the time—nor Gillian either. I shall out her next time!'

'You should remember that she has something to forgive. I don't want you to be intimate with her, but I think it would be better if instead of quarrelling openly, you wrote a note to say that you were deceived, and that you are very sorry for what you brought on her.'

'I should not have gone on with it but for her, and her stupid poems!'

'Can you bear to tell me how it all was, my dear? I do not half understand it.'

And on the way home, and in Lady Merrifield's own room, Dolores found it a relief to pour forth an explanation of the whole affair, beginning with that meeting with Mr. Flinders at Exeter, of which no one had heard, and going on to her indignation at the inspection of her letters; and how Constance had undertaken to conduct her correspondence, 'and that made it seem as if she must write to someone,'—so she wrote to Uncle Alfred. And then Constance, becoming excited at the prospect of a literary connection, all the rest followed. It was a great relief to have told it all, and Lady Merrifield was glad to see that the sense of deceit was what weighed most heavily upon her niece, and seemed to have depressed her all along. Indeed, the aunt came to the conclusion that though Dolores alone might still have been sullen, morose and disagreeable, perhaps very reserved, she never would have kept up the systematic deceit but for Constance. The errors, regarded as sin, weighed on Lady Merrifield's mind, but she judged it wiser not to press that thought on an unprepared spirit, trusting that just as Dolores had wakened to the sense of the human love that surrounded her, hitherto disbelieved and disregarded, so she might yet awake to the feeling of the Divine Love and her offence against it.

The afternoon was tolerably free, for the gentlemen, including the elder boys, walked to evensong at a neighbouring church, noted for its musical services, and Lady Merrifield, as she said, 'lashed herself up' to go with Gillian, carry back the remnant of the unhappy 'Waif,' and 'have it out' with Constance, who would, she feared, never otherwise understand the measure of her own delinquency, and from whom, perhaps, evidence might be extracted which would palliate the poor child's offence in the eyes of Colonel Mohun. Both the Hacket sisters looked terribly frightened when she appeared, and the elder one made an excuse for getting her outside the door to beseech her to be careful, dear Constance was so nervous and so dreadfully upset by all she had

undergone. Lady Merrifield was not the least nervous of the two, and she felt additionally displeased with Constance for not having said one word of commiseration when her sister had inquired for Dolores. On returning to the drawing-room, Lady Merrifield found the young lady standing by the window, playing with the blind, and looking as if she wanted to make her escape.

'I do not know whether you will be sorry or glad to see this,' said Lady Merrifield, producing a half-burnt roll of paper. 'It was found in Mr. Flinders's grate, and my brother thought you would be glad that it should not get into strange hands.'

'Oh! it was cruel! it was base! What a wicked man he is!' cried Constance, with hot tears, as she beheld the mutilated condition of her poor 'Waif.'

'Yes,' it was a most unfortunate thing that you should have run into intercourse with such an utterly untrustworthy person.'

'I was grossly deceived, Lady Merrifield!' said Constance, clasping her hands somewhat theatrically. 'I shall never believe in anyone again!'

'Not without better grounds, I hope,' was the answer. 'Your poor little friend is terribly broken down by all this.'

'Don't call her my friend, Lady Merrifield. She has used me shamefully! What business had she to tell me he was her uncle when he was no such thing?'

'She had been always used to call him so.'

'Don't tell me, Lady Merrifield,' said Constance, who, after her first fright, was working herself into a passion. 'You don't know what a little viper you have been warming, nor what things she has been continually saying of you. She told me——'

Lady Merrifield held up her hand with authority.

'Stay, Constance. Do you think it is generous in you to tell me this?'

'I am sure you ought to know.'

'Then why did you encourage her?'

'I pitied her—I believed her—I never thought she would have led me into this!'

'How did she lead you?'

'Always talking about her precious, persecuted uncle. I believe she was in league with him all the time!'

'That is nonsense,' said Lady Merrifield, 'as you must see if you reflect a little. Dolores was too young to have been told this man's real character; she only knew that her mother, who had spent her childhood with him, treated him as a brother, and did all she could for him. Dolores did very wrongly and foolishly in keeping up a connection with him unknown to me; but I cannot help feeling there was great excuse for her, and she was quite as much deceived as you were.'

'Oh! of course, you stand by your own niece, Lady Merrifield. If

you knew what horrid things she said about your pride and unkindness, as she called it, you would not think she deserved it.'

'Nay, that is exactly what does most excuse her in my eyes. Her fancying such things of me was what did prevent her from confiding in me.'

Constance had believed herself romantic, but the Christian chivalry of Lady Merrifield's nature was something quite beyond her. She muttered something about Dolores not deserving, which made her visitor really angry, and say, 'We had better not talk of deserts. Dolores is a mere child—a motherless child, who had been a good deal left to herself for many months. I let her come to you, because she seemed shy and unhappy with us, and I did not like to deny her the one pleasure she seemed to care for. I knew what an excellent person and thorough lady your sister is, and I thought I could perfectly trust her with you. I little thought you would have encouraged her in concealment, and—I must say—deceit, and thus made me fail in the trust her father reposed in me.'

'I would never have done it,' Constance sobbed, 'but for what she said about you, Lady Merrifield!'

'Well, and even if I am such a hard, severe person, does that make it honourable or right to help the child I trusted to you to carry on this underhand correspondence?'

Constance hung her head. Her sister had said the same to her, but she still felt herself the most injured party, and thought it very hard that she should be so severely blamed for what the girls at her school treated so lightly. She said, 'I am very sorry, Lady Merrifield,' but it was not exactly the tone of repentance, and it ended with: 'If it had not been for her, I should never have done it.'

'I suppose not, for there would have been no temptation. I was in hopes that you would have shewn some kindlier and more generous feeling towards the younger girl, who could not have gone so far wrong without your assistance, and who feels your treatment of her very bitterly. But to find you incapable of understanding what you have done, makes me all the more glad that the friendship—if friendship it can be called—is broken off between you. Good bye. I think when you are older and wiser, you will be very sorry to recollect the doings of the last few months.'

Lady Merrifield walked away, and found on her return that Dolores had succeeded in writing to her father, and was so utterly tired out by the feelings it had cost her, that she was only fit to lie on the sofa and sleep.'

Gillian was, of course, not seen till she came home from evening service.

'Oh! mamma,' she said, 'what did you do to Constance?'

'Why?'

'Well! I heard you shut the front door. And presently after there came such a noise through the wall that all the girls pricked up their

ears, and Miss Hacket jumped up in a fright. If it had been Val, one would have called it a naughty child roaring.'

'What! did I send her into hysterics?'

'I suppose, as she is grown up, it must have the fine name, but it wasn't a bit like poor Dolly's choking. I am sure she did it to make her sister come! Well, of course, Miss Hacket went away, and I did the best I could, but what could one do when all these screeches and bellowings were breaking out?'

'For shame, Gill!'

'I can't help it, mamma. If you had only seen their faces, when the uproar came in a fresh gust! How they whispered, and some looked awe-struck. I thought I had better get rid of them, and come home myself; but Miss Hacket met me, and implored me to stay, and I was weak-minded enough to do so. I wish I hadn't, for it was only to be provoked past bearing. That horrid girl has poisoned even Miss Hacket's mind, and she thinks you have been hard on her darling. You did not know how nervous and timid dear Connie is!'

'Well, Gill, I confess she made me very angry, and I told her what I thought of her.'

'And that she didn't choose to hear!'

'Did you see her again?'

'No, I am thankful to say, I did not. But Miss Hacket would go on all tea-time, explaining and explaining for me to tell you how dear Connie is so affectionate and so easily led, and how Dolores came over her with persuasions, and deceived her. I declare I never liked Dolly so well before. At any rate, she doesn't make professions, and not a bit more fuss than she can help. And there was Miss Hacket getting brandy cherries and strong coffee, and I don't know what all, because dear Connie was so overcome, and dear Lady Merrifield was quite under a mistake, and so deceived by Dolores. I told Miss Hacket you were never under a mistake nor deceived.'

'You didn't, Gillian!'

'Yes, I did, and the stupid woman only wanted to kiss me (but I wouldn't let her) and said I was very right to stand up for my dear mamma. As if that had anything to do with it! What are you laughing at, mamma? Why Uncle Regie is laughing, and Cousin Rotherwood! What is it?'

'At the two partizans who never stand up for their own families,' said Uncle Regie.

'But it's true!' cried Gillian.

'What! that I am never mistaken nor deceived?' said Lady Merrifield.

'Except when you took Miss Constance for a sensible woman, eh?' said her brother.

'That I *never* did! But I did take her for a moderately honourable one.'

'Well, that was a mistake,' owned Gillian. 'And Miss Hacket is as bad! There's no gratitude——'

'Hush!' broke in her mother; and Gillian stopped abashed, while Lady Merrifield continued, 'I won't have Miss Hacket abused. She is only blinded by sisterly affection.'

'I don't think I can go there again,' said Gillian, 'after what she said about you.'

'Nonsense!' said her mother. 'Don't be as bad as Constance in trying to make me angry by telling me all poor Dolly's grumblings.'

'Follow your mother's example, Gillian,' said Lord Rotherwood, 'and, if possible, never hear, certainly never attend to, what anyone says of you behind your back.'

'Is said to have said of you, you should add, Rotherwood,' put in the Colonel. 'It is a degree worse than eavesdropping.'

'Oh! Regie!' exclaimed his sister.

'Well, not perhaps for your own honour and conscience, but the keyhole is a more trustworthy medium than the reporter.'

'That's a strong way of stating it, but, at any rate, the keyhole has no temper nor imagination, nor prejudice of its own,' said Lady Merrifield.

'No, and as far as it goes, it enables you to judge of the frame in which the words, even if correctly reported, were spoken,' added Colonel Mohun.

'The moral of which is,' said Lord Rotherwood, drolly, 'that Gillian is not to take notice of anyone's observations upon her unless she has heard them through the keyhole.'

'And so one would never hear them at all.'

'Q. E. D.,' said Lord Rotherwood. 'And now, Lily, do you ever sing the two evening hymns, Ken and Keble, now, as the family used to do on Sundays at the Old Court, long ere the days of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*?'

'Don't we?' said Lady Merrifield. 'Only all our best voices will be singing it at Rawul Pindee!'

And, as she struck a note on the piano, all the younger people still up, Mysie, Phyllis, Wilfred and Valetta, gathered round from the outer room to join in their evening Sunday delight. Fly put her hand into her father's and whispered, 'You told me about it, Daddy.' He began to sing, but his voice thickened as he missed the tones once associated with it. And Lady Merrifield, too, nearly broke down as with all her heart she sang, hopefully,

'Now Lord the gracious work begin.'

(To be continued.)

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FAREWELLS.

'And the saddest words that ever were seen,
Are the little words "it might have been."'

ABOUT an hour later, as the two cousins sat over the coffee-room fire, discussing what exact line of action they should try and persuade Geoffrey to take, they were surprised by his sudden entrance. He had arranged his dress, and looked more like himself than when Arthur had first seen him; though he was very lame, and his colour came and went nervously as he approached. He began to speak, even while Arthur sprang up and gave him a chair.

'I have come to thank you for your kindness, Mr. Crichton. I see that my plans were impracticable, and I think I ought to act in future as—as they wish at Sloane House. But first I wish to ask the pardon of the one whom I have chiefly injured, and I mean to go straight to Mr. Frank Osgood and tell him that I regret having behaved to him as I did—after that I could better face—I should feel more able—.'

'Well,' said Hugh. 'There is no reason why you should not do so. I understand your feelings quite.'

'But,' put in Arthur, 'it is fair to say that Mr. Osgood is apt to be very ungracious in manner. I don't know if he would receive such an overture as he ought.'

'I don't care for that,' said Geoffrey, with great sincerity; 'and he likes Alick, who has done right by him.' I daresay he would see me if he asked him.'

Perhaps neither of his hearers quite knew how much self conquest had gone to the end of this speech; but Arthur repented of what he thought had been a harsh judgment of the poor young fellow, and said, with a little hesitation—

'Then Hugh, if Geoffrey wishes to go back to Oxley to-morrow, I think—as there would be arrangements to make, that I had better go back too. If you don't mind going on to Cornwall by yourself?'

Geoffrey could not imagine why Mr. Crichton smiled and looked so pleased at this proposal, and he did not notice that Arthur smiled too, and blushed a little as he continued—

'We might go together to the Bank House—it would be very convenient.'

'Very,' said Hugh. 'I shall be deprived of my travelling companion.'

'Oh! but I never thought of such a thing,' cried Geoffrey. 'Indeed there is no occasion. I shall carry out my intentions,' he added, with a flash of resentment, as he fancied the proposal implied distrust.

'Of course,' said Hugh, 'Arthur's proposal will suit his own plans, which have changed a little. But you must stay somewhere in Oxley, till you can arrange a time for seeing your cousin, and you are too lame to go and hunt up Alick. So the Bank House would be the best place. I propose that you get a good night's rest, and go up by the first train in the morning.'

So, under such a blue sky, and in such soft and sunny air that spring seemed come already, Geoffrey retraced his steps. He was quiet and reserved, much humbled and softened by Hugh's own confession, but not fully convinced by his arguments. The conviction of his sonship to Frank Osgood did, he still thought, need to be acknowledged and acted upon. When he had done this to the best of his power he could better face Captain Fordham.

'You'll come back soon?' said Arthur, half wistfully, as they parted with Hugh at Newton Station, and Hugh smiled and pressed his hand with a whispered 'You'll have good news for me,' which had little to do with the object of Geoffrey's journey.

He was nervous enough however to be very glad to divert his mind with attending to his fellow traveller, and Geoffrey was lame enough to need some help at the various changes, and weary enough by the journey's end to be more thankful for Arthur's kindness than he had ever before supposed possible. He was too much accustomed to family life and family affection to have found a solitary illness at all to his mind, and there was an involuntary sense of pleasure in the sight of Alick, when he met them at the station, in answer to a second telegram from Arthur, and in the sound of his ordinary voice, saying—

'Why, Geoff! You *have* managed to lame yourself! What *will* mother say?'

Poor Geoffrey felt as if to be scolded by 'mother' for his folly and imprudence, would be happiness untold. How often before had the sense that Alick was no brother of his recurred, and excused his unkindly feelings towards him; but now, how unreal all this seemed! Were they not both part of the same home?

Arthur advised Alick not to prepare or prejudice Geoffrey's mind in any way with regard to the intended interview, nor to announce it beforehand to Frank Osgood; and indeed Geoffrey was too tired for much discussion.

He was very quiet, and, as Alick thought, unnaturally civil, as they drove out in a cab to Laurel Villa the next morning.

'I always call him Cousin Frank,' he said, as they arrived. 'You know we always did. I suppose you would rather be alone with him to have it out?'

‘If you please; if you will leave us together.’

Geoffrey was left to wait in the little parlour while Alick went to arrange for the interview, for Mr. Osgood was not yet able to come downstairs. He was not alone for many minutes before his brother came back, holding Minnie, looking very sullen and reluctant, by the hand.

‘Come up now, Geoff,’ he said. ‘Mind your foot, the stairs are very steep.’

Minnie looked askance at Geoffrey, and he could not bring himself to give her any greeting. Alick showed the way and opened the door, saying distinctly, before he retired :

‘Cousin Frank, this is my brother Geoffrey.’

Geoffrey stood within the door, his heart beating so fast that speech was difficult, and opposite to him sat his ‘near relation’ in a chair by the fire, with keen eyes fixed on him, and with whatever feelings the interview produced, either less excited, or more under control.

Geoffrey laid his hand on the back of the chair which Alick had set for him, and said, as steadily as he could :

‘I have come here, sir, to say, first of all, that I acted improperly by you, and to beg your pardon for the part I took at our last meeting.’

It was out, and Geoffrey breathed more freely.

‘You were rather severe,’ said Frank quietly. ‘Say no more; I don’t complain of your conduct.’

‘I know,’ said Geoffrey. ‘I knew then why my conduct was unpardonable. I wish to say now that—that I put myself in your hands. I grant any claim on me that you may make. I will do all in my power for your—my—that little girl. I—I—’

‘Stay,’ said Frank. ‘I have no special claim to make on you, either for myself or my daughter. My relations have treated me very kindly and generously, and I have no more to ask of any of them.’

‘But,’ said Geoffrey, with all the force upon himself that he could exert, ‘I must own—’

‘Stop!’ said Frank again, putting up his hand, ‘Say no more, but listen to me. I wish no words on this subject to pass between us. I have *my* conscience, little as you may think it, and my own ideas of self-respect, and I don’t mean to repay the welcome that has been given me by any such unwelcome claims as you indicate. Moreover, the idea is entirely unwelcome to myself. Rights so long ago forfeited, cannot be resumed, nor the duties proper to them. Set your mind at rest from henceforth; I shall not stay in England, nor give my relations any trouble either about my means or my morals. If you behaved ill to me—under similar circumstances no doubt I should have behaved worse. With regard to my little girl, my uncles have promised to provide for her in case of my death, and for that I am sincerely grateful. There is no more to be said.’

Geoffrey stood looking at him with a sense half of relief, half of strange disappointment. So this great burden was nothing but a

bugbear after all. Nothing terrible was coming; there was no sacrifice to make. But he could never prove that he could have carried it out, and the relief of absolute certainty was never to be his.

They looked at each other. Another contest had been fought out between them, with another result. Frank's will this time had proved the stronger. He held the arm of his chair hard with his hand, and watched the young man before him in all the promise of his youth, and who shall say with what feeling? Faulty as Geoffrey had been, his name was unstained, his way was open. He had never known half such a bitter moment as his 'near relation' was enduring now. Yet he had a helpless, baffled sense of being able to do nothing, while Frank had carried out a long-formed purpose.

'I don't suppose we shall meet again,' said Frank, after a minute. 'Shall we shake hands? At least, will you?'

Geoffrey came forward and put out his hand. Frank stood up as he took it, and for a moment laid the other on his shoulder.

'Well,' he said, in a changed voice, 'if it had been—if it were as you fancied, I daresay your father would have been very proud of you.'

Geoffrey shook from head to foot. He lifted his eyes imploringly, and the mutual gaze was hard for both to bear; but it only lasted a moment, for Frank put his hand on the bell, and Aliok, who had been waiting in sufficient anxiety, was there at once.

'Take care of him,' said Frank, 'he wants rest, and so do I. We have made up our differences, and shall give each other no more trouble. Good bye, both of you. Send Minnie up in five minutes.'

They went away,—and Frank Osgood sat down again in his chair, and covered his face with his hands.

'It might have been—it might have been!' he muttered to himself. Then, for he was now able to move about the room a little; he went to a drawer and took out the book, which had been returned to him, after it had helped to his recognition by Mr. Leighton; and under the girlish hand-writing of Lettice Barlow, his first wife, he wrote 'Geoffrey,' then fastened it up carefully and put it away. Presently Minnie came running in, calling out:

'They're gone!—both those tiresome cousins. Now Daddy and I have got it all to ourselves.'

'Are they gone? I hope you behaved nicely to them.'

'Cousin Geoffrey lay down on the sofa, and Cousin Aliok made me fetch him some water to drink, and then he took hold of my hand and looked at me, and Cousin Aliok said, "Isn't she like what Alice used to be?" So Cousin Geoffrey said, "Yes, like me." I don't think I'm a bit like him, and I said so—do you, Daddy?'

'I can't say. What happened next?'

'He asked me to give him a kiss. I thought I wouldn't, but Cousin Aliok said I must. So I did, and they both kissed me, and then—then, I think they kissed each other; but they sent me to see if the

cab was there, and then they went away. And I don't want any more *cousins*.'

'Minnie, should you like to have a brother?' said her father.

'My little brothers have gone to Heaven,' said Minnie. 'No; I want no one but my Daddy.'

'Ah! well, then you'll have what you want, at least, I hope so.'

'Let's go back to Calcutta, Daddy, and I'll keep a lodging-house like Mrs. Jones. I can crochet antimacassars, and she says they look attractive to visitors.'

'You would be ill again in India, Minnie. I can't take you there.'

'I won't stay behind and be educated,' said Minnie, fiercely. 'And I won't have any new relations.'

She seized her father's arm and squeezed it in both hands in her vehemence, dancing about on her feet.

'Gently, gently,' he said. 'Your uncles want to send you to school like a lady, Minnie.'

'Being a lady's a bother,' said Minnie. 'And I don't like that uncle that came at all. He looked all over me. I want to get rid of them all. Daddy, you don't *love* those cousins, do you? Not love them like me? *They* haven't anything to do with *us*.'

What childish jealousy or childish dread of an uncomfortable, half-hinted mystery prompted her speech, it was hard to say. Her father looked at her, as if his own fierce independence did not quite please him from the lips of the child. He had his own schemes, and his own intentions, but a doubt seized him whether they would be well for this strange, self-willed, little wild-cat, whether they would be altogether well for himself. He made her no answer, and she retreated sulkily into a corner, while he sat and thought over his relations.

The exceeding fear that had seized on Dulcie had been speedily relieved by Arthur's first telegram, sent on by Alick to her father:—

'Arrived at Moreton-Hampstead. Have met your brother; he has been detained partly by a slight accident. Home letters not received. No cause for alarm.'

If Geoffrey had received no letters, it was not wonderful that he had not written, and the accident surely exonerated him from blame. Without exactly sharing this view, Mrs. Fordham certainly felt that so respectable a reason for his non-appearance as an accident during a tour on Dartmoor, did modify the discomfort which she anticipated, and her son James, who was now at a theological college, wrote to her strongly in Geoffrey's favour.

'His career,' he said, 'at school and college had been exceptionally blameless; he was very clever and sure to get on in life; he was not in the least given to double dealing; and though he had behaved badly on this occasion, it was not in a way that could justify Dulcie in giving him up. The circumstances were very unpleasant, but they were not new, and would soon be forgotten again.' And had Geoffrey come back when he was expected to Sloane House, and made

his acknowledgments then, a very unpleasant interview, and a lasting decrease of cordiality might have been all the punishment that Captain Fordham would have inflicted on him. But he had had time to think the matter well over, to see his daughter suffer, and to feel the selfishness of Geoffrey's silence. Moreover, had it not been, first, for the accident of Alick's parish visit, and then for the very different view that he had taken of his duty, Frank Osgood might never have been discovered alive. Geoffrey had known that the worst fears were entertained for him; he had never given the clue, and had listened in silence to praise of his honourable behaviour. A man who could act like this was no fit choice for his Dulcie, and when she awoke from the glamour of a girl's first love, she would find his character beneath her own. Granting another temptation, and who did not meet with temptations as they passed through life? Geoffrey might yield to it in the same way. And Dulcie should have time to find this out. She was not the sort of girl who could be happy in the lowering of her ideal, and his forgiveness of Geoffrey could not alter the young man's own conduct. But he was not much less unhappy than Dulcie during that cruel week, and his unhappiness did not make him more leniently disposed towards Geoffrey, as he stood at his front door trying to admire his crocuses in the spring sunshine, at about two o'clock on the day of Geoffrey's visit to Laurel Villa. Dulcie and her mother were out walking, a fact at which he rejoiced, as he beheld an Oxley fly come up the drive, and saw that it contained Geoffrey Leighton.

Geoffrey had insisted on coming at once, and on coming alone; and Alick had tried to make a good augury by saying,

'If I see the fly come back without you, I shall know it's all right.'

But Geoffrey saw no chance of any such happy ending in Captain Fordham's face, as he lifted his hat in greeting, though when he saw how lame Geoffrey was, he came forward to help him, saying,

'I am afraid your accident was a severe one.'

'It was only a sprained ankle. Thank you, it makes me rather awkward; but I could not delay answering your letter in person.'

His voice sounded almost defiant with the effort with which he spoke.

Captain Fordham took him into his study, and shut the door, and Geoffrey began at once,

'I believe you are aware of all the details of my conduct. I deeply regret it. I was selfish and cowardly, and only Alick's goodness prevented frightful consequences. Afterwards confession involved more than I could face. I never deceived myself as to my motives. I was not surprised by your letter.'

'It was not written without consideration,' said Captain Fordham.

'Afterwards, I had resolved to face everything—to change my name, to cast in my lot with—with the one whom I had wronged, to undertake all the obligations I had shirked. Mr. Spencer Crichton

shewed me that I must make the feelings of others my first consideration.'

'You certainly have not hitherto done so.'

'No,' said Geoffrey, with an honesty that might have reassured Captain Fordham on one point. 'I never thought of what I was making Dulcie suffer. But I have been to see Mr. Frank Osgood, and he declines to acknowledge either of us. I have resolved to do the best I can, and to hold myself ready for any obligation that may come upon me.'

Captain Fordham thought the acknowledgment of error almost too ready; but he accepted it as far as it went.

'I hope you will,' he said. 'But it is with great pain that I must again tell you that you have lost my confidence. If my daughter should ever see your conduct and its bearings on your character as I do, the discovery would break her heart. She is very young, and her feelings I hope may be overcome. I mean her to have time if possible to overcome them.'

'I don't—I don't fully understand you, sir.'

'Her mother and I feel that her marriage with you, which we once heartily wished for, is no longer desirable. And, in short, I have determined that for the present the engagement must be broken off, and I require you to pledge yourself to hold no communication with her for a full year from this time. I make no promise for the future, and I sincerely hope that after that time Dulcie may not wish to renew the engagement. You yourself will also be perfectly free, of course.'

'But afterwards,' said Geoffrey.

Captain Fordham was a transparently honest man himself, and he answered,—

'Of course, I know that in the long run I could not withstand your united determination; but I am not sure that I shall consent to renew the engagement at the year's end, and I shall do my best to induce Dulcie to overcome her attachment to you.'

'You are very severe,' said Geoffrey, with burning cheeks. 'Is there no place in your code for repentance?'

'Yes. But I mean to be entirely open with you. I think you have shown in this matter an inherent weakness of purpose and character which—which I have rarely seen altogether overcome.'

'Yes, I understand you now,' said Geoffrey. He turned very pale, and hung down his head, showing far less fight than Captain Fordham had expected. Suddenly he started up—

'Let me see her once more!' he cried. 'Let me see her once more, and I give you my word of honour, that whatever pledges I may make, I will take none from her. Only let me see her!'

'Yes. I think that is due to the existing tie between you. But remember that the engagement is to be entirely broken. She knows my intention, and I believe she is prepared to submit to it.'

At this moment a door that led through the drawing-room into the

garden opened, and Dulcie came slowly in, with some snowdrops in her hand. There was one moment in which Geoffrey saw her familiar dress, and the pale, changed looks that he had made her wear. A moment, and then she saw him, and her face flushed into an ecstasy of relief.

'Oh! Geoffrey! oh! my dear!' she cried, and flew into his arms, like a bird to its nest.

'My darling! oh! my darling! Oh! what a fool—what a fool I have been! Why should I have cared for any trouble? What mattered who I was or what I had to bear while I had you? I did not know how much I loved you! Oh! my Dulcie, and there would have been so little to bear!'

These words broke from Geoffrey, in utter forgetfulness of her father's presence, in an agony of self-reproach. Dulcie recollected herself first, and looked from one to the other, with a piteous appeal.

'Papa!' she said; but Captain Fordham had turned away, and left them. This, as he said, he considered their due; and perhaps there was a half-unconscious feeling of putting Geoffrey's sincerity to the test. Perhaps he felt so, for he moved a little away, and she exclaimed,—

'Oh! you are lame, you are hurt. What was it?'

'Nothing. I sprained my foot in a wild walk when I had lost my senses. Dulcie, I have deserved anything your father can say. I never thought of you, or of the blessing of your love. It seems now as if with that I need have minded nothing.'

'You have that,' said Dulcie. She drew him towards the chair, and making him sit down, knelt herself beside it, leaning against the arm and looking in his face, with eyes that seemed to show him her very soul. 'What did papa say?' she whispered.

'He said we were to part altogether. I must not see or hear from you for a year,' said Geoffrey, his voice breaking.

'Only a year,' she said, laying her hands on his.

'He hoped you would forget me—change your mind—see me as I am.'

'I do see you as you are!'

'There's nothing I can do,' said Geoffrey, almost forgetting everything in the sweet sense of taking counsel with her again. 'He—Mr. Osgood—would not hear me say a word or offer anything. But, oh! Dulcie! we both knew. I—I think I had rather have owned him.' He said,—and he leaned towards her, and whispered Frank Osgood's parting words to him: 'But there's nothing I can do—even for the child!'

'There may be.'

'Yes, Mr. Crichton was so kind to me, he told me about himself and Spencer. But, Dulcie, if I do as he said, whatever I do next year, I can never shew your father that I am not altogether what he thinks me. I don't know it myself.'

'But I do,' said Dulcie. 'Dear Geoff, you did wrong, and so we

have to suffer. But *I* know that you won't give way again. If—if, and remember it is *all* an if—if you had wrong tendencies like your father, you have had all your bringing up to alter them, and Geoff, you are *not* a coward, nor untruthful. And if there is nothing to be done now to shew it, I daresay keeping your mind always in the right frame towards them will be harder than one great act of self-sacrifice, and it will be *very* hard to bear being parted.'

'I have made you suffer and I can't help you or save you one moment's grief!'

'Oh! yes, you can! I shall know we are both trying together. And, Geoff, it won't be for ever, I shall always—'

'Hush, stop!' cried Geoffrey, starting away from her. 'You must not promise. I have given my word. And you must not stay, for I cannot bear it! I have promised to let you alone for a year, it is my penance and my only chance! I pray God I mayn't break my word about it. Say good-bye, this will kill me!'

Dulcie felt afterwards that some spirit above her own had held her up through this heart-breaking parting. She took Geoffrey's two hands in hers, and she looked up in his face.

'I promise you that I will be obedient!' she said, 'I promise you I will not break my heart.'

Her eyes shone, and there was even a smile on her lips, as Geoffrey's parting kiss fell on them—a smile suddenly drowned in tears, as her father came back, and she rushed up to him and caught him by the hand.

'Papa! He will not let me promise. And we will obey you and give each other up as you say. I suppose if you and mamma were each on a separate desert island, you couldn't speak to each other, but you would still be husband and wife, and—'

'Hush, Dulcie,' said Geoffrey, finding voice as hers failed. 'You must wait till I cannot hear your blessed words, indeed you must not speak them. Good-bye, sir.'

'One thing more,' said Captain Fordham, perhaps not moved to leniency by Dulcie's speech. 'You must take back your ring.'

Poor Dulcie's courage and obedience failed at this, and she, who had faced so boldly the reality of the parting, shrank from its trifling symbol. She hung back and clasped her hands together. 'I won't wear it, if I may keep it,' she murmured.

But Geoffrey took the little clinging hands, parted them and drew off the ring.

'What does *that* matter?' he said, as he put the hands away from him, without another kiss. 'Once more, good-bye, sir.'

'Good-bye,' said Captain Fordham, 'I thank you for not making this hard day harder.'

Geoffrey moved slowly away, he looked back at the door for a moment, and she took heart enough to lift up her head and smile once more.

The spring sunshine fell on her face, and she looked the last on him, with the hopefulness of a snowdrop in the bitter blasts of a cold, untimely spring.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT LAST.

'Memories, which the magic of the spring
Has turned to hopes.'

ARTHUR SPENCER, when he had sent off the two Leightons to Laurel Villa, felt rather uncertain how to spend his own morning. He felt ashamed of going to report his sudden return at Redhurst, in spite of the good excuse of Geoffrey's lameness, and he could not well go in cold blood to Oxley Manor and ask at once for Miss Florence Venning. He felt sure that she had no suspicion of his feelings, and he wanted an opportunity of showing them gradually. He had come back with an idea of keeping guard over Mr. Blandford, and he did not in the least know how to set about it.

As he stood at the door, rather vaguely looking about him, the servant said,

'Were you aware, sir, that Mrs. Crichton has ordered lunch here at two o'clock for herself and Miss Venning.'

'What, my aunt?'

'No, sir, Mrs. Hugh. They're going to a meeting at the Town Hall, sir.'

'What meeting?'

'New High School, sir,' said the man, indicating a bill that hung on the entrance to the Town Hall opposite, setting forth that a meeting would be held at twelve o'clock on the same day to consider a proposal for assisting the higher education of girls in the principles of the Church of England.

Arthur strolled about opposite the bill until he saw the Redhurst horses coming up the road, and perceived that the carriage contained Violante and Florence, with the Rector of Redhurst on the back seat.

'Why! Arthur! You! What are you doing here?' exclaimed Mrs. Crichton, in surprise, as the carriage stopped and he came up to the door.

'I came up yesterday with Geoffrey Leighton, he had hurt his foot. Haven't you heard from Hugh?'

'Yesterday. He said then you were both at Moreton-Hampstead. Is it all right now?'

'Yes. I—I thought I had better come back. But what in the world have you to do, Violante, at an educational meeting? And I thought the Manor was school enough for every one.'

'Oh! but this is for day scholars. There are a great many ladies on the committee; and Mr. Stafford asked me. Of course, I cannot

say anything or make speeches, but I can vote on the right side, and we do not want the secular party to have it all their own way.'

Arthur could not help laughing at this formidable sentiment uttered in Violante's soft foreign accents, and enforced by her smiling dark eyes.

'Is this your training?' he said, turning to Florence: but at that moment up dashed the Vicars of Fordham and Oxley, and took possession of her with a 'Miss Venning, I hope you understand;' while the Head Master and his wife bore down on Violante and accosted her on the matter in hand, in a way that showed Arthur that Mrs. Spencer Crichton's action was a matter of importance. Violante had only time to tell him that there was an afternoon party at the School House, so that they would not go home to lunch, before the whole party went in to their meeting, leaving Arthur feeling very much 'out of it,' and as nearly cross as it was in his nature to be.

Still they were coming to lunch, and he should have a chance of speaking to Florence and of seeing again her blooming open face and flaxen hair, under the broad black hat and feather which had struck him as so becoming to her.

He must manage, too, to look after the Leightons, as they would not care to encounter unexpected visitors; so he dawdled about, bought some flowers to adorn the luncheon-table, and passed the time as best he could, till the two young men came back from Laurel Villa, when he insisted on giving Geoffrey some wine and biscuits before allowing him to go on to Fairfield. He saw that the interview with Frank Osgood had been a very trying one, and a bad preparation for what was to follow; but there was no use in checking Geoffrey, whose part by this time he felt much more inclined to take.

'I can't help thinking,' he said to Alick, as Geoffrey drove away, 'that Captain Fordham will give him a piece of his mind and have done with it.'

'I wish he may,' said Alick, wistfully; 'it does seem hard that when he is just ready to be married, and has got this good appointment, and when he's more fit for Dulcie than ninety-nine men out of a hundred, that there should be all this fuss made. Not that I should have cared a straw in Geoff's place about the poor fellow turning up; I can't think how he could help telling Dulcie all about it.'

'It would have been the wisest plan.'

'Yes; what could it matter when he had her? But nothing else ever went wrong with Geoff. He didn't know what it is to be disappointed, and so he made more I suppose of the bother of it. It is very uncomfortable just now. I can't help fancying that everyone is talking about us. If Mrs. Crichton won't think it rude, I'd rather keep out of the way.'

'Do,' said Arthur, 'no one will come into the library, and you can look out for your brother if he comes back.'

Mrs. Spencer Crichton made her appearance rather late for lunch,

and accompanied by Mr. Blandford and various other people who had been at the meeting.

They were all full of the engrossing subject, very indignant at the behaviour of their opponents, and triumphant at having carried the measures in which they were interested.

Flossy seemed to have a good deal to say. She was too conscious to make an opportunity to ask Arthur about the Leightons, and he did not give her one; though all the while that she was giving instances of girls to whom the new school would be an advantage, she was wondering why he had come home so quickly and what made him look so much less agreeable than usual.

He could not catch her eye nor induce her to look at him, and at length, in desperation, he contradicted her flat.

'There are plenty of girls quite running to waste for want of a little good training,' she said.

'I don't believe it makes any difference to them,' said Arthur. 'Girls train themselves if they have anything in them. What difference can Latin and mathematics make?'

'They *will* have the Latin and mathematics in these days,' said Mr. Blandford, 'the question is under what influences they shall be imparted. And I don't agree with you, Mr. Spencer. The flower is all the sweeter for cultivation.'

'I don't suppose I'm a good judge,' said Arthur. 'My ideas are not up to the modern mark.'

'You are not so well acquainted as some of us with the flower when it has run wild,' said Florence. 'Why should she be afraid to speak to him? So she turned her great blue eyes upon him with apparent composure, and spoke with a little additional clearness.'

'No,' said Arthur, 'as I say, I'm not up in the subject.'

The Vicar of Oxley was an observant man, and he smiled a little inwardly at this passage of arms.

Mr. Blandford was not very observant, and he turned to Arthur with a careful exposition of the arguments in favour of the new school.

'And Miss Florence Venning, who has the sort of practical experience, which is worth many theories, entirely agrees with this view,' he concluded.

'Yes,' said Florence, 'I do agree, certainly.'

Arthur felt so savage that he did not venture on any reply. He made a little bow, like Hugh's when civilly put out, and held his tongue.

Presently Violante rose, and coming up to him, asked if he would go with them to the School House party.

'We want to hear about what you did on Dartmoor,' she said.

'I don't see any use in coming,' said Arthur.

'Oh! yes, Signor Arthur—come,' she said, smiling. 'Flossy wants to know about the Leightons.'

Arthur yielded, as he usually did, with a sense that he had no right to be cross to Violante because he was unhappy and vexed. He went to tell Alick that he was going out, and should be back in time for dinner, and then drove up to the School House with the two ladies, and told them how Geoffrey had been discovered, and how Hugh had convinced him of the mistakes he was making, and had sent him back to try and repair them.

'And you came because he was so lame. That was kind of you,' said Violante.

'Oh!—not entirely,' said Arthur, blushing. 'But—it was just as well. He is very much knocked up, poor boy, and I am afraid he won't find consolation at Fairfield.'

'I think he will—if he sees Dulcie,' said Flossy.

She felt as if the thoughts of her heart must be visible to everyone, as if conversation and cool composure were no longer possible to her; and when they came into the crowded drawing-rooms, imperfectly lighted in the conflict between gas and daylight, she took refuge in a remote corner and indulged herself in silence and practical solitude. She wanted, too, to avoid Mr. Blandford, with whom she had been much thrown by the arrangements for the new school, and she would have liked to watch Arthur; but she lost sight of him, and could not tell what had become of him, till his voice behind her made her start.

'Should you like an ice, Flossy?'

'Oh! no, thank you. Isn't this a very long piece of music?'

'Very. A good cover for conversation,' he said, sitting down on an ottoman behind her. 'Flossy, I was very savage about the school.'

'Well, so you were. I can't think why you should be.'

'I don't like feeling out of it.'

'Out of it! Out of what? Do you want to be on the committee?'

'No—no! But you are all taken up so with novelties. It makes me feel how long I have been away.'

'I think we used to talk about school matters even before you went.'

'Did you? Flossy, I am a coward. I can only shut my eyes and take the leap. I can't bear suspense well. Let me talk to you a little.'

Flossy's heart stood still; but she commanded herself sufficiently to turn slightly towards him and say 'Yes.'

'I must talk about myself. Life was pleasant enough in India. I got on very well. Then, when I came home, I felt that I was lonely. The sweet memory that is like the memory of a better world to me, was not enough to stand me in the stead of such happiness as I see Hugh enjoying; but I—— At first I only knew how good it was to be at home again, how much I loved everything here, how much happiness there was left. Then that accident brought back some of the old misery. I felt as if everything I cared for would shatter and

break up—as if I was fit for nothing. All this time a new thought was coming—not new altogether, but I found out what it meant. I knew what life *might* hold for me, just when I felt myself unfit to grasp it. And then I had reason to think it was out of my reach. I had no courage; but Hugh—he sent me home.’

For her life Florence could not have spoken. She sat absolutely still; and in a moment he continued: ‘Flossy, I have never had a friend like you. But when I found that you were more than a friend to me, that all my hopes in life were bound up in you—I felt, too, how could I ask you to give up all this good work that you do? And I saw there were others more fit. I was afraid to spoil our friendship by asking for what you couldn’t give. And yet I have asked you. If you could——’

Arthur’s tones had grown more and more earnest, in spite of a certain timidity and doubt.

All this while he had been sitting behind her, and she could not see him, while he tried vainly to look round into her drooping face. She could not speak, she did not move; but perhaps something in her very silence gave him courage; for he put his hand round and sought for hers. He found it, and her grasp met his, with an answer which she could find no words to confirm.

The guests were moving away; the music was over, and an opening vista showed Mrs. Spencer Crichton sitting under the chandelier, and inwardly wishing to go home.

Flossy’s eyes were dazzled, her senses were confused. She started up and walked across into the light, holding up her head, and looking bravely round her, though she could see nothing.

‘If you are ready, Flossy, we will go,’ said Violante. ‘I will call Arthur.’

She moved towards him, as he stood, still in the corner, wishing vehemently that the company would vanish and let him at least look at Florence and hear her speak. If he could but have walked away with her through the gaslit streets! Well, at least he could take her downstairs. Violante had fallen in with Mr. Stafford.

Then Flossy found her tongue, all in a hurry. ‘Don’t come with us—don’t speak to me any more now. Please wait till to-morrow!’

‘Only one word! You did not answer me.’

‘Yes I did—yes—I—I meant——’

‘Yes?’

‘Yes.’

Then Arthur suddenly found himself replying to an enquiry after Hugh with an appearance of vehement interest in the latter’s movements, and an utter forgetfulness of his destination. Then Violante felt him nearly squeeze her hand off as he shut the carriage door on them, and murmured something about going to look after the Leightons; and then she was left in the dark with an utterly silent companion, as Flossy leant back in her corner without a word.

Much as she had thought about Arthur, often as she had realised that life without him would be hard work, she had never prepared her mind for life with him—never pictured to herself all that her marriage would involve. She was too much startled to feel happy; her answer had been almost instinctive. If she had had time to think she would hardly have had courage to give it. His words seemed incredible when she had sent him away from her.

Suddenly, as they neared the Manor gates, Violante's patience gave way.

'Oh! Flossy, you said yes,' she too whispered.

'Yes.'

'I guessed it—long ago. Hugh would not believe me.'

'What, that—that I—'

'I never told him a word about you. But, ah! Miss Florence, I guessed it a great—great many years ago. When I was a little silly girl at school, I loved someone myself so much—I could not be deceived. I used to ask so many questions about him. And, ah! Flossy, you liked to answer them.'

'That was a long time ago,' said Flossy.

'Yes! Not long enough ago to forget. Of course, I know you were much too wise to fret and cry, as I did without my Hugo! And then I saw what Arthur wanted, and I put it into Hugh's head. But I told him—oh, Flossy, it was a very little fib! I told him I thought you liked Mr. Blandford—that is, that you *might* like him! And I told Arthur that Mr. Blandford admired you, oh, so much! And he did not like it at all!'

'For shame, Violante. I never should have thought—'

'No, never—never! But now I am so glad!' throwing her arms round her, as they stopped at the door of the Manor. 'And I am sure Arthur will forgive me!'

So even Violante had known all about it! Then, perhaps, thought Miss Florence Venning, as she stood blushing and hesitating at the drawing-room door—it might not be an utter surprise to her sister.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFBOY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE death of Anne Boleyn did make, as we were told, some change for the better in the condition of the poor Princess Mary, Queen Jane being disposed, perchance out of dislike to her predecessor, to be unto her a good mother.

At all events, we heard of her as again permitted to taste the joy of his Highness's favour, and of her restoration to some of the state befitting her rank. Albeit she still remained with the Lady Elizabeth, at Hunsdon.

As soon as I heard these tidings, I began secretly to hope, and at last to expect, that she would summon me to attend her, and that I should be once again her 'Sweet Moll.' But day after day past, and no such summons came, and as my disappointment grew keener I became of so silent and sad a humour, that my grandmother enquired what ailed me, and promised she would endeavour to recall me to the mind of her Grace could she find a fitting opportunity.

'But, Moll,' she said, 'it be three years since ye were parted, and besides that princes have short memories, we stand not as we did in the King's favour, and doubtless she hath to conduct herself with much wariness and caution. She knoweth not in whom she may confide, or hint her wishes, for she be still in the midst, if not of her enemies, yet of very luke-warm friends, whose counsel she cannot trust. I would fain believe that she keepeth still in her secret heart some tender remembrance not only of thee, her quondam playfellow, but of me also, who hath watched over her, and trained and cared for her, from the day she was born unto that bitter day when she was taken out of mine hands.'

Then, seeing by mine eyes that I would fain say somewhat, an' I might, she added, with her usual indulgent goodness unto me, 'Thou mayest speak thy mind, child, if thou hast ought to say that is befitting.'

'Only this, madam,' I answered, curtseying low, 'I would say, with your leave, I also have been parted from her for three years, yet my love hath not cooled, and verily, I believe, that every day of the three, I have thought of her. But since she can, as it seemeth forget thee, I will make no moan on mine own account.'

And as I spoke, mine heart rose up in my throat, and well-nigh choked my voice, nor could I keep back a few bitter tears.

She looked at me in a kindly silence for a minute or two, and then

she said, 'Thou hast a faithful heart, Moll, but dry thine eyes; I will, an' the power be mine, get thee replaced about her person, not only to pleasure thee, but that she may ever have, as my most gracious and tender mistress and Queen desired, one loving and loyal friend beside her, albeit it would be but a parlous post, in these evil days, for one so young as thou art.'

And thus it was, that when my Lord Montague, whom his Highness kept at this time somewhat straitly at Court, was at last permitted to visit his mother, she questioned him somewhat closely as to how the Lady Mary fared.

'Fares, Madam,' quoth he, with a laugh, taking up her word in a sense she meant not, 'Oh! she fareth well enough now, she hath as much meat as she needeth, and at the hours she hath been accustomed to, and she hath a fair horse to ride, and grooms proper to attend her, and his Highness sent her a broidered purse full of gold pieces that she might buy her a new kirtle to replace her prison garments, and by my soul it was not ere it were needed. But she only got these good things per favour of Master Cromwell, who hath so dealt with her that he hath brought her to confess that her mother was no wife, and that her duty to his Highness stood before her duty to God.'

My grandmother looked at him as if she could hardly believe her ears,—'Poor soul,' she said, 'and we were told that the Queen was well disposed to befriend her!'

'And ye heard truly, madam,' he replied, 'she showeth her much favour, and the Lady Mary, to mark her thankfulness, putteth her hands, as it were, under her feet, and yet, methinks, she will never stand in her father's good graces as heretofore; for when she knelt to kias his hand, it was a rueful sight to see how sourly he eyed her. She hath grown, too, like her mother, and looketh well nigh as old. Whether it be the fault of her bower-women, or the lack of her accustomed exercise, and the scantiness of her food, I know not; but she hath a sallow, thin cheek, and lack lustre eyes, and a meagre person, such as his Grace loveth not to behold. Moll should have lent her her fair face, and then I doubt not his Highness would have been gracious enough. I did hear that he spoke of her unto the Queen as an "ill-favoured wench," and that her Grace assured him that it was grief at his displeasure that had so withered and changed her, and now that she was restored unto the sunshine of his presence she would bloom out again into beauty and comeliness, and so moved him to speak more kindly unto her.'

This account made my grandmother deem it unwise to do ought about my return unto the Princess.

'The days be still unfavourable,' she said, 'both for her and for us, for the letters the Cardinal have writ unto his Highness must make our name stink in his nostrils.'

And, indeed, she had good cause to say so, for in his rage the King

at this time declared him a traitor, confiscated his property, and made all correspondence with him treason. Nevertheless, his mother from time to time wrote unto him, and received letters from him.

'From his earliest youth,' she said unto my father, 'I have loved the King, and in a sort, I love him still, and never would I listen unto aught that could do him injury; but to hear from my well-beloved son doth him no harm, and I have a promise made unto the late Queen Katherine I be bound to keep.' And truly, albeit he had so sorely tried her allegiance, she *did* love the King, and I well remember how she rejoiced when she heard of the birth of Prince Edward, and how she said unto my Lord Montague and my father, 'that she marvelled to hear them speak as if ill pleased,' seeing it was verily the greatest blessing God could send the country; 'for,' she added, 'his be a right to succeed his royal father none can gainsay, and well ye know, there be those that would dispute that of our good princess, and others, with greater reason, that of her half-sister.'

And so she had all the bells rung, and the great guns fired, and gave a right royal entertainment unto her household, and the whole town of Havant, keeping open house for three days with all manner of games and jollities. Also she writ unto the King the heartiest congratulations that any person could, and sent unto the prince a golden cup set with many fair jewels, for which his Highness thanked her with many gracious words.

She hoped the birth of this precious child would not only set the King's heart at ease, but stop all the plots and breakings out which had long distressed the country, and that there might be a respite from the constant executions and confiscations which cost the state so many of her best and greatest men. She saw her sons were malcontent, both they and the Marquis of Exeter being zealous for the Pope, as was my grandmother herself; yet she never allowed them in her presence to speak a disloyal word.

A rumour had reached her, disquieting her much, that albeit my father had commanded some of the forces sent against the Pilgrims of Grace, who were led by our old friend Lord Hussey, yet had he not kept himself clear of some dealings with them, and it was said that he had meant to join them had they been successful.

The execution of Lord Hussey grieved her sorely, and she seemed to be always apprehensive of evil. I remember her saying unto my father that these disturbances made the times very parlous, and praying him to keep himself aloof from the court, and take heed that he held no communication with any suspected persons, and reminding him that the bitter rebukes the Cardinal dealt the King in his letters to his Highness could not fail to make his Grace suspicious of all his kindred.

'I do beseech thee,' she said unto him, 'to bear in mind that, being unable to justify himself, it be all the more probable his Highness

will be moved to take such revenge as he can, and that all our lives lie in his hand.'

It was these remonstrances which made her sons conceal from her the plot they had entered into with the Marquis of Exeter, to set him on the throne on the death of the King, he being son to the Princess Katherine, daughter of Edward IV.

I have been told that mine uncle the Cardinal, albeit one of the conspirators, knew not of this part of the design. Certes his mother did not, for though she shared in the correspondence with him, yet there was nought treasonable in any of the letters he writ unto her, and those he writ unto his brothers she did not at this time see. The agent by whom these letters were carried to and fro, was one Holland, who lived in Southampton, and had a brother at Portsmouth, who was captain of a merchant vessel which traded with Rome. Warblington Castle was nigher unto Portsmouth than Lordington, wherefore the despatches were conveyed thither, and from thence secretly carried to those for whom they were designed.

I think the not seeing what the Cardinal writ unto her sons, made her very suspicious, and apprehensive of evil; and her clear understanding of his Highness's temper made her esteem her own life in constant danger.

It was in the autumn of 1538 that I first noticed in her this melancholy and desponding humour.

I remember she called me one day unto her bedside, she being ill of a sudden cholick, and therefore keeping her chamber, and told me that the night before she had had a warning that misfortune of some sort was nigh at hand.

'Moll,' she said, 'about three weeks before thy grandfather, good Sir Richard, died, there came unto the window of the room where he lay, a large dark bird, which beat its wings against the glass as wanting to come in. Thrice it beat them, and departed, but presently returned and again struck thrice, and then again flew away, but came back a third time, and thrice struck the glass so sharply that one of the panes fell out on the floor. Last night, child, the same dark bird came and beat itself against my window in the same manner, with the same three sharp blows thrice repeated, and I doubt not it was sent to warn me to put mine house in order; would to God it may portend no worse trouble than mine own decease. But seeing I be well nigh seventy years old, so that mine end must shortly be looked for, and should be rather regarded as a blessing than a sorrow, (for, child, in these days to reach one's grave by any other means than that of a violent and bloody death, is for one set in so high a place as I have stood, a well nigh singular mercy), methinks the messenger must needs forbode some more rueful disaster. And, last night, lying here and thinking what possible evil it may portend, there has come to me an apprehension of such sorrow as I will not speak of unto thee. If my fears be prophetic, I would I could die this day.'

And here she made a long pause, and by her hands folded together before her, and her closed eyes I judged she was praying, and so ventured not to speak. But by-and-by she looked up at me, and said with a smile, 'I fear me, Moll, I have not done for thee all I should. I would I had ere this procured for thee such preferment as was fitting. But my promise unto our good Queen hindered when thou wert a child, and thine aunt Ursula and I both hoped thou mightest some day marry thy cousin young Stafford. His Highness hath spoken graciously unto him, and promised to befriend him, and he mind what he be about. My Lord L'Iale be high in the King's favour, and perchance being willing to aid us in this matter, may move his Grace to consent thereto. Thy cousin be willing enough I trow, and I think, Moll, thou wouldest not mislike the match,' and she looked at me with a kindly, indulgent smile and held out her hand.

I thanked her, and knelt down and kissed it, and said with a blush, 'that truly I should be well content with my cousin, seeing how handsome he was, and sweet mannered and gallant.'

And was about to add that I should prefer him to all men that I had ever seen, but she stopt me.

'It is enough, child,' she said, 'set not thine heart on him. Thou art too near of kin unto his Grace for us to be permitted to wed thee as we list. I would not have thee build on this, for there be many chances against it. Keep thy fancy free, for I wot well, thou mayest have to take some one quite different. If what I forbode should come to pass, thou wilt never wed young Stafford, neither wilt thou profit by what I have bequeathed unto thee in my will. And knowing how insecure our lives and properties be in these changeable days, some years ago I placed in the hands of my jeweller, Master Willynger, a very honest and dependable man, of much sense and worth, and withal rich, a casket wherein are some six hundred sovereigns and jewels worth well nigh as much or more,* for which no inquisitions can be made, I having so secretly saved the one and bought the other, that none know thereof. Whatever happens and whoever thou weddest, that is thy marriage portion. Thou shalt enter no man's house empty handed. See,' taking some papers from a box that was beside her on the bed, 'here be Master Willynger's receipts, and here be a letter writ by mine own hand requiring him to deliver the casket unto thee.'

I would fain have persuaded her to keep the papers herself, but she would not listen, and she made me not only take them, but hide them under the lining of my bodice, and sew them in so securely they could not slip.

When I had finished, she said, with quite a cheerful laugh, 'and now, Moll, thou carriest next thine heart the wherewithal to buy thyself a gallant husband whatere betide. I would it might be

* Altogether worth about £15,000 in these days.

poor Edward Stafford, for there is no nobler blood than his, but reckon not on it, and if an humbler mate be thy portion,'—and she paused as thinking, and then said 'thou wilt not have to live in constant fear of the axe. It might be happiest.'

Nor was her provident care of me her only preparation to meet the unknown trouble whereof she deemed she had been so mysteriously warned. She made me go with her unto the innermost room, wherein she kept the coffres containing her title deeds and papers of importance, and from thence she took all the Cardinal's letters, save only two or three, and many written by other hands scarcely less eminent, and burnt them all, 'not' she said 'because there be in them anything that would in other days have been called treason, but here and there be words that show that not even his Highness can overbear our natural affections, or make us in our very thoughts call that black which we know to be white.'

It was in reading these letters ere they were destroyed, that she told me many things concerning her own life that I have set down in these my recollections, which I should not otherwise have known.

Besides this, she caused Master Noyes, her bailif, to collect all the debts she owed to anyone and desired her cofferer to pay them, and also all the wages and salaries due to the whole household, and to all in her service up to the end of the month.

None save I knew wherefore it was done, and yet was there such grave solemnity in her looks and her demeanor, that all about her felt as if she were preparing for her own decease.

The beating of the bird against the window having been thrice repeated, we knew not whether to expect the coming blow at the end of three days or three weeks. It seemeth unto me, that during these three days, I lived in a kind of breathless apprehensiveness, and I well remember the sigh of deep relief with which I greeted their close. It was as if the danger was past. But I soon perceived my grandmother thought not so. She still busied herself in destroying papers and letters, and she sent away to mine aunt, Lady Stafford, under a strong escort, a large chest we had brought from Salisbury House, which we had never had occasion to open, and which contained sundry pieces of plate and silken hangings, and lace and linen, and wherein was a box containing a ruby necklace which the Duke of Buckingham had once given the Countess. The escort was under the command of the captain of her yeomen, Master Robert Bavent, a brave, prudent and most trust-worthy man, and in spite of the length of the way, the chest reached Lady Stafford safely, and was, with the letter therein sent, the last token she received of her poor mother's love and care.

I do not remember that anything happened to mark the days until the beginning of the third week, and then my grandmother bade me desire my tire woman to pack up my clothes, as she intended to send me home to my father and mother.

‘Thou wilt be safer there, Moll’ she said, with a tender kindness of look that seemed to bring mine heart into my mouth. ‘Perchance it may not be for long, for if all goes well thou shalt return unto me here, I would not lose thy company, sweetheart, an I may keep it.’

But I threw myself at her feet, and laying mine head on her knees, implored her with tears to suffer me to remain. ‘How should I ever forgive myself,’ I pleaded, if I deserted *her*, who had been so good unto me, in this dark and evil hour; force me not, I beseech your Grace, to lay up such bitter sorrow for my future life; whatever be coming let me remain and share it at least as far as I may.’

‘Thou art a good child,’ she said, ‘and dutiful, stay then if thou wilt and may God bless thee.’

It was on the last day of the three weeks, that I chanced to go up to the top of the tower as I sometimes did, being fond of looking from thence over the long line of coast, and watching the toss, or the ripple of the waves as the case might be. I liked best when the wind was strong enough to drive the foam before it, and carry the salt spray so far inland that I could taste and smell it. That day there was a fine southerly gale, and as I looked across I saw a vessel come round the corner of the Isle of Wight, scudding merrily before the wind, with all her sails out and looking, as the sunshine caught them, as if, like some angel, she were clad in ‘glistening white apparel.’ Presently, as I watched her, I perceived by her figure head that it was Captain Holland returning from Rome. Knowing she might bring us letters, I ran down and told my grandmother what I had seen, and I was sure she expected tidings from the Cardinal, for she said in reply, ‘Then Moll, I shall send for thy father, for perchance it were best that he were here,’ and she despatched Master Philip Claringbould, who was one of her pages, unto Lordington, charging him to make haste and bid Sir Geoffrey from her to come with all speed. I think her object was to get quit of any letters there might be from mine uncle as soon as she could. The Cardinal sent all his despatches in one packet addressed unto Sir Andrew Agape, the Countess’s chaplain, and brother unto Master Clement Agape, her chamberlain, and nephew as was he unto the good father who had been chaplain, unto Sir Richard, and thus it was that many letters were sent, and even papal Bulls, of which she knew nought, and which she never saw. For Sir Andrew was very zealous for the Pope, and bitter against the new religion and all heretics; for which he was not without good cause, seeing he himself had been one of the monks of Beaulieu, and had had two sisters both nuns, one at Winchester and the other at Romsey, and both had been turned adrift when the convents were suppressed. They were elderly women and friendless, and albeit some small pittance of a pension was allowed, yet were they in such distress and want, that one died of privation, and the other would have done likewise, but that my grandmother told Sir Andrew to bring her to

Warblington, where she led a life as retired as had she been in her convent. But I be wandering away from our own troubles.

The distance between Lordington and the castle was about twenty miles. Master Claringbould therefore reached the former place time enough for my father to have set off that eve had he so minded. But he did not choose to start until the next morning. All the evening therefore the Countess expected him in vain, and more than once I went up to the tower to see if he were coming, as if I could thereby hasten his arrival, she seemed so anxious about it. The next day, however, a little before noon, as I was standing up there looking out, I perceived, not my father, but Master Claringbould and his groom, riding as if escaping for their lives, as fast as their horses could carry them. He sat with his head bent down, like a bearer of heavy tidings, and I could see by the horse's flanks that he had made free use of his spurs. I trembled, though I knew not why, and my knees shook so under me that it was only slowly and with care I could get down the narrow winding staircase. At the bottom I sat down a moment to take breath, and try and persuade myself that it was but because I had grown so timorous and fearful, from having for the last three weeks been ever looking for some mischance, that I was so frightened now, wherefore, ere I went to my grandmother, I pinched my cheeks to bring back the red into them, and set my lips into a smile as I told her that Master Claringbould was returning alone.

'And thy father not with him?' she exclaimed, and sounding her silver whistle, she bade the page who was in waiting in the outer chamber to desire Master Agape to bring young Claringbould into her presence the moment he arrived. Accordingly, the instant he dismounted, albeit splashed and muddy from the speed wherewith he had ridden, he was ushered in, and in such haste was he to tell his tale, that he did not make half the fitting obeisance, and began speaking ere she could bid him. He told her that he and Sir Geoffrey had started together that morning from Lordington, and whilst stopping at Emsworth to have one of the shoes of their horses tightened, a party of armed men in the royal livery had ridden into the village and pulled up at the inn. As some of them dismounted and went into the house, Sir Geoffrey saw in their midst Master Holland with his legs tied together under his horse's belly; whereupon my father stept on some pretence up to him, and Holland told him he was on his way to London, and that he had been seized with despatches from the Cardinal about his person, whereof he had better let my Lords Montague and Exeter know, as all would be certainly discovered.

Whereupon Sir Geoffrey turned as yellow as a crow's foot, and swore he would first take care of his own neck, and should be off to the King and make a clean breast of it ere any tidings of Master Holland's capture could reach his ears.

Then, slipping a gold piece into the hand of Mistress Alice Patchet, the hostess, he bade her serve the troopers with her 'very strongest

liquor and plenty of it to boot,' and sent his groom back to Lord-ington with a message to his dame, and so galloped off, leaving the troopers busy with their cups, and likely so to remain.

Master Claringbould spake fast, and the Countess listened without a word, but her face grew very stern and grey when she heard of my father's flight. I was standing beside her chair, as was my wont, she being pleased to call me the staff of her old age, and often to use me as such, and now she clutched my shoulder as she arose, and methought the word 'coward' dropped from her lips, ere she bade some one take the fleetest horse in the stable and ride day and night unto Bisham Abbey, where, as she trusted, my Lord Montague then was, and warn him of his danger.

But the warning was in vain, as my lord was in London, and the tidings never reached him.

She had hardly given the order when Master Agape entered and told her that Father Andrew was without and desired an audience of her Grace.

She bade him enter, and I stepped aside and sat down out of sight, that I might recover somewhat from the trembling which had again seized me. He had a letter in his hand, which he laid on the table beside her, and he told her he had been into Portsmouth the evening before and had gone on board Captain Holland's vessel, who had bade him deliver it into her own hand. It was not the only one he had brought from the Cardinal, there were despatches for the Lords Exeter and Montague and Sir Geoffrey, with which the captain had charged his brother.

'And which,' said my grandmother bitterly, 'are now like to fall into the hands of his Highness, for Master Holland hath been taken prisoner with them in his pocket, and is on his road to London.'

'Now may God in His mercy forbid,' exclaimed Sir Andrew, turning pale with alarm; 'for if that be so, I fear me bloody work will ensue. We have no time to lose, madam, for the storm will be here anon, and I must make such preparations to meet it as may be possible, and may all the saints in heaven defend your Grace,' and he hurried away, and as we were afterwards told, burnt well nigh a sack full of papers from the Cardinal, and many other malcontents which he had received without the Countess's cognisance.

When he was gone, she took mine uncle's letter, and having cut the string and broken the seal, bade me read it to her, for 'Moll,' she said, 'mine eyes be dim this day, and the words seem to swim before them, and I be impatient to know that he be well.'

The letter was brief but writ in Latin, which was not usual and I read it with difficulty. It alluded to matters which his brothers were to communicate to her, and he said he understood not their project with regard to my Lord Exeter, and would not agree thereto, conceiving it to be very injurious unto the Princess Mary, whose

faithful and devoted servant he was, and all he did was for conscience sake and for hers.

'For the rest he wrapt up his meaning in such a profusion of words, one sentence lying within another, and all mingled with so many expressions of the love he had once borne his Highness, and his sorrow at being unable to love him any more, that not knowing the plots to which he alluded, we could not fully understand what he meant, but ere I had finished the letter my grandmother bade me desist.

'Read no more child,' she exclaimed. 'It be more than enough, more than needs to show that it be treason, rank treason, that woe is me, they are brewing and plotting. It is death or dishonour to all concerned; said I not well, that the threatened disaster was something worse than mine own decease.'

And as she spake, suddenly, all the place seemed alive with the clang of arms and the tramp of horses, and the angry baying of the hounds, followed by thundering blows on the great gates, and the demand to open in the King's name. Instantly she almost sprang up from her chair, her fear, her grief, all gone, her eyes flashing and her pale cheek glowing, as she bade the chamberlain, who sought her commands, throw open every door, and admit the visitors, without the delay of a moment.

She at once divined what had happened, but so did not I. I stood for some seconds like one stupified, holding in mine hand, mine uncle's letter that I had just refolded. Suddenly the terrible consequences of its being found struck me. I had moved into one of the windows to read it, on account of the light. The ante-chamber was already full of the frightened household. I could not cross the hall to drop it into the fire without being seen. I saw my grandmother look anxiously at it. Mine heart seemed truly to burn with an agony of supplication to all the saints in heaven for help to conceal it, and as I lifted up mine eyes, they were caught by a rent in the seam of the silken lining of the curtain which hung on the other side of the window. In a moment I had folded the letter up and thrust it in between the silk and the damask, so far down that none could see it, and smiled to see how securely it was hidden. My grandmother smiled also as she watched me and said, 'Thou art but a bad housewife Moll, but the rent comes handy.'

Then she turned away to face her enemies, and stood like a lion at bay, her tall figure drawn up erect, and with a look on her face that made one think of the King, terrible in its strength and determination. I came up to her and ventured to take her hand and lay it on my shoulder, but, with a kindly pressure, she moved it away, saying she needed no other support but her own innocence and courage.

In another minute the doors were thrown open, and the High Admiral Fitz William, who had just been made Lord Southampton, entered with a train of men-at-arms behind him. Ere he could speak,

the Countess, with a dignified gesture of her hands, such as befitted her royal birth, advanced a few steps to meet him.

'Ye come my Lord,' and she paused, and waited his approach; 'as I be told, in the King's name, and therefore, were ye our greatest enemy, as well I wot ye have no cause to be, we could not do less than bid ye heartily welcome. Albeit, I do perceive by your demeanour and by your warlike escort, ye come not here on any friendly errand.'

'Ye guess the truth shrewdly, madam,' he replied, 'if rather ye speak not from knowledge. I arrest you in the King's name for high treason and as a traitor.' And he stretched out his hand as if about to seize her person, but she struck it up with her own as easily as it had been that of some girl, and yet with such force that it swung above his head, and her wrath burst forth with such fury of righteous indignation, that he recoiled in amazement.

'I throw the opprobrious epithet,' she exclaimed, the red light flashing from her eyes, 'back into your teeth my Lord. I stand here a Princess of the blood royal, and as true and loyal a subject of his Highness as there be in these realms.'

'Madam,' he said, recovering his presence of mind, 'it be idle to resist. Your blood royal would better serve ye, an ye would confess your guilt, and throw yourself on the King's mercy.'

'Mercy,' she retorted, 'an I needed it I would not ask it, I would rather lay mine own head on the block, or tear out mine own heart, if I found therein any evil design against his Majesty or against the Prince his son.'

'Ye speak from a high and haughty stomach,' he replied. 'I pray God ye can justify it; ye are, however, my prisoner, and ye must give me up your keys, that I may search the castle, wherein I be assured much perilous stuff be hidden. Perchance we may find somewhat that may compel your Grace to lower your tone.'

'Ye will find nought, my Lord, but two or three letters from the Cardinal my son, wherein he hath sought to ease my motherly anxiety by letting me know of his welfare. Ye will find them with mine other letters and papers. My cofferer hath my keys and will aid your search.'

And then turning herself towards her household, she bade them one and all give to my Lord Southampton whatever help he required, adding, 'An there be any hiding places, cupboards or coffres that he passes by, I desire ye show him freely, and suffer nought to remain unopened.'

'By my soul, madam,' he replied, 'either your Grace be indeed innocent, or ye be the very Devil for boldness.'

It made me turn pale as I listened and remembered the letter in that very room and the risk that some one might have seen me hide it in the curtain, albeit, unperceived by me.

The search continued for two or three hours; but at last Lord

Southampton returned, bringing with him such letters as he had found, and other papers, and a piece of white satin broi'dery which he had taken from amongst her linen. It had the royal arms worked on one side with a border of marigolds and pansies, and on the other, within the same border, a tree, whereon was drawn a purple coat displaying the Passion of our blessed Lord. It was designed for a banner for the Princess Mary's own chapel, and she and I had worked it together. How well I remember choosing the marigolds for her, and how she said the pansies should stand for me, and how I had saucily whispered, 'or rather for mine uncle,' and by way of rebuke she had pinched my cheek, and then condescended to kiss the red spot!

Poor guiltless work and idle jest! Now my Lord Southampton flourished it before my grandmother's face, and swore there was treason enough in it to bring her to the block!

'My Lord,' she answered, with a scornful smile, 'it be in part the Lady Mary's own work, and was intended for her own oratory, wherefore it beareth the royal arms. For the rest, if there be treason in the Passion of Christ, and in wreaths of flowers, methinks the very birds will be attainted next.'

Then he demanded wherefore she had cut her name from her will, and she told him it was to render it invalid, because it had been made before the birth of her little grandson, and that her notary was even then drawing up another which he might easily obtain. The reasonableness of her answers seemed to satisfy him, and he stood silent, as if seeking some fresh accusation, when he was summoned out of the room by one of his attendants, and presently returned with some sealed papers in his hands, and walking angrily up to her, exclaimed,—

'Almost, madam, ye had, by your bold denials and seeming frankness, and cunning excuses, convinced me of your innocence. But see here what hath been found hidden beneath the flooring of the chapel? Well ye wot there be death in these papal bulls. The Lords may not have let ye into the very bottom and stomach of their plot, and therefore, perchance, if ye will confess your guilt as to these—'

But here my grandmother's anger cut short his words. Looking round on all present, in a voice which made those amongst us who had ever heard the King in his wrath feel how near of kin she was unto him, she exclaimed,—

'And who hath dared to bring those damnable things into mine house without my knowledge? God forbid it should have been mine own sons, and verily I think not that they would have acted so base a part towards their poor mother. But whomsoever be the culprit, or whosoever among ye knoweth ought of the matter, let him be man enough to confess the deed,' and seeing Father Andrew stepping forward, she added, being greatly moved, 'What thou! thou to whom, and to thine, I have shown such kindness, and fed and sheltered in their troubles?'

'Alas, madam,' he said, 'I do acknowledge my seeming ingratitude. The deed was mine, and mine alone. My duty of obedience unto his Holiness hath compelled me to act thus treacherously by your Grace. I have done only that which I was bound to do, and I be content to bear the consequences;' and he looked at my Lord as he spoke.

'An ye speak truth, sir priest,' my Lord Southampton answered, 'it is a foul wrong thou hast done the Countess; but I trow a sterner questioner than I be, may make ye tell a different story, something ye might yet do to soften thy fate, by giving up the letters from the Cardinal, which doubtless came with these bulls.'

'That, my Lord,' Father Andrew replied, with an undaunted air, 'be beyond my power, for there be no such letters to the best of my belief.'

I think the more my Lord Southampton cross-questioned my grandmother, the more he felt convinced that she had truly been kept in ignorance of the plot, and had no part in it. And he grew courteous and pitiful, and showed such kindness and deference to her age and to her high rank, as his duty to the King permitted. His orders were to remove her unto his own house at Cowdray, near Midhurst, and there to keep her prisoner during his Highness's pleasure.

But he suffered me to go with her, at mine own earnest prayer, and he allowed us to take two gentlewomen with us, and two tiring maids, and a sufficient quantity of suitable garments and chamber plenishings, and even permitted me to send unto Lordington such things as were mine own, presents from the King and Queen, and Princess, my jewels and pearls, and such kirtles as I could not take with me.

Nay, so far did he carry his courtesy, that he stationed at night no guards at our doors, but trusting, as he truly might, unto my grandmother's honour, left us free to roam about the castle. And thus it came to pass that I found an opportunity of repossessing myself of mine uncle's letter which I safely carried unperceived into our chamber, where we carefully burnt it, much to our relief; for if, by any evil chance, it had hereafter been discovered, it would not only have brought death unto the Countess, but it would have proved most dangerous to the Lady Mary, and to those about her.

And verily, its destruction was a matter for great thankfulness, since, not many days after we had been removed from Warblington, Master Cromwell, angered that so little had been found to criminate my grandmother, and perchance suspecting Lord Southampton of some slackness of zeal, sent down some of his own household to search the castle again, bidding them see to it, as they valued their lives, that they left no possible corner or cranny unexamined.

In consequence of this his command, so virulent was the search, that the panels were removed from the walls, and the hangings and tapestry torn away, and as we were told, the very bedsteads were

pulled to pieces, and beds ript open; and there was such damage of all the rich plenishing, as three hundred pounds would not have repaired.

But thank God they found nought, much to the satisfaction of Lord Southampton, and the search did but show the malice of her enemies, and confirm her innocency.

Cowdray was not above a day's journey from the castle, and by starting early, albeit the days in November be but short, we reached it ere night-fall, and my Lord gave us for our prison the most comfortable suite of rooms the house contained. Father Andrew, who had been carried with us, his arms bound, and his legs tied together beneath his horse, was, we were told, lodged that night in a dark cellar, often used as a dungeon. The next day he was despatched into London, where he expected nought but torture and death, and we in truth had no better hope for him; and the tears streamed from mine eyes on thinking of his cruel fate, as I watched him ride out of the yard in the midst of his escort. Escape seemed impossible, bound as he was, and placed between two troopers, to whose horses his own was fastened, with others before him, and others behind. Their way led them through Wolmer forest, a very wild and dangerous part of the country, wherein many outlaws and robbers lay in hiding, as also runaway apprentices and malcontents; and ere they got quit of it night came on. How it was I never heard; but when they reached the town where they were to halt, behold there was no Father Andrew on the horse he had ridden! Albeit, the horse was there safe enough, and still tied to the others, with the straps which had bound the Father cut through, and hanging to the saddle. He had slipped off in the darkness, and had doubtless found friends ready to conceal him, and aid his escape. Escape he did, and many years afterwards he returned to this country in the train of mine uncle. My grandmother was heartily thankful to hear that he had got away; 'for,' said she, 'though truly he could say nought against mine innocency, yet, I wis the anguish of torture can wring any number of lies as easily as truth out of a man's mouth, when he knoweth they be such as will unbind his limbs; and I be right glad he hath escaped so fierce a trial.'

And she said the same unto my Lord Southampton, who behaved unto us more as if we had been his guests than his prisoners, and in his own heart held her guiltless of any treason. We might, so gentle was he, have blythly born our captivity, had we had nought else to grieve over. Looking back, I can recall no fretting for the state and splendour, freedom and comforts, she had been stript of. Such poor deprivations were all lost sight of in the bitterness of her sorrow, when she heard that my father, to save his own life, had turned King's evidence, and had even accused her of being privy to their plot.

It seemeth unto me that on that dreadful day when Lord Southampton told us that the Marquis of Exeter, Sir Edward Neville and mine uncle Lord Montague had all perished on the scaffold, I spent

the whole of it, kneeling on the ground at my grandmother's feet. As he spoke she sat and listened in a stony silence, bolt upright, her hands tightly clasping the arms of her chair; all her veins black and swollen, and her lips pressed one against the other over her clenched teeth as if with an iron will she were keeping back the floodgates of her passion.

Her stillness and her silence were terrible, it seemed, as she spoke not, as if that noble heart must be burst asunder, by its intolerable afflictions, and moved by a sudden compassion, my Lord Southampton bent his knees to her, and kissing one of her hands, exclaimed, 'For God's sake, madam, take it not thus hardly, ease thy poor soul by giving some vent to thy pain.'

'What!' she cried, in angry scorn and sarcasm; 'is it into the ears of a true and loyal kingsman that I be likely to pour out my griefs! may God keep my lips shut, and my tongue from speaking! an ye have any mercy leave me to calm down as best I may the fury of mine affliction, and the thirst for vengeance with which mine heart be burning.'

'You wrong me madam,' he replied, 'by doubting my pity, I would not play so foul a part as spy upon your sorrows. Let it comfort you to remember that. Ye have yet two fair sons left, and though absent, one be where he lives in the highest honour and esteem, and in a safety not to be found by such as be here.'

'I have indeed two sons,' she answered, 'and one hath so behaved I would I had him not.'

'Nay, Madam, nay,' he said; 'ye think too much of Sir Geoffrey's conduct; well ye wot that these be days in which many of the noblest have scrupled not to betray their closest friends; aye, and yet worse, have even wrongfully accused them. On mine honour Sir Geoffrey hath but saved his own life—he might have died with the others—but his silence could not have saved them. Bethink you, that Holland was taken with the letters on him wherein the whole plot was revealed. Had he been less prompt, or his horse less fleet, they would have reached the king ere he did, and made his confession worthless.'

As he spoke, I lifted mine head from my grandmother's knees, and looked up to see if she would accept the comfort and mitigate her wrath, and her face did soften, for after a silence as of pondering his words, she said, 'My Lord, ye mean kindly, and we thank you, and ye speak truth. There be many living in high esteem and honour who have done likewise, and had my unhappy son told only that which in a few hours His Highness must have otherwise known, mine heart would be less sore. But I have been assured that he declared that I, his mother, was privy to their mad and wicked plot, knowing that I wist nought of the matter, moved thereto, as I conceive, by seeing that evidence of my guilt would be so acceptable unto the king as to dispose his Grace the more easily to pardon him.'

My Lord Southampton hesitated ere he answered, 'I must confess, madam, that such a report hath reached mine ears, albeit from no very trustworthy source, and methinks that did his Highness hold ye guilty, he would scarcely have ye in the light captivity in which he permits me to detain ye.'

'My Lord!' she said, laying her hand kindly on his arm; 'ye are a most courteous and gentle gaoler. I fear me much more so than his Grace, were he cognisant of it, would think mete, but there be some comfort in what ye say, and if I be permitted to abide here in such honourable custody, I shall hope his Highness not only holds me innocent, but remembers mine age and my long services, and meaneth to let me end my days in such peace as one who hath so many sorrows may.'

I think my greatest trouble in this miserable business was my fear that I should become hateful in my grandmother's sight, but she seemed to understand that I needed comfort, and accepted more graciously even than usual any little service I could do her, allowing me to wait on her more than was her wont.

We knew my father had been permitted to return unto Lordington, as, through my Lord Southampton, he sent a message unto his mother saying, that she, being under suspicion of treason, he prayed her to excuse his seeking her presence, as he dared not risk the King's anger by coming to see her, but when better days dawned he hoped to be able to justify himself in her eyes.

'Tell him,' she said, with angry scorn, 'I marvel not at his tender regard for his own life, seeing the price he hath paid for it, and he cannot do better than remain out of my sight.'

But the scornful message made him so miserable, that my mother came unto Cowdray and persuaded my lord to let her have access unto the Countess. I was standing beside her reading unto her from my Latin psalter, for she, being used unto the Latin, loved not the English Scriptures, neither would use the King's books, when my mother came suddenly in, unannounced, and hurrying unto her, sank on her knees, and with bitter weeping implored her to send some word of comfort unto my father.

Seeing her thus kneeling, I came and knelt also beside her, that tho' I might not speak in the presence of these mine elders, I might thus join my prayers for his pardon to hers.

'I beseech you madam,' my mother sobbed out, 'I beseech you pardon my most dear and honoured husband, who hath, I dare assure you, more justification than ye wot.'

'Justification! daughter!' the Countess exclaimed, angered at her so unceremoniously entering her presence. 'His brother's blood be not yet dry, and thinkest thou I can so soon forget the means whereby he saved his own life, and say, "God be with you?"'

'What he did, madam,' my mother pleaded, 'was no injury to them that perished. It was Holland's evidence proved their guilt, and

nought he said. His prompt confession did but save his own life. Had he resisted ye would have lost them both, and perchance ye had rather—rather that I had lost mine husband, and the little lad his father and his inheritance, than that he should have done that which many brave and honourable men have done as well as he, and repented him of his guilt.'

'Daughter' my grandmother said, 'albeit thy demeanour greatly lacketh that reverence which be my due, I wot well there be truth in thy words. His silence would not have saved the others, and in these parlous times, as my Lord Southampton hath already said, for one man to betray another be now so common we count it not dishonour. But thine husband has falsely accused his own mother, and doubtless perceiving that it would please his Highness, and in testification of his zeal for his service, hath declared that I, who knew nought, was privy to their damnable treason.'

But that my mother most solemnly denied, calling, with many tears, on all the saints to witness, that he had only confessed to her correspondence with the Cardinal, albeit the King had striven to draw somewhat more out of him. My grandmother listened with patience to all she had to say, I think not she fully believed it, but it moved her, and she paused ere she answered.

'God knoweth,' she said at last, 'that my being attainted and stript of my estates, and of all my worldly gear is the work of my own sons, yet I will strive to believe what thou sayest, and I will not refuse my pardon and blessing unto the one I have left,' and she laid her hand solemnly on my mother's head and added, 'May God Almighty bless ye both and all thy children. I bless him through thee, and lay thou this my blessing on the head of the little lad. Tell thine husband not to imperil his safety by sending thee thither again, and see thee rear the boy in truth and loyalty and guard him from rebellious plots.'

It was her last command, and to their after sorrow, a vain one. I have often thought that if it were for the sake of this, his so long desired son that my father betrayed his mother, there was a terrible retribution dealt out to him in the fate of this poor child and of his as yet unborn brother. A fate from which the injunctions of my dear grandmother would have saved them had it been laid to heart.

NOTE.—Our readers will grieve to hear that the author of this tale, Miss F. C. Lefroy, was taken away only a week after making the last corrections in the MS. She was one of the most valued contributors to the MONTHLY PACKET. *April Showers*, recently, and in earlier days *My Three Aunts*, and *Ralph Wilford*, came from a pen which here, as in other works, showed that much of the ability of her great aunt, Jane Austen, remains in the family.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXVII.

1633—1638.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

KING CHARLES, though born in Scotland, had not set foot in the country since he was removed from it in his sickly childhood. It was high time that he should there receive the crown of his forefathers, and become acquainted with the country. He therefore set forth in the summer of 1633, with a brilliant suite of 150 persons, including Bishop Laud, who had arranged his previous coronation.

The daily service after the English use was carried on in Holyrood Chapel, and did not excite so many open murmurs as when James I. had last been in Scotland, whence the King argued that there was more hope of introducing the Prayer-book throughout the country. He did not hear the comments of the people of Edinburgh, who held that the rochet and surplice smelt of Popery. The years of peace and of traffic with England had enriched Scotland, and the nobles and gentlemen who flocked to pay their court to the King were handsomely equipped, often to an extent they could hardly afford.

The coronation was the most magnificent ever seen in Scotland, where indeed a full-grown monarch had not been crowned since the return of the first James Stewart. It took place in the Abbey Church of Holyrood, with the same ceremonies as at Westminster, and as far as possible the same decorations, Archbishop Spottiswoode officiated, with three other Bishops in white rochets and sleeves, and copes of gold and blue, such as English Bishops always wore at coronations. The other Bishops merely wore black gowns, and Laud indignantly thrust aside the Archbishop of Glasgow from the King's left hand, saying, 'Are you a Churchman, and want the coat of your order?'

It was the misfortune of Laud, that being only a tradesman's son, he had none of that gentle breeding which makes courtesy second nature, and he had besides a quick temper, and thus he often gave offence where he was in the right, and tact and consideration might have made him better understood. Yet it was said that a sermon which he preached at Edinburgh had so good an effect that if the Prayer-book had been then introduced, little opposition would have been made. There was, however, another question very seriously affecting the condition of the clergy, namely the matter of property, which had been seized at the destruction of the old Scottish Church—

not merely the lands, but the tithes, or, as they were called in Scotch, teinds. The nobles—when royal power was a nonentity—had granted all these revenues among themselves, undertaking to maintain the clergy. It resulted in the laird exacting the uttermost penny of the tithe, and giving the poor minister the smallest possible share.

James I. had by private negociation with the houses of Hamilton and Lennox, and by resigning the small amount which had accrued to the Crown, been able in some sort to endow the two Archbishoprics, and Charles had already, in 1628, sent the Earl of Nithsdale to endeavour to make some arrangement for further restitution, but the Scottish lords and lairds had no notion of yielding. They met at Edinburgh and agreed that if there were no other mode of making Nithsdale abandon the project, they would fall on him and his supporters in the old Scottish fashion, and knock them on the head. One of them, a blind old man, a Douglas, Lord of Belhaven, bade them set him by one of the party and he would make sure of him.

So when the conference took place, the old savage kept a dagger in one hand, while with the other he gripped fast the Earl of Dumfries, making an excuse of his blindness, and holding himself ready for a fatal stab on the first disturbance. Altogether the aspect of affairs was so perilous that Lord Nithsdale returned without explaining his mission.

However, the King was out of reach in England, and continued to insist, bringing an action against the holders of all Church property as having accepted it from the Crown, when the Crown had no power or right to give it away. It came to be understood that they would lose all unless they would accept a composition, and finally, after much labour on the part of the 'Commissioners of Teinds,' as they were called, the final arrangement was made, by which a fair maintenance, according to the ideas of the time, was secured to the parochial clergy, schools were also to be maintained by a sum assessed on each parish, and tithes, a fifth part of the land rent, were to be paid in money instead of kind. Where the amount in a parish exceeded the requirements of the minister, part went to a fund for the maintenance of universities, schools and hospitals, and the rest was retained by the impropiator who had held it before.

This was agreed to by the Scottish Parliament, or Estates, held at the King's visit in 1633, though not without much discontent on the part of the lairds, for though the arrangement was really equitable, they not only lost by it, but imagined that it was the prelude to the restoration of the hierarchy in all its splendour. Even the ministers, who profited so much by it, dreaded to see the exaltation of Bishops. The Scots in general murmured when an episcopal see of Edinburgh was created, and they were greatly displeased with the constitution of the acting committee of the Estates, called the Lords of the Articles, consisting of eight Bishops as well as eight secular nobles. As there were only twelve Bishops to choose from, and sixty temporal peers,

the turn of each prelate necessarily would come much more often than that of the nobles, and they would thus acquire a great preponderance of influence.

The nobles drew up a supplication against this, and much besides which they rather apprehended than beheld. It was drawn up by Haig, of Bemerside, and given to Lord Balmerinoch, who handed it on to the Earl of Rothes to be presented to the King.

Now the King had forbidden his attendants to bring him insolent or unbecoming petitions, and Rothes thought this one might be so viewed, so he told the King he had a supplication in his pocket, which he had suppressed, according to order. Would his Majesty be pleased to look at it. To this the King said he had no time to look at it; but the general aspect of affairs made him delay the introduction of the Liturgy, thinking indeed that opposition to what was peculiarly English might be prevented by giving time to draw up a national Prayer book.

The King sent orders back to Scotland that the Bishops should provide themselves with a rochet and sleeves, and thus appear in church, and that inferior clergy should wear the surplice. At the same time, a prosecution was commenced against Lord Balmerinoch for the supplication, which was treated as 'leasing making' or a political libel. Haig of Bemerside had escaped to Holland, so that all fell upon his co-adjutor Balmerinoch. There was a very long trial, protracted by pleadings on both sides, and at last the prisoner was convicted, whereupon Charles pardoned him, but the whole prosecution had been a foolish blunder, and did much harm.

The great work and object all this time was the preparation of a Liturgy for Scotland. All prayer there was not extemporary. A service had been drawn up by Calvin, and translated or imitated, which was in use in many of the Scottish congregations, varied in such places as the minister thought fit. It was called the Book of Common Order, or Knox's Liturgy, and there is reason to think that James and the Scottish Bishops had considered of modifying it, but had abandoned the attempt, nor had the Church any Canons at all.

The Canons were drawn up by the Scottish Bishops and submitted to Laud and Juxon for revision. They were reverent, sober minded, and excellent; but they were far too Catholic spirited for the Scottish temper. Moreover, and there was this reasonable cause for displeasure, that instead of being, like the English Canons, accepted in Convocation, they came entirely from the King and the Bishops, the Presbytery having no share in them. This gave a certain sense that they were arbitrarily imposed, which made it doubly unfortunate that they were set forth before the Prayer-book which was to have accompanied them was ready.

There was thus more time for the force of opposition to gather, and the parish clergy had been offended at there being no notice taken of their General Assembly, nor any consent of theirs being asked. The

Prayer-book itself was intended by Charles, Laud, and some of the Scottish Bishops, to vary just enough from the English Prayer-book to be National, yet to be uniform in all essentials. Presbyter was substituted for its contraction, priest, to gratify the Scots, but most of the alterations consisted in more definite rubrics, such as English laxity had shown to be needful, and in more Catholic restorations, especially in the Communion office. The signing with the cross was restored at Confirmation, and some of the Puritan work on the Prayer-book of 1552 was omitted. Henrietta Maria afterwards told Madame de Motteville that the King made her compare the Scottish Prayer-book with her missal, going over it with her himself, so as to show how truly Catholic the spirit was, in the hope of convincing her and winning her over. Imprudently, the book intended for churches was very handsomely printed, with red rubrics, ornamental headings and initials, and Scriptural illustrations, in ignorance or forgetfulness that the fanatical Calvinism of Scotland objected to any sort of sacred picture, and saw in these ornaments a studied resemblance to the illuminated Mass-books it abhorred. It was believed by the more prejudiced that the book was the outcome of an organized plot for bringing the whole of the two kingdoms back to Romanism; and the spirit of dislike to English dictation was thoroughly roused. The new Prayer-book was promised for Easter, 1637, but it was deferred till July. None of the clergy refused it, and the introduction, to all appearance, seemed about to pass off quietly, but a consultation was held between Alexander Henderson from Fife, and David Dick, from the West. They then called on Sir Thomas Hope, the Lord Advocate, and Lord Balmerinoch, who had been prosecuted for the supplication; and meetings were held at the house of Nicolas Balfour, in the Cowgate, with several women, three of whom are named Elspat and Ballira Craig, and Euphame Henderson, who undertook to give the first affront to the book, after which men would take the business out of their hands. Sir Thomas Hope must have acted treacherously in giving no warning, and there were no tokens of displeasure when on the 16th of July notice was given that the new Prayer-book would be read on the ensuing Sunday.

All went quietly at the Cathedral of St. Giles's, the magistrates were there in state, also the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the Bishop of Edinburgh was to preach, till the Dean gave out the collect for the day. Then a woman, sitting on one of the folding or campstools, on which the maids were wont to keep the place of their prayer-despising, sermon-loving ladies, burst out, 'The deil collick the wame of thee!' and hurled her stool at his head. Tradition calls her Janet Geddes, a herb woman, but she is also said to have been a Mrs. Mean. Another woman struck a gentleman who had just said Amen, in the face with her Bible, stools flew about the church, and there was shouting, clapping of hands, and a fearful hubbub. The Bishop ascended the pulpit and tried to quiet the people, but could not make

himself heard. The magistrates drove out the rabble, and the service was concluded, while the mob continued to yell round the church and batter the doors. They made an onslaught on the Bishop of Edinburgh as he went home, and he was protected with difficulty. The same riotous resistance, chiefly by women, or boys disguised as such, was manifested at Glasgow and Brechin, and the temper of the cities was such, that at Edinburgh the Bishops thought well to suspend all religious services till the King's pleasure should be known. No one guessed, far less said to Charles, 'this is not a revolt, it is a revolution.' The sentiment was, as was said in the letter to the Council, 'Will they cast down the milk because a few milkmaids have scolded?' and orders were sent to Scotland peremptorily enforcing the services; but these were answered by showers of petitions from the people, who had now been stirred into regarding the matter as national, although the clergy for the most part held perfectly quiet in the whole matter.

The extreme importance of all this was far from being understood, people in London were far more curious about the last news from Holland or Germany than from Scotland.

A strict order from the King in Council was sent off to enforce the use of the Service-book; but on the road the messengers met tidings that supplications signed by the whole country—men, women and children, were preparing to protest against the Service-book, of which most knew absolutely nothing but that it had been imposed on them from England, without their own consent, and was supposed to savour of Popery. The supplications professed all loyalty and obedience to the King, but protested against the Bishops, whom they accused of unlawfully imposing on them the Canons and Prayer-book. The Duke of Lennox, in passing through Edinburgh on his return from his mother's funeral, found the streets lined with people, the ministers on one side, the gentry on the other, there drawn up to make a demonstration, and no less than sixty-eight largely-signed petitions were entrusted to him.

On the 17th of October came a sort of answer, namely, a proclamation that all persons not resident in Edinburgh should return home to their own business; another, removing the seats of the Council first to Linlithgow and then to Dumfries; and a third, condemning and calling in a book against 'English Popish ceremonies.'

The tidings roused to fury the mob of Edinburgh, including all the idlers who had been ordered home. The Bishop of Galloway was quietly walking along the street, when they fell on him with cries of Papist loon! Jesuit loon! and he fled for his life, happily assisted by a gentleman who was near, into the Council house, which the roaring multitude besieged. Word was sent to the Provost and Magistrates, but they were too loyal to be popular, and they, too, were threatened, till they signed a paper promising to co-operate with the supplicants. The mob were drawn off by some of the men of higher rank of their own party, and the Council and magistracy did their best to obtain

attention to the royal commands, but it was impossible to get rid of the strangers, who all discovered some lawful business requiring their presence in Edinburgh.

There had been no public worship all this time in the city, and with cries and tears the Council were entreated to open the Churches, without the English book, and they yielded for the present; but when another enormous petition was brought up to them, they refused to read or forward it, bidding the people wait for the answer to the former ones. They could not themselves obey the order to adjourn to Linlithgow without abandoning Edinburgh to the mob; and in their great desire to be rid of the disorderly rabble of strangers, they proposed that there should be chosen four persons to represent each order of persons: nobles, gentry, clergy and burgesses, who should form a committee to confer with them. This sixteen, recalling the *Seize* or sixteen Representative Leaguers of Paris, were known in Scotland as the Tables, or the Green Tables; and other Tables, in communication with them, were established all over the country. This had the present effect of sending the rioters to their homes; but it thus organised an opposition of the most powerful kind.

The King, meantime, was not half informed of the strength of the resistance. The Scotch gentlemen about him hushed up the matter as much as possible, and they were in large numbers. The Marquess of Hamilton was Master of the Horse, the Earl of Morton, Captain of the Band of Pensioners, the Duke of Lennox Warden of the Cinque Ports, Sir William Balfour Lieutenant of the Tower, besides numerous gentlemen ushers and gentlemen of the bed-chamber. These prevented true accounts from reaching Charles, and, moreover, some betrayed his plans as far as they could discover them, not scrupling to take his private papers from his clothes at night, so that there is a letter extant from Archbishop Laud warning him to take care what he left in his pockets.

Traquair, the Treasurer of Scotland, was sent to London to give information to his countrymen and counsel to the King. He first assured the Scots that on their absolute submission, the Service-book would be withdrawn, and then concurred in advising the King to issue a proclamation exonerating the Bishops, taking all on himself, commanding the Scots to accept the book as a token of loyalty, promising pardon for the past, but threatening to deal with them as traitors if they continued to hold tumultuous assemblies.

Traquair made the tenor of this proclamation known to his countrymen in secret, before carrying it to Stirling, where the Council was then sitting. The plans were decided on. The Scots believed that a protestation would make the King's command of no effect, so when on the 19th of February the proclamation was to be made at the Market Cross of Stirling by the heralds, the Earls of Hume and Lindsay were ready with their protest, against all acts of Council made with the Bishops sitting upon it. The mob were in such a fury as to be ready

to murder the Archbishop of St. Andrews, but he was protected by the Earl of Rothes.

At Linlithgow there was the same scene, at Edinburgh not only was there the protestation, but the proclamation was hooted with jeers and laughter. A curious scene here took place. Among the protestors was James Graham, the young Earl of Montrose, who had lately returned from Italy, and who had been deterred from entering the King's service by the jealousy of the Marquess of Hamilton. To see better, he climbed on a puncheon which stood on the scaffold whence the proclamation was made, 'Oh! James,' said the Lord Rothes, 'you will never rest till you be lifted there by three fathom of rope.' The grim jest was remembered! At Aberdeen, though the majority were loyal, still the protest was made.

The next step adopted by the Tables was what they called the Renewal of the Solemn League and Covenant. The original Covenant, or King's confession, as it was termed, had been made in 1581, when the Roman Catholic Church was the foe most dreaded, and the Pope 'his worldly monarchy and wicked hierarchy, his three solemn vows, with all his shamblings of sundry sorts, his erroneous and bloody decrees made at Trent, were abjured.' James had signed it, and there really was nothing in it to denounce either the Liturgy or Episcopacy, and therefore a supplement was added, binding everyone to continue in the religion established by the first, and 'to resist all corruptions and errors, expressly the establishment of Bishops and the new Service-book. Therewith were coupled the strongest expressions of loyalty to the descendant of a hundred and seven Kings.

The Covenant was read on the 1st of March, in the Cathedral, at Edinburgh, and greeted with shouts and cries of joy and exultation. Tables were set out in the Grey Friars Church-yard, and people of all ranks and ages flocked to sign the paper with a sort of passionate joy. The copies were dispersed all over the country, and signed by crowds with fervent enthusiasm, by many actually with their own blood; while those who were reluctant were forced by no gentle means to accept it. Sermons were preached in support of it, and were so sought after that to secure places the churches were often crammed from Friday to Sunday by crowds, who ate and slept there, without the slightest reverence or even decency.

The Primate and all the Bishops but four fled to England. Aberdeen, however, with city, church, and university, remained loyal, and the Highlands were still chiefly Roman Catholic, excepting the Campbells, the clan of Argyle. It was said that when Lord Lorne, the heir of the family, had been summoned to London to give information, his father, the old Earl of Argyle, a Romanist, strongly advised the King not to let so dangerous a person go back to Scotland, but that Charles held himself bound in honour to let him freely return. Some nobles and many of the clergy, chiefly in Ayrshire, Dumfries, and Galloway, likewise refused to sign the Covenant, but they were

hunted away by the people, and their places were filled by such men as Blair and Livingstone from the north of Ireland, who had been displaced by Lord Wentworth's vigorous measures. In a meeting held at Edinburgh of a hundred and twenty clergy, four-fifths were against the Covenant, so that it seems as if more time and patience and attention to the constitutional method of obtaining the public consent of the clergy, might have disarmed suspicion and sense of arbitrary dictation, so as to have carried enough to educate the people in Church doctrine.

The great supplication was meantime sent to London by three nobles, who were not Covenanters, Lennox, Huntly, and Morton, but the Tables forbade them to open it unless the King would receive it, and the King would not look at it unless they could assure him that it conformed to his rules about petitions. In June, the King decided on sending a commissioner to Scotland to arrange matters. His choice fell on the Marquess of Hamilton, the nearest heir, after the royal children, and the Palatine family, to the Scottish crown, and unfortunately a trusted friend of his own. It is impossible to judge of Hamilton's fidelity. The English loyal party greatly disliked and distrusted him, and thought him a thorough traitor, more especially as his mother was a strong Covenanter, and his sisters all married to Presbyterian nobles; and it is certain that he always had an unfortunate effect on the King's affairs. And yet Charles loved and trusted him to the last, and he evidently had a strong personal attachment to the King. It seems more likely that he was only a weak, unstable man, swayed now by love to the King, now by national impulse as a Scot, and actuated besides by clannish dislikes and jealousies to Montrose and the Grahams, Huntly and the Gordons, and Argyle and the Campbells. Obeying each impulse in turn, his whole behaviour had an uncertainty about it, which might well merit the contempt of more whole-hearted men. The Tables had decreed that no Covenanter should show their King's representative any respect, and forbade his own vassals to meet him at the Border or show him any honour, but on the other hand, two rows of Covenanters, 600 clergy, and 20,000 laity were drawn up on the way to Holyrood House.

When there, he spoke of having the English service in the chapel, but the covenanting lords declared that 'he who durst read prayers there should never read more,' and that a thousand men were ready to prevent it! When he told them in private consultation that they must give up the Covenant if they were to be reconciled with the King, they answered that they would sooner renounce their baptism. In fact, they were beginning to collect money for resistance, and they actually prevented the transfer of some arms and ammunition from a vessel at Leith to Edinburgh Castle.

Meantime they made their demands, the abolition of the Court of High Commission, of the Canons and Service Book, a free Parliament, and a free General Assembly. Another proclamation at Edinburgh,

and another protestation followed. Then the old Covenant, with the King's signature, was put forth, and everybody was required to sign it; but to this the Tables refused consent. Hamilton tried in vain to convince the Scottish nobles of the King's disinclination to Popery, in fact, all the instances by which he hoped to prove to them Charles's piety, seemed to these haters of all form, reverence, or regularity in devotion to be so much papistry. A crazy woman, named Mitchelson, was supposed to be inspired when she railed against the old Covenant and praised the new one. She was taken to a good house in Edinburgh and lodged in the best bedchamber, which was crowded from morning to night with people listening to her ravings and prophecies from heaven. Contributions of money, from twenty-five dollars downwards, were paid by all ranks as a fund for resistance, and hosts of the veteran Scottish soldiers in the armies of Germany were subscribing the covenant and promising to bring home their skill and discipline to their own country in case of need. All this was held to be religion, and there was certainly some honest Calvinistic dread of formalism and distrust of Church doctrine at the core, but much more was blind prejudice against the supposed relapse into Popish practices, and what gave passion to the whole was national hatred to English dictation, stirred up to a height by proprietors who dreaded to be made further to disgorge Church property. It is to be remembered likewise that Romanism had been at its very worst in Scotland, and that the traditions of bishops and abbots were often of dissolute and rapacious men of blood.

Hamilton, after many consultations with the King, all of which were betrayed to the Covenanters, convoked a General Assembly to meet in the grand old cathedral of St. Mungo at Glasgow. Orders were issued by the King that the delegates sent by each Presbytery should be chosen by the clergy alone, but the Covenanters, disregarding this, sent with each minister an elder with equal powers of voting, and as the ministers put forward did not vote for themselves, the elders, who were all Covenanters, were sure of carrying their candidate. Moreover, all ministers 'erroneous in doctrine or scandalous in life' were by order of 'the Tables' rejected, and by a liberal interpretation this was made to exclude all the ministers who had not signed the Covenant, or who had been willing to use the Service Book. As to the Bishops, who had of course a right to sit there, the cunning lawyers, who managed the tactics of the Tables, decided to disqualify them, by calling them to answer before the Assembly for charges laid against them. Lord Rothes applied to Hamilton for a warrant, but he refused one, whereupon the Presbytery of Edinburgh cited all the fourteen Bishops to appear at the Bar of the Assembly to answer for an array of horrible crimes that must have been gleaned from the lives of the worst Scottish pre-reformation bishops, to which was added suspicion of Arminianism, Popery, and card-playing. The Marquess of Hamilton sent strict orders that this abominable calumny should not

be published, but the plan had been kept so secret that the command did not come till the citation had been read in all the kirks in Edinburgh.

A throne with a canopy was erected for the Marquess, and the whole length of the nave ran a table with seats for the seventeen peers, and the numerous lords of baronies who attended, the ministers sitting in tiers on benches rising behind them. Among these peers was James Graham, Earl of Montrose, and among the assessors assisting Hamilton was Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle, who had just succeeded his father in the title and estates. The Moderator was Alexander Henderson, 'a moderator without moderation,' as Archbishop Laud called him, and the Clerk, Johnstone of Warriston. These were the two men who had devised the additions to the Covenant, and were the very soul of the Tables.

The numbers were about 260, and it was noticed that no one wore a clerical gown, and there were a tumultuous throng of outsiders through whom it was very hard to make way, in so much that Principal Baillie declared in his letters, 'we might learn from Canterbury, yea, from the Pope, yea, from the Turks or Pagans, modesty and manners. Our rascals, without shame, in great numbers, make such din and clamour in the house of the true God, that if they offered the like behaviour in my chamber, I would not be content till they were downstairs.' Some time was spent in legal questions over the elections; but on the 28th of November, when measures were about to be taken against the Bishops, Hamilton, in the name of the King, withdrew all sanction from the Assembly, first, on account of the illegal manner of the elections, and secondly, on that of the exclusion of the Bishops and the proceedings against them. At the Market Cross, there was a proclamation read, breaking up the Assembly, and ordering all to repair to their homes; but the protestation instantly followed, and though the Marquess withdrew, the Assembly went on as before, with the co-operation of the Assessors.

The Assessors remained, and Argyle became a species of President. The first thing done in the Assembly which, being dissolved by the King, had become entirely illegal, was to annul all Acts passed since 1606, including the Articles of Perth. Then the Prayer-book and the Canons were condemned, and there followed what was called the trial of the Bishops. Lists of crimes to be made out against them were sent to their several dioceses, not merely the doctrinal differences and the 'being agents of Canterbury,' which might reasonably be expected from these virtuous and dignified clergymen, 'bowing to the altar, wearing the rochet, consecrating churches,' but outrageous crimes against all the commandments. Swearing was alleged against them, which seems to have consisted of such expletives, as 'on my soul,' and 'on my honour.' Sabbath breaking was a regular charge, probably because they travelled to different churches on Sundays, and also because they either accepted, or were supposed to accept the Book

of Sports. Also some were said to have tolerated 'dances of naked women,' most likely meaning ladies dressed in the prevailing court fashion, which left the upper part of the neck bare. Far worse and more horrid crimes were mentioned as matters of course in all the indictments, including murder and adultery. Surely these Scottish Bishops belonged to those of whom all manner of evil is falsely spoken ! There was no defence. Several were in England, and none acknowledged the authority of the Assembly. Six were deposed, the other eight, who were more obnoxious to the Covenanters, were both deposed and excommunicated.

The Bishops of Dunkeld, Orkney, and Argyle submitted, abjured their consecration, and were content to act as Presbyterian ministers, 'not respected on either side.' They had been accused like their brethren of frightful guilt, but on their submission, no more enquiry was made, and such acceptance was a virtual acquittal of all the rest. Spottiswoode, the Archbishop, died the next year, in 1639, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Lindsay, the other Archbishop, and four more died at different times in England. Maxwell, of Ross, an able and active man, received the Irish Bishopric of Killala, but had to flee for his life from the Romanist rebellion. He joined the King at Oxford, and was appointed Archbishop of Tuam, in 1645, but two years later was found dead on his knees in his closet. Guthrie, of Moray, who had been 'the first to put on his sleeves,' alone remained staunchly at his post, though fined, imprisoned, and harassed, until the brave old man was worn out, and died at Angus. Syderf, of Galloway, during the English troubles, retreated to France, and exercised his episcopal office in the house of Sir Richard Browne, the English ambassador at Paris. He was the only one of all the fourteen who lived to return to his see, at the return of Charles II., and to form a link between the first and second restorations of the Scottish Church.

The priests who were no Covenanters were treated in the same manner. Mr. Thomas Foster, of Melrose, had declared the Service-book better than preaching, had, with his own hands, made his altar and rails, and administered the Holy Communion to his people on their knees, and affirmed our Reformers to have brought more damage to the Church in one age than the Pope and his faction in a thousand years. 'This monster was justly deposed.'

The same clearance took place among the Divinity Professors at the Universities, and the Assembly broke up on the 20th of December, 1638, but with the determination that Aberdeen, the great old University city, should be forced into the Covenant. Henderson, Dickson, and Cant, and the Earl of Montrose were sent off to insist that the Covenant should be signed.

All strangers were welcomed at Aberdeen with a banquet of wine called the 'cup of bon accord,' but the visitors refused to drink with them till the Covenant should be signed, an insult never offered to

the folk of Aberdeen in the memory of man ! They gave out that they should preach in the city pulpits, but the proper owners of these occupied them themselves. However, the three ministers preached in the open air on galleries in front of Earl Marischal's house, and were listened to with curiosity rather than conviction. A war of pamphlets then began, but little was done to bring over the city or university, and it began to be felt that the dispute must lead to bloodshed.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

IX.

VISITORS FROM AFAR.

'Oft shalt thou see, ere brooding storms arise,
Star after star glide headlong down the skies;
And where they shot long trails of lingering light,
Shoot far behind, and dim the stars of night.'

How often when one has complied with the request, 'Tell us a story,' which is almost as dear to the Western as to the Oriental mind, is one confronted at the end with the awkward question 'Did that *really* happen?' or, 'Teacher, be that there tale true?' according to the education of our questioners. Here is a true story which was written for young people.

Ages ago a party of travellers were pursuing their journey with almost incredible speed. It was long before railways or steam-engines were heard of, and yet an express train would have seemed like a snail compared to them. By courtesy they were said to be travelling on a 'path,' but it was an invisible one, and no human eye can now distinguish it, for they were travelling through space. For how many ages they had been travelling they could not tell, and as they went on their journey they argued much on these two points—whence had they come? whither were they going? They might have applied to themselves the word of the Thane, about the small bird flying through the hall of the Northumbrian king,—

'But whence it cometh none can tell,
Nor whither it departs.'

One party were inclined to the belief that they had all at some remote period left a certain star—been shot out of it, in fact, in an explosion, and certainly there shone such a star behind them as might account for the belief. Others, however, maintained that as they were now, thus—or nearly thus—they had ever been. Except that they had drawn closer together, made friends, and taken the same journey, they were very much as they had been since they first sprang into existence, travellers from their cradle to—their grave, we should say, but of such a goal they as yet knew nothing. It is time to describe the travellers. The chief of the party was a splendid mass of iron and hydrogen, weighing three and a half tons; it had a smaller companion of about a ton and a quarter. Besides these great meteorites there were many little lumps of iron, many stones, others stone and iron

mixed, and others were just gas-balls, while among all these were millions of tiny objects, chiefly soda, weighing from a few ounces to a grain or two—just such tiny quantities as a chemist would weigh in his delicate glass scales. And so for countless ages the stream had rushed on—but just as my story begins, one question seemed likely to be answered, for all the meteor train had just recognized that a yellow star they had long watched had grown perceptibly nearer, and lay just in their path. Occasionally a bold meteor would tell the rest that a comet was in advance of them, and that, far from being objects of any importance, they were merely following in the comet's track, like his train-bearers. 'If so,' asked one of the disbelievers in their star origin, 'if so, was the comet too shot out of the star?' But no one could answer him.

At last they drew nearer the great yellow star, and nearer still, and now a strange feeling came over them. There was some power in the star, drawing them gently, but firmly, and ever more and more strongly towards itself. 'This is pleasanter,' thought the iron, 'than being driven forth,' which, poor thing, had been its only feeling for ages. 'Is that where we are going? how we shall be welcomed!' exclaimed the weary traveller. 'Not at all,' answered the free-thinking meteor, 'they won't care for us, they will have had the comet.' 'Speak for yourself!' angrily exclaimed a chorus of little sharp voices, 'they may not care for a light wandering meteor, but they will care for us, when we light up our soda flames.'

'They will care most of all,' said a very wise old stone, almost falling to pieces with age, 'for our two great friends,' looking at the iron meteorites. 'As if they could want such great, ugly, black lumps in that lovely star,' called out one pert little olivine meteorite. 'Wait till we get there,' said the deep voice of the great meteorite; 'for my part I think we are journeying to an unseen land.' And now a new life began for the meteor train. Drawn irresistibly by the Sun (for the yellow star was our own sun), the stream of tiny stars, gas-balls, and meteorites began to circle round him in a path of its own, a path which would not after all, lead it into the sun. But now and then, they beheld from a distance, great globes, shining with reflected light, also travelling round the sun: and sometimes they drew very near one of these, and then a multitude of soda grains would dart wildly off, attracted by the great world, lighting up their little flames for an instant, and they returned no more. Less often, one of the great gas-balls would run off more slowly, promising to bring back news of its reception, but its friends only saw it take fire, bound hopelessly on, and then go out for ever. The lesser meteorites had occasionally done the same, but they never came back, and it seemed doubtful whether they had reached 'the Earth,' as they had learned to call the great globe. At length, one very fine day, when they had come nearer than usual, the great iron meteorite decided to go himself on a voyage of discovery, and followed by his smaller com-

panion, he did so, rushing quickly on till he reached our atmosphere, where the violent heat caused by friction, *i.e.*, rubbing against the resisting air, made him red hot; his surface melted and dashed backwards, some even flying off in a shining spray, while his heart remained as cold as ever. Faster and faster the Earth drew him, stronger and stronger grew the resistance of the air, which clapping together after the iron, made a noise like thunder, as he fell to the ground, with his constant friend beside him, at Cranbourne, near Melbourne, in Australia. There the great meteorites were found, and the smaller one first was carried away, and someone suggested cutting the great one in half, and sending part to England. But some good friends to Science hindered the barbarous suggestion, and arranged for it to come here whole, and so you may see it for yourselves, for it is in the British Museum's collection at South Kensington, where clever men look at it and say, 'the iron and hydrogen of the stars' has visited the Earth. It looks like a great, black mass covered with rounded humps; but if a bit were filed off, you would see what good, bright iron it is. It is labelled No. 77, and it is honoured with a stand to itself.

This story gives nearly as much of an explanation of three different celestial sights, as can be offered in the present state of our knowledge.

First.—There are shooting-stars, which are believed to be of very light materials, and which are set on fire in our air, at perhaps seventy miles above us, by friction, and rushing down in a curve, they burn themselves out at about fifty miles from the Earth. Anybody who is out for an hour on a starlight night is nearly sure to see one or more. It is reckoned that about six an hour are visible in England, and more in clearer skies, shining sometimes with brilliant colours, though most of them show a white light. But at certain periods there are perfect showers of these lovely fireworks. On the 10th of August there is one, known to Science as the Perseides, but formerly called from the festival, 'St. Lawrence's Tears.'

The best shower of all is seen in November, and it has a maximum about every thirty-three years. Any solid matter in these stars is reduced to powder before reaching the Earth, which is just as well, for it is said that 146,000,000 fall in a year. It is still undecided what is the exact connection between these objects and comets, but it has been demonstrated that some of them are travelling in the orbits of certain comets. The four following are proved cases:—

1. The Lyriads of April 20th with Comet I. of 1861.
2. The Perseides „ Aug. 10th „ Comet III. „ 1862.
3. The Leonides „ Nov. 13th „ Comet I. „ 1866.
4. The Andromedes „ Nov. 27th „ Biela's Comet.

The names are given on account of the constellations from which they appear to radiate.

Secondly.—There are meteors proper, much larger and slower in

their irregular movements, sometimes brighter than the moon, and breaking up with a loud report, whereas shooting-stars are noiseless. These are merely fire-balls of gas. A member of Parliament not long ago saw fit to say of his political opponents that they were 'wandering over the country, like extinct meteors!' If these were the meteors in his mind, they only become extinct when their wanderings have ceased. If he meant the next class of bodies, their vagabond propensities are finally cured when they become extinct, if the term extinct can apply at all to them. It was a complimentary comparison, however, this of meteors, when we reflect that they are the only celestial visitors that ever reach us, except light; unless we consider gravity as something reaching us from without.

Thirdly.—We come to the most interesting of all—meteorites, or solid masses of stone or iron falling to the earth. The ancients recorded many falls of stones from the sky, but till within a century, these have been disbelieved in general.

B.C. 465 a stone as large as two millstones was said to have fallen at *Ægos Potamos*.

We do not know when that image 'fell down from Jupiter,' which was adored at Ephesus as the great goddess Artemis; but it is described as black and very hideous, without arms or legs, with hardly a resemblance to a human form, and covered with rounded lumps, as most meteorites are. The Kaaba, too, which is much older than Mahometanism, was considered by Partsch to be a meteorite. Of course it is just what any devout heathen would naturally venerate—a stone that seemed to come straight from heaven. Indeed, a meteoric stone which certainly fell in 1492, at Encisheim, is hung up in the parish church; but a fragment of it, weighing about a pound, is in the British Museum. The celebrated Jehangir, husband of the 'Light of the Harem,' had a sword forged from meteoric iron which fell in 1620.

All sorts of theories have been held to account for these phenomena. They were shot out of terrestrial volcanoes, and returned again. They were shot out of lunar volcanoes at full moon. But neither of these causes would impart a sufficient velocity. They were somehow formed in the earth's atmosphere, though why iron vapours should have solidified there does not appear; but they are visible at too great a height for this to be possible. They were thunder-bolts; but the electrical fluid cannot manufacture stone or iron. They were bits of a second satellite of the earth's, only there is no proof of the existence, past or present, of such a body. They flew off when a planet between Mars and Jupiter exploded and contrived to come within our attraction; but unfortunately that planet never did explode at all, or rather the minor planets came to pass otherwise. There remain, therefore, two theories which perchance should only be one. Namely, that they are ejected in solar explosions, and that they are expelled from the fixed stars. Mr. Proctor has shown the former to be possible, and he con-

siders that in the radiations of the corona, we see matter actually in process of ejection. There seems a doubt, even so, whether this would give the ordinary velocity at which they enter our air, traversing space sometimes in as many seconds as an express train would take hours. However, possibly some at least of our meteorites are of solar formation, but it seems probable that the greater number come to us from what Mr. Fletcher of the British Museum aptly calls 'that convenient part of space called interstellar, of which nothing is known.'

Professor N. S. Maskelyne has divided meteorites into three classes :

1st. *Aerosiderites*, shortly called *siderites* or *sky-irons*. Of this class a good example is the Cranbourne iron already mentioned, and another mass, supposed to weigh fifteen tons, still lying at Tucuman, in South America.

2nd. *Aerosiderolites*, *siderolites*, or *sky-iron-stones*. These are a mixture of rocks of various kinds, generally more or less crystalline, with iron, or iron and nickel. The most celebrated of these is the Pallas iron, found in Siberia by the traveller Pallas in 1772. A specimen weighing about seven pounds is in the British Museum, labelled 122.

3rd. *Aerolites* or *sky-stones*. The structure of these differs greatly, but they contain scarcely any iron, and may fitly be called stones. The Encisheim stone already named is an aerolite; a bit of it is No. 137 in the British Museum. Most curious, too, are the stones of the remarkable Butsura fall. These are stones which fell at the same time in four localities in India, roughly forming a quadrangle of three or four miles each way. It has been possible to show how all these stones fitted together from one mass, probably a bit of the shell of some large meteorite (British Museum, No. 285). It will be interesting to give the account of the fall of one portion, communicated by Professor Maskelyne to the *Philosophical Magazine* for Jan. 1863. 'A native was taking his cattle to the water [at Bulloah] when he was startled by three very loud reports, and saw in the air on high "a light" (a luminous body), which fell to the ground within 200 yards of him. The sky was serene, and the weather fiercely hot, but there was a very small cloud out of which this witness stated the report and the luminous body to have come. "First," he adds, "there was a loud report, and about the same time I saw the light like a flame; then the stone fell, and in falling made a great noise, and after it fell the sand was taken up high into the air." He went to the spot whence the sand had been raised from the ground, and found five pieces of stone. They were very hot, and so was the sand all round, which was thrown up to the height of a foot. Unfortunately only two of these five fragments were preserved. Dr. Oldham further mentioned that the incandescent fragments in falling are stated to have scintillated like iron at a white heat.'

One portion of this same meteorite, by the way, was believed by the

natives to be a visible descent of Mahadeo, which is one name for Seeva, the Destroyer.

Meteorites enter our air, so bitterly cold from outer space, that the almost superficial heating of their passage through the air, cannot hinder them from being too cold to touch sometimes when discovered. The shiny black enamel with which most of them are coated seems to be formed by fusion in our atmosphere, causing the liquid mineral to flow back in a sort of furrowed course over the mass, producing those swellings mentioned before. When a meteorite bursts from the expansion of the hot crust over the intensely cold core, the freshly exposed surface begins to enamel itself too; some of this flies off 'to form the cloud of—so to say—silicious spray that lingers along and around the path of the meteorite.' Siderolites and aerolites are more easily burst than siderites, owing to the loose mechanical mixture of their parts. It would seem that all we can say of the original formation of all these meteorites is that it must have taken place in intense heat, where there was neither water nor free oxygen. A few mistakes have probably been made between real sky irons, very few of which have been *seen* to fall, and masses which *may* have been formed geologically; as the great Ovifak masses found in 1870. About one-third of known terrestrial elements have been found in meteoric stones, but no new element, though a few unknown compounds. However, in speaking of any mineral as unknown, we must recollect it may exist on or rather in the earth, for all we know of our own planet is a mere thin rind of outer surface, within which, at any rate, some heavier materials must exist than form the crust; and thus meteoric stones and irons may find their counterparts within our globe.

It should be mentioned that at least 100 meteor systems cross the earth's path, and that mathematicians say there are probably at least 1,000,000 such, 'entangled in the web of solar and planetary attraction.' So great is the beauty, life, and energy with which the Creator has replenished what we call empty space!

We must also remember that in spite of all that has been written on the subject, the previous history of these visitors from space is obscure; but in the rapid increase of knowledge in our days, we may look forward before long to hearing something more determinate as to the origin of meteorites. It is a problem well worth seeking, for it may give the key to much more. 'One thing establisheth the good of another: and who shall be filled with beholding His glory? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of His works.'

BOG-OAK.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XIII.

THE SUPPLICATIONS.

Susan. You said the Supplications properly begin at the clause about the kindly fruits of the earth, because there, and in the ensuing verse, we pray for ourselves as well as for others.

Aunt Anne. True, and strictly speaking the division should be made there, though the form of response made me go through these before coming to the latter part. Bishop Sparrow says of the Litany, 'The nearer to the end, the shorter and livelier it is, strengthening our devotions by raising in us an apprehension of our misery and distress, ready, as it were, to sink and perish, and therefore crying out as the Apostles did, "Master save us, we perish."' "

S. Ah! if we think of a Litany in time of pestilence, or famine, or war, everyone crying out in absolute present distress or peril, those short sentences which we join in in the solemn chant, seem like sobs and cries.

A. Reminding us of Southey's lines describing the wounded after Waterloo—

'The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breathed when his pain is more than he can bear:'

with the notes, 'One of our coachmen, who had been employed (like all his fraternity) in removing the wounded, asked us what was the meaning of the English word "*O Lord*," for thus, he said, the wounded were continually crying out.'

S. Poor men who might not have prayed for many a year.

A. These strong cryings of the Litany are, however, so regulated and composed as to be the calm utterances of peaceful times, full of doctrine, as well as to supply ejaculations for the hour of trouble and agony.

S. How full of doctrine?

A. We cry to our Blessed Lord in His Divinity as Son of God, in His atoning Sonship as the Lamb of God.

S. We learnt that beautiful title from St. John the Baptist (John i. 29).

A. Or you may say from the two SS. John, since it is the beloved disciple who records that our blessed Lord was first pointed out to him by that term, and who uses it for Him when manifested reigning over His Church in glory. Only think of what it implied to a man who never went to the Temple at the hour of prayer without seeing the slaying of a poor little lamb, betokening that blood must flow for

sin, though unable to atone for it. 'Behold, the Man is shewn to Him who shall be a one perfect and sufficient sacrifice for the sin of the whole world.' He knew not how this should be, but he followed. He saw the sacrifice offered—scarce knowing that it was the sacrifice—but his eyes were opened in time to perceive that He, who was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, was verily the one guiltless Sacrifice to which all had pointed since the faithful offering of Abel, and when again he was permitted to see his Lord in Heaven as the all-sufficient sacrifice, he describes Him by that name.

S. A Lamb in the midst of the Throne—a lamb as it had been slain (Rev. v. 6). Of course that means our blessed Lord, with the 'glorious scars' of His Passion, and you think it is used specially for Him when shown as the sacrifice, when in the first vision He had been shown as the great High Priest.

A. I believe that is the interpretation. And here we cry to Him as sacrificed for us. The ejaculation, *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi*, has always been dear to the Church.

S. And the Lamb with Cross or with Banner, one of her especial emblems. I suppose the one for suffering, the other for victory.

A. Reminding us of our Easter anthem, 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast.' And observe that it is not the past, but the present tense. He is still taking away the sin of the world by presenting the eternal sacrifice of Himself. 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us.'

S. 'Grant us Thy peace.'

A. That peace which he gave us, 'My peace I give unto you,' when 'Righteousness and peace kissed each other,' (Psa. lxxxv. 10), because justice and pardon could at last be consistent.

S. Then comes the lesser Litany in preparation for the Lord's Prayer, but it is differently arranged from the way it stands in other places. We say each invocation after the minister, instead of only the middle one.

A. It was thus in the old Sarum use, I suppose, because the Litany is most especially a service from the mouths of the people. Perhaps you will like to read from Isaac Williams's Cathedral the paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer as read in this place?

'Like as a Father His own children loves,
So unto those that fear Thee, Thou art kind;
For Thine own glorious Name,
'Turn from us our deserts.

'So may Thy Kingdom come, on whose blest Throne
Those hosts of war and crime shall war no more;
But East and West be set,
Our sins and us between.

'Strengthen and comfort, raise us and support
So may Thy will be done, as't is in Heaven;
And dews of blessing fall
On the fruit bearing earth.

'By all Thy works that we might be forgiven,
Thy Love, Thy Prayer, Thy Baptism, and Thy Grace;
From envy and from hate
Deliver us, good Lord.

'Deliver us from the dark Tempter's wiles
In sorrows' hours, and in the hour of wealth;
So 'neath our feet at last
The Serpent may be laid.'

S. The versicle that follows is one that I used to mistake. I used to think it meant that after—in the sense of when—we had sinned, God would not deal with us, or punish us.

A. I fancy most people do begin with supposing so, and fortunately they do not go harmfully aside from the mark, but of course *after* means here in agreement with. The petition is adapted from the 103rd Psalm, 'He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities,' and it embodies the whole spirit of the Litany. All the old ones had it, though not always in the same place, and in the York one it was preceded by the confession, 'We have sinned with our fathers, we have done amiss and dealt wickedly.'

S. Then comes a call, 'Let us Pray.'

A. To mark the transition from what were called *Preces*, or alternative vocal prayers of minister and people, to *Orationes*, in which the minister performs the larger share.

S. Though still the responses go much beyond the usual Amen. There are only two long prayers for the priest alone, in this division.

A. And they are both imported from special masses in the Sarum use, the first adapted to a troubled heart, the second to times of war. I suppose when all varieties of forms for the Eucharistic service were abolished, it was felt that these two collects could not be spared, and so they were brought into the Litany. You see that unlike the greater portion of the Litany, these two collects are directly addressed to God the Father.

S. 'For the troubled!' That certainly makes one more appreciate the force of the opening, 'Despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful.'

A. Remember the original sense of contrite.

S. Bruised or crushed. You mean that the grief and depression here meant is not repentance so much as trouble and sorrow?

A. I should think there was some allusion to Hannah's expression, 'I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit' (1 Sam. 1).

S. And her desire was granted. 'Assist our prayers.' That, I suppose, is founded on what S. Paul says of our very prayers needing the assistance of the Holy Spirit to pray as we ought (Rom. viii. 26)?

A. Yes, and especially in the time of trouble and adversity, because it is then more difficult to compose and fix the mind and spirits.

S. Adversity, that means properly what goes against us. *Adversus* means contrary, so that troubles would be sorrows, and adversities

rather contrarieties, an opposition calling for a struggle. Then the evils we meet with are caused by the craft and subtlety of the devil or man.

A. '*Diabolicæ atque humanæ fraudes*,' in the original. So Dr. Evan Daniel says the expression was meant to be equivalent to subtle craft. Craft meaning ability—subtle—*subtilis* in Latin, fine-woven—like an impalpable thread.

S. It answers to the previous prayer to be delivered from the deceits of the world and the devil.

A. This, however, shows that it was originally a prayer intended to be used in the midst of the perplexity and entanglement caused by some false step into which we may have been led, scarcely knowing how, by these subtle deceits of Satan, and of those human beings through whom he works.

S. We pray that these evils may be brought to nothing; and dispersed by the Providence of God's goodness.

A. Providence we must take here, not as that impersonal term which is sometimes used for the Almighty care that God takes of us; but rather in its simple and more literal sense, foresight, or protection going beforehand, dispersing the difficulty when we come up to it, as the great mountain became a plain before Zerubbabel (Zech. iv. 7).

S. 'That we Thy servants being hurt by no persecutions.' That applies to all the attacks the ungodly make upon the good, I suppose?

A. Whoever lives up to a higher standard than the world around him approves, is sure to be persecuted in his degree.

S. And being hurt by a persecution, would he to be turned aside by it?

A. That would be the worst injury; but I think the prayer, being a general one, extends to our being shielded from outward, as well as inward harm, so as to feel full cause for thanksgiving.

S. There is no Amen, but the prayer flows into the Psalm verses. These are the last verse and the first of the 44th Psalm. It was part of the old Rogation Litany of Sarum and York. The choir in their stalls sung the verses, with the Alleluia and Gloria just before rising to sing in procession the suffra and responses that now come first.

S. And the 'Arise and help,' is, I suppose, the remnant of an Antiphon?

A. Exactly so.

S. I remember being puzzled by the expression, 'For Thine honour.' I see now that it is equivalent to 'For the glory of Thy Name, O deliver us' (Psa. lxxix. 9).

A. From which Mr. Daniel says indeed that it is taken.

S. And, I suppose, it is in some degree based on Moses' pleading in the wilderness, that it was for the honour of God's name and power to save the Israelites, instead of letting them perish. I suppose the Gloria belongs to the Psalm?

A. Yes, and, as has been often pointed out, it fulfils the duty of praising God even in the midst of humiliation and dejection.

S. Then come some more versicles.

A. Taken from the Litany for S. Mark's days, also used in time of war, when, 'from our enemies defend us,' had a literal bodily significance.

S. They are very beautiful and earnest! Almost the essence of the Litany, in short. 'O Son of David have mercy on us,' is Bartimeus's cry (Matt. xx. 30).

A. As Son of David, our Lord is Son of Man, and thus touched with our infirmities and afflicted with our afflictions. But the titles rise. From Son of David we pass to Christ (Messiah), and then to Lord Christ, the enthroned in Heaven, and crowned with many crowns.

S. Why are the last pair printed differently from the others?

A. They did not originally belong to the Litany, but were imported from the Anglo-Saxon office for Prime, coming from the last verse of the 33rd Psalm. Observe that *as* does not merely mean because, but 'in proportion to.' May God shew His mercy on us in proportion to the trust we place in Him.

S. You said the collect that follows came, like the first, from a mass for a special day?

A. Yes, from that for All Saints. The old form was, 'Mercifully look upon our infirmities, and at the intercession of all Thy Saints, turn from us,' &c. In 1544, 'For the glory of Thy Name,' was substituted for the Saints, and in 1549 the latter clause was added, entreating that we may ever more serve Him.

S. 'Righteously have deserved,' means, of course, justly deserved. It is what we own at the beginning of the deprecations.

A. Then came in 1544 four other short collects, and then the Prayer of S. Chrysostom, but the final benediction was only added under Queen Elizabeth. We have spoken of them before.

S. I see the Litany's special purpose and object was for seasons of sorrow and penitence.

A. And to them alone it was restricted in those early times when the Church was externally one and undivided, but when—

'Christendom was rent
And sinful Churches laid them down in sackcloth to repent.'

it became a matter of permanent use all the year round, marking our state of humiliation.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUDAN.

[The following letters are from a young officer in the South Staffordshire Regiment now with General Earle. They were written without any thought of publication, but their simplicity does not make the story of his route from Cairo to Korti the less life-like. We hope soon to receive accounts from him of that which at present we only know through brief telegrams, General Earle's victory near Birti, and his progress up the river to join the forces near Metemneh. Jan. 30, 1885.]

Garbeah (Nile steamer), Sept. 18, 1884.

MY DEAR —,

I got away from Cairo all right the day after I landed; I had only two hours' notice before starting. We have now been three days on our journey; during the fourteen hours' railway journey from Cairo to Siout we might have imagined ourselves in the 'wild-Irishman,' from Holyhead to Euston Square, as at every halt our men shouted 'Change 'ere for Rugby,' 'Stafford,' &c., 'All tickets ready please:' the dust was our only reminder of the gorgeous East.

All officers with us are on board a steam tug, which has two large barges full of men in tow; at night we stop, and go on as soon as daylight enables us to make out the channel. We are now between Siout and Luxor, where I hope to post this letter. In about a fortnight I hope to join my regiment at Wady Halfa, and in a week after to reach the first Cataract at Assouan; I believe it is one of the worst, but luckily there is a railway round it. People at home seem to have a very hazy notion of a Nile cataract; it is simply a long reach of turbulent water with very strong currents, and difficult to navigate; the rapids at Wady Halfa extend for thirty miles; there is a railway there also, but after that we take to the rowing boats and our troubles begin. The Commissariat will be tremendously hard to manage; it seemed such a business for even seven hundred men during the fortnight from Queenstown to Alexandria. We are living very comfortably on board in a rough sort of way, as we brought all sorts of tinned provisions with us, and at night we buy chickens, ducks and eggs from the Arabs; the birds are not very fat, but we have established a fowl-yard on board, and feed them up ourselves. I find that the best thing to drink is tea or cocoa; as Nile water, filtered and then boiled, is not bad, and is much purer here than at Cairo, though the river is a rich chocolate colour. We have some claret on board, but I don't suppose we shall have such a luxury long. Officers

have the same rations as the men: tinned meat, tea, coffee, and biscuits, potatoes and onions; I suppose after a time we shall have nothing but our rations.

Altogether it is a very jolly, healthy, life, and those who have always lived moderately, both as to eating and drinking, will be able to rough it much better than *bon vivants*; I hear they are always the first to knock up.

It was quite cool in Cairo, and here it is still cooler, as there is always a pleasant breeze on the river; at night it is quite cold, and on deck I am glad of a double blanket and top coat. My baggage consists of a Wolseley valise, which when opened is a waterproof flannel-lined sheet, and with a little straw under it, makes a capital bed. My whole kit goes into the valise, besides two suits of uniform, and blue serge trousers with thin red jackets. I carry two pairs of strong marching boots, a double blanket, and military overcoat; two tin plates and cups, knife, fork, and spoon in one, and an indiarubber bath which fits into a sponge-bag. I find I am as well off as anyone, though some have been on several campaigns; we are all in grey uniform now, but are to get into red when the advance is made, as it has a better moral effect. We all take our meals together on board, cooking our rations in one in a large bowl, but we each possess separate cooking pots, as every one will often have to cook for himself at the front. We are given absolutely nothing on board, not even lights, but we have all brought lanterns, and have rigged up a fireplace at which a soldier prepares our mess, presided over by an officer who is a capital cook. At Luxor we hope to get a little bread. Fellows are potting with their revolvers all day, but without much success; if we had a gun we could shoot any amount of game, but a gun would be in excess of baggage. I do not care to waste my ammunition, but I think I must have a shot at a crocodile; they are not to be found till above the First Cataract. We have lines overboard all night, and last night caught some fish, which went to the men. If R—— were with us he would not have much hesitation about his profession, as, independently of the campaign, it is a grand thing getting into a new country and leading quite a new life, away from civilisation, mails, &c. We are having a capital time of it altogether; every one is in great form, and at night good stories go round.

Sept. 26.

We arrived at Luxor on the evening of the 24th, and went on shore to see the ruins of Thebes by moonlight and candlelight, and also interviewed the British Consul, who is an Egyptian, as black as your hat, but he has been in England, and talks English very well. We did not get under weigh till seven next morning, which gave us time, starting at five o'clock, for a donkey ride to the Temple of Karnac, for which ride we paid a shilling there and back! I was very glad to see the avenue of Sphinxes, a mile long, leading to the Temple. There are four enormous porticoes to the different entrances,

somewhat the shape of the gateway of Euston Station, and covered with magnificent sculptures. It is difficult to believe that all the ruins were originally one building, as they cover at least a square mile without counting the avenue of Sphinxes.

We reached Edfou yesterday evening, just a month from the day I left Dublin, and in the evening visited the Temple by moonlight and with torches; it is interesting, being perfectly complete, as it was only excavated fifty years ago.

Yesterday we passed an English steamer, manned by blue-jackets, and flying the Union-Jack; it is cruising up and down to see that all goes right; the sailors gave us three ringing cheers, and signalled 'good luck'; it was a refreshing sight after all these wretched Egyptian transports. I think this letter will sound more like a pleasure trip up the Nile, than one's route to the front; but our commanding officer, a brevet Colonel in the 46th, is very good about letting us see things when we can; he has travelled a great deal, and is very well-informed. I was lucky to come up with him. Everyone on the boat has hit it off capitally together; I think soldiers always do better perhaps than most people, though perhaps I ought not to say so. Our commanding officer has written to the authorities remonstrating strongly about our soldiers not having been given fresh food up to this. However, they are pretty well off, as we have given them limes and got eggs for them to buy, and they have no other way of spending their pay up here.

Sept. 30, 8 A.M. Just in at Assouan.

Assouan, Oct. 2, 1884.

We have been here now since the morning of the 30th. Lord Wolseley arrived here yesterday, rode round the camp in the evening, and in the morning had a big review, march past, &c. He has just gone on to Wady Halfa. The hospital arrangements here are first rate; there is one hospital on shore and one on the river, with nursing sisters and everything; they are establishing them at stations all up the Nile. Everyone is in excellent health here, but it seems a tremendously hard business to get up supplies and store them in the stations; the campaign would be a hard one if not a shot were fired.

Nile steamer Fiume, Oct. 4.

We embarked on this steamer yesterday evening and expect to reach Wady Halfa in five days, as we are only towing one barge with drafts for ourselves and the Sussex Regiment. Since we passed the First Cataract, the scenery has completely changed, the sandstone and granite hills coming almost down to the banks, with a very narrow strip of cultivation between them and the river, sometimes only a few yards wide, on which the inhabitants depend for their livelihood. It is far more picturesque and less monotonous here than on the Lower Nile, and animal life is more scarce; hereabouts it is confined to crocodiles, gazelles, a few ducks and tropical birds, but there will be

plenty of big game higher up. The Soudanese are a fine looking people, tall, with glossy black skins, and long black hair in plaits; sometimes they wear a loose white robe, but more often nothing at all.

A camp rumour reached us that Wolseley had been recalled, and that the whole thing was over; we did not look upon it as good news, though I suppose it would be for the country. Of course we do not know what is going on; we only see very old papers, and hear nothing except what passes on the spot where we are at the moment. Here it is a little hot in the middle of the day; the four days we spent at Assouan were of great benefit to the men, as they got fresh rations and a run ashore; also they learned to pitch and strike camps, and to inhabit them, and we got fresh bread for three days of this journey.

We are now fairly in the Tropics, and expect to reach Korosko to-morrow, from whence the caravan routes strike across the desert.

Gemai, Wady Halfa, Oct. 9, 1884.

I arrived at Wady Halfa yesterday, and found the headquarters of the regiment still there. This is fifteen miles farther on, and we are here to build a ramp and pier for launching the new boats on their way up. We are under canvas, and sleeping on the sand with a blanket, and a top coat for pillow. I am writing this lying on the ground with the paper on my valise. A hundred and thirty of the boats are on their way from Assouan; we are to have charge of them when they arrive. I hope ours will be the first regiment to go up in them. A staff colonel of the R.A. comes here occasionally to superintend us; he tells us what he wants done, and we do it in our own way; we have lots to do, unloading trucks, &c., in addition to the engineering works. I shall be on my legs all day and every day.

Lord Wolseley reviewed our regiment the day I arrived, and was tremendously complimentary; he said if the other two companies were as good as the headquarters, they were a real smart serviceable regiment, so I hope he will give us a chance at any work there may be. Our men are very good for working, as they come from the Stafford mines, and are strong and used to it; our company here works splendidly, and are well set up and developed, very different from the men you see at home; they are not shaved, and nearly all ours here have thick beards. At Wady Halfa, there is a sort of scratch mess where I dined once; here we live exactly as the men do, but we get fresh rations, which is a great thing. Lord Wolseley came through this morning; he is very energetic; we expect the boats soon, and this morning we had to sink two posts about six feet in the ground to put hawsers round for launching the boats down the ramp. My experience of the paling at home stood me in good stead.

Gemai, Nov. 3, 1884.

We heard this morning we were to be off, so by the time this reaches you, I hope we shall be well on our way. It will be a curious

experience sailing, rowing, and tracking all day, bivouacking in the open every night, with no one in the boat who knows anything about the river, as the Canadian voyageur, the only person in the boat except the soldiers, knows as little as they do, and his great notion seems to be to sail straight up the rapids. I know in my boat I shall make him understand he is to be under me. It is a great advantage to my company that they have been about the boats for the last three weeks, bringing them up, and getting their gear straight; the men are now so handy about them that there was a proposal to turn them into voyageurs for the rest of the regiment, but I am glad to say they are to be left together.

I have been practising camel riding here, as Colonel Grove has lent me his camel, and I have had several long rides; it is not an unpleasant motion if you get a well bred camel. I have trotted fast, but have not attempted galloping.

I rode over yesterday with Colonel Grove to see Lord Charles Beresford; his tent is in a very romantic spot just beside the big gate of the cataract, where the blue-jackets and Egyptian soldiers are hauling the boats over the rapids, and where the roar of the river is perpetually heard. While we were in the tent the Sheik of the Cataracts came in, a very austere looking old man; he can swim about in almost any part of the cataract except the actual fall in the big gate. I am very well, and we are all in great spirits at getting on; my company has had desperately hard work here from daylight to sunset, as we have been only waiting for the boats, so our men have been working tooth and nail to get them ready. I have got my Prayer Book with me.

Dongola, Dec. 4, 1884.

I write now to wish all at home a merry Christmas and happy New Year. I have only spent one other Christmas away from home. I know you all remembered me then, and will do so again, and you will also know where the greater part of my heart will be wherever I am.

It would be impossible for me to give you any adequate description of our journey here, it was so varied and peculiar; a man might go through fifty campaigns without seeing anything like it. It was a regular hard fight all through, contesting every inch of the way with the currents. That reach of the river is really a continuous succession of rapids and cataracts, through which the boats had to be got up or hauled round as best we could. Sometimes we had to unload the stores (four tons in each boat) and carry them along the shore past difficult places, officers and men working in their shirt sleeves all day long. Even in these-called smooth places, the current is so terrific that rowing is desperately hard work, and we continually struck on rocks and sandbanks, indeed we were all overboard every day getting off sandbanks. My crew worked splendidly, so that our boat was the first to arrive

at Dongola. Five more boats arrived to-day, and the six are to push on at once to Debbeh, where the regiment will concentrate. I never knew before what real work was. We had but half-an-hour's rest for dinner from sunrise to sunset; and some of our recruits fell asleep while the evening meal was being cooked.

We have had very few accidents, all things considered: one sergeant and one private drowned; one boat upset with loss of the arms and ammunition which she contained, but all else floated and was saved. Another boat upset with two men in her, but they both jumped on her back and were saved, together with the stores. Sometimes we had to row straight across at the foot of a cataract, the boat heeling right over, so that I have often thought she must upset. Before reaching Dal we had a voyageur who was no use, as he knew no more about the river than we did, and since then we have managed the boat ourselves. I have eight men in mine, and always steer in any difficult places myself.

We had no provisions but tinned corned beef and biscuits, but I always ate them with the greatest relish, and have been in tearing health all through. There are station hospitals at intervals all the way up, where those that fall sick can be left. We only lost two men of my company, but we have been less fortunate about officers; one died, three were invalided home, and one is in hospital. I have written this lying on the sand where I bivouacked last night, and have had hard work to keep it from flying away; it is the first letter I have written since starting in the boats.

Mudir of Dongola's steamer, near Korti, Dec. 20, 1884.

I am afraid you must have thought me careless about sending you news, but it was impossible to write on the journey, even if we could have posted letters, as we were at work from sunrise, dressing and breakfasting in the dark, and even when the day's journey was over there was much to do, walking back to bring in stragglers, looking after damages to boats, &c., and making all ready to start next morning. We have come on rather independently, about four boats together, as we found that keeping the half battalion together caused delay. I have been with the leading boats all through; it is a great thing to be in a supposed friendly country, as we had not to throw out pickets and outposts at nights. I say supposed, for I am sure if we had any disaster, the natives would turn against us. We arrived at Korti on the 15th, the Mounted Infantry and Guards Camel Corps kept up with us along the bank, 120 of the Hussars acting as outposts, and flanking the troops on all the surrounding hills, which had rather an imposing appearance. We are now with the foremost troops, and began building a fort and hospital as soon as we arrived, as this is to be the most advanced regular base along the line; there will be only field hospitals in front. Our regiment is to be pushed on to the head of Merawi Cataract, close to where Colonel

Stewart was murdered. Major Kitchener is at Korti, and Sir Herbert Stewart was commanding there when we arrived; he is a very nice man, and a very fine soldier. Lord Wolseley arrived on the 17th, in the boat which had been specially lent him by the Mudir; I was put in charge of it with twenty picked men the following day, with orders to tow down twenty of our boats to Debbeh, take in stores and return, with 300 men of the Sussex rowing, our men acting as pilots—also bringing back this steamer and two barges full of stores. I have to speak to all barges or nuggars on the way up, make a note of their contents, and urge or tow them forward; also to hunt up natives for the crews. I have nearly completed this duty, but have had hard work getting the barges towed up, as, though the natives are paid to do it, it does not make them the least more willing to work. I make expeditions into the country armed with a long stick, accompanied by two privates with their rifles, and hunt up any natives we meet as towers: in this way we manage to get the boats forward pretty well. I found my black crew on the steamer very difficult to manage; they do their best to throw difficulties in the way, and I have no interpreter; so I began by showing them my revolver, and that I could shoot six of them; then, when we came to a village, I explained to them through an interpreter that my orders were Lord Wolseley's, and that any one disobeying them would be instantly shot, which was not strictly true, but I believe all is fair in love and war.

I am in the Mudir's cabin, in which there is a sofa and a sort of gipsy table, my first bit of luxury for some time. The captain is a nice old Turk, who has been in London, and gives me excellent coffee and cigarettes, but he is past his labour and has no authority; we carry on a sort of conversation between signs and the few words of each other's language that we know. My duties are certainly varied—slave-driving, knocking down old houses, gathering crops and thrashing them, commanding a steamer, and acting as bargee. I had not thought of any of them as duties of a soldier when I joined, but I believe his first duty, under which they would all come, is to obey orders. We are inundated at Korti with special correspondents and artists. Villiers of the *Graphic* was with us at Gemai: his boat was upset near ours, as I was going down to Debbeh, so I sent one of mine with six men, and picked up a lot of his things that were gaily floating down the stream, all his sketching materials, saddles and bedding among others. I am bringing them to Korti, together with his boat, which another officer picked up and handed over to me.

Dec. 21.

I am just coming in with four barges in tow, for which I hope I shall get some credit, but trust I may not be kept at this work, as it would prevent my getting on with the regiment. We have cavalry pickets every night to prevent surprise.

Korti, Christmas Day, 1884.

I am thinking much of every one at home to-day. We carefully kept some champagne, with which to drink to absent friends. Yesterday, we received a telegram from the 80th, wishing us a merry Christmas and brilliant campaign from our comrades of all ranks in the sister battalion, which was very gratifying. We sent back a message to the same effect.

Soon after we arrived here, the Colonel ordered us to fall in, and said he must thank us all from the bottom of his heart, for the way in which we had done our work; the hardest work he had ever seen soldiers called upon to do. He said that he had been through the Crimean winter, and Indian Mutiny, but had never seen soldiers work so hard as we had done, and without a grumble. He told us that if we continued to work as we had begun, we should be glad of it all our lives.

Everything has been done to make to-day as pleasant as possible for the men; they have had extra rations, dates, and materials for plum-puddings. We draw fresh rations here as we get in supplies from the country. We had service at 7 A.M. to-day, with 'Hark the herald angels sing,' and 'While shepherds watched their flocks,' on our band. We had no chaplain with us on the way up in the boats, and were obliged to work on Sunday the same as any other day. Here, and at all standing camps, there are chaplains, and they will accompany us when we go into the enemy's country. The regiments that are coming up are working to-day. Our boats were so separated that only a few could have had the benefit of a regimental chaplain, and where every day is of importance, it is necessary to work on Sunday.

Lord Wolseley is going to review us to-morrow, and we shall go on as soon as another regiment comes up. I did outpost duty a few nights ago for the first time; very unpleasant and responsible duty it is, as you have to keep on the alert the whole night and use your own discretion if attacked. We are building a fort here that can be held by a small garrison when we go on; we have had all our stations told off in case of attack, and the alarm sounds occasionally to practise us. The camp is a big one; all the camel corps, cavalry, and Guards, the 35th, and ourselves, a large hospital, chiefly in marquees, and lots of commissariat stores. It looks rather well, camel corps and cavalry outside, and our tents inside next the river, with the boats below.

I have never tried to keep cool on Christmas Day before, but there is nothing to complain of now, a little hot in the middle of the day. We rigged up a nice awning for the mess; tables and chairs made of commissariat boxes. The bread is made in field bakeries here, and is very good, and occasionally by foraging we get a few chickens to vary our diet, besides which we make date jam, and have melons and

milk; so we are really very well off, as we have good filters. To-night we are to have a performance in the open for the whole camp, between two bonfires, our band assisting.

St. Stephen's Day.

It was this day two years that I first left home to go to Cairo; I thought a great deal then of going so far, but if I were in Egypt now, I should consider myself a good deal more than half way home, and in the midst of civilisation. After Lord Wolseley reviewed us this morning, he made us a speech, and amongst other things, said that he congratulated us on being the first regiment to come up in the boats, and on the way in which it had been done, since we had practically lost nothing and brought up the boats in good order. He ended up by complimenting us on our appearance, steadiness, and discipline, and said that he was proud to have such a regiment under his command, and that he would send us higher up the river to meet the enemy, where he was sure we should maintain our own reputation and that of the army.

We hope to start on the 28th for Merawi, establish a post, and go on again as soon as relieved by another regiment, so we shall keep in advance, and hope from what Lord Wolseley said, to be *well in it*. A squadron of cavalry will keep up with us, and forage for fresh supplies, and Lord Wolseley is coming up also. Of course, wherever we halt the senior officer reads service on Sunday, if there is no chaplain, but I think it is quite right not to halt on Sunday, when the fate of an English general and his garrison depends on our speed.

The sport last night was very good, lots of good songs and recitations, ending up with three cheers for Lord Wolseley and Sir Herbert Stewart. I shall always look back to this Christmas with pleasure; every one was determined to make the most of it, and I am sure I preferred it to the only other Christmas Day (at Tralee), that I have ever spent away from home.

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

'Cast at his feet one flower that fades away.'

Una. Are your Sunday labours at an end, and may we have a little idle time before candles come? I want to talk to you in peace about this gift from Ireland,—Archbishop Trench's *Brief Thoughts and Meditations*.

Aimar. You are fortunate to have a copy. As it was not published till last Advent I intended to have given the book to many as a Christmas present, but the whole edition was gone in about three weeks, and not a copy was to be had by Christmas; however, I am told that the second edition will be out in a few days. I suppose there are few living authors, if any, who have given us such different kinds of instruction and pleasure as its writer, never offering us anything but the best out of his own rich mines of thought and learning. Think of all he has done for us besides those great books which are amongst the most valued by students of Holy Scripture wherever the English language is spoken.

U. And farther still. Dr. Kennet, Principal of the Theological College at Madras, told a friend of mine lately, that when the Tamil Candidates for Holy Orders are asked to choose a book as a present, they generally at once reply, 'Trench on the Parables.' It has been translated into Tamil.

A. The Notes on the Parables, and on the Miracles, the Commentary on the Epistle to the Seven Churches, Studies on the Gospels, and Synonyms of the New Testament, with Sermons and Hulsean Lectures form a group by themselves; but amongst the tens of thousands who have been fed by them, there is a smaller band who feel with us that they have learned still more from the Archbishop's poems than from his books of direct teaching. Mr. Keble used to express surprise that they were not more popular, valuing them himself very highly indeed; perhaps all the more that they exemplify very markedly his own notion of poetry as 'relieving men's instinctive wish to communicate, perhaps for the chance of engaging sympathy, indescribable variations of thought and feeling'—the poet's mind finding its account 'in the work of arranging lines and syllables,—content to utter, by their aid, what it would have shrunk from setting down in the language of conversation, the metrical form thus furnishing, at the same time a vent for eager feelings, and a veil of reserve to draw over them.'

U. Your mention of Mr. Keble reminds me of how much he delighted in another little book of the Archbishop's, *Essay on the Life and*

Genius of Calderon. And, then we have to thank him for the volume of *Sacred Latin Poetry*, with its most delightful Introduction. Even in our ignorance, we feel that it must be the outcome of great labour and learning, and that in reading it we are drinking at an overflowing fountain.

A. We must not forget, while reckoning up our debt, the charming little books on the *Study of Words, English Past and Present, Proverbs*, and the *Select Glossary*, which have given rise to a whole literature of the same kind, but to none worthy to compare with them. When we think of what is involved in the study of words, most mysterious in their essence and far-reaching power, whether spoken or written, we cannot be too thankful that the author of the most popular manuals on the subject should be one who ennobles everything that he touches, and who brings to this study not only great learning and research, but a deep and reverential sense of the importance of words.

U. I remember long ago being asked by a revered friend if I knew the meaning of the word 'mackerel,' and, on answering in the negative, his gentle rejoinder, 'did it never occur to you to think?' Those little books on words must have suggested to a good many people that they might as well *think*, and also have opened to them a new world of thought about their own language.

A. Last, not least, there are the charming historical studies with which Archbishop Trench has enriched us, his *Lectures on the Thirty Years' War*, his little volume on *Plutarch's Lives*, and, above all, his lectures on *Medieval Church History*. There is a passage in the lecture on the *Eucharistic Controversies of the Eleventh Century*, which I must read to you. 'It is certainly a thought of infinite sadness that this Sacrament,—the very bond of innermost communion of the faithful with their Lord, and through Him with one another,—should have so often proved . . . a source and spring of strife and debate, dividing churches, and then dividing again the divided. And yet from the bitter of this thought a sweet may be extracted. There is comfort even here. How priceless it and its benefits must have been felt to be, before men would contend for it as they have done, counting it as the very apple of their eye, so that he who wounded them here wounded them in a part at once the tenderest and the most vital . . . And no wonder. In the Sacraments, above all, in this Sacrament, is the great abiding witness in the Church, a witness not in word only, but also in act, against all merely rationalistic explanations of our relation to Christ, and His to us. We are herein and hereby brought into real and direct contact with the whole Christ, and He with us; translated out of a spiritualistic world of shadows into a true kingdom of realities.'

U. I wonder that those words are not oftener quoted as the utterance of our greatest and most learned English bishop. Much as we have to thank him for, I almost think that in this new gift to us, he has in some ways 'kept his best till last.' There is a maturity

of thought and experience in some of the meditations, most gentle and yet most rich in expression, as from one who, resting on the hills of the land of Beulah, turns back to share with us the lessons of his pilgrimage. Perhaps we cannot help wishing that the very last words in the book were less mournful; but the tragic side of life and death and things to come has always been dwelt upon in the Archbishop's writings, and we cannot wonder if in these meditations

‘A wistful uncomplaining sadness still
Must deeply blend with joy’s adoring thrill.’

U. The book comes to us under exceptionally touching circumstances,—a message from one forced but a few weeks ago to resign his office, amidst the universal sorrow, love, and reverence of his flock; laying down the burden which he had borne for twenty-one years, and taking up the heavier burden of illness. Do bring your copy to the firelight, and show me some of the passages for which you have cared most. I will also find out my favourite bits.

A. It is hard to pick amongst jewels; but there are two meditations,—*The Great Refusal*, and *Joash*, somewhat akin to each other, and very striking, both as containing instruction which is too seldom given to us, and as examples of the tone of thought which is characteristic of the writer. We do not think often enough of the sin and danger of disobeying the command ‘go up higher,’ of making what Dante calls ‘il gran rifiuto,’—of replying, ‘not perhaps in so many words, but yet in deed, that we are quite content to tarry on such heights as we have gained already, that the air of those loftier summits to which Thou biddest us may be clearer, but it is also more difficult to breathe, that we have no ambition to ascend to these.’ Suffering, whether of mind or of body, is dwelt upon in this meditation as the great call to ‘go up higher,’ the voice of Him who invites His own to a nearer fellowship with Himself and with His cross; and you remember the words which follow, concerning failure in answering to the call:—‘Such a missing of Thy purpose concerning us may be the beginning of a falling away, which, advancing step by step, may result in a final apostasy from Thee. But far short of this, is it not catastrophe enough, an argument for angels’ tears, when one meant for grander things acquiesces in meaner; when one who might have stood on the highest step of the throne, in the inner circle of light, accepts a place in the dimmer and remoter circumference.’ Then there is the warning against being ‘ignobly content,’ in the lesson drawn from Elisha’s displeasure with Joash, who with ‘the arrow of the Lord’s deliverance’ in his hands, ‘smote thrice and stayed,’—gaining something, but losing still more,—the entire deliverance which he might have won for his whole kingdom:—‘Surely,’ the Archbishop says, ‘there has been something only too nearly resembling this in the spiritual life of too many among us:’

we have escaped with life, and that is enough, there is no following up of our successes. We repeat the fault of too many captains and commanders, who can win a battle, but have not known how to improve it, how to press upon the broken rear of the enemy, and thoroughly to complete what was well begun.' And he bids us pray 'that we may not be haunted hereafter by the mournful recollection of fair opportunities of service, which now have perished for ever; which have passed away, and so passed that no regrets of ours shall ever call them back and again make them ours.'

U. I think it is partly the very uncommonplace character of the lessons in these meditations, leaving also as they do, much to be read between the lines, which makes them especially valuable; and partly the feeling they convey that we are communing with one at whose very touch all that is petty or mean seems to wither up, so that we feel ashamed of ever having conceived or entertained such thoughts in spiritual matters. *The Blessing of the Merciful*,—'one of the most blessed retaliations of that kingdom of heaven, which in some sort is already with us,'—is almost my favourite meditation, and an instance of delicate and noble treatment of the subject, dwelling chiefly on mercy in thought,—of the sin of giving the worst interpretation to the words and actions of others. How true it is that 'good men and kind are often unmerciful in their thoughts. We are unmerciful when, without necessity, we suspect meanness, littleness, untruthfulness, not to speak of worse surmisings, in others. The merciful in thought give no room in their hearts for suspicions such as these. They do not secretly impute evil. *They take everything by the fairest handle which it offers.*' And again, a little farther on, of words:—'With lies thou cuttest as with a sharp razor, yes, and not with lies only. There are other wounds besides these. How cruel the truth can very often be,—as when we speak it with no necessity at all. Often it takes the experience of half a lifetime before we learn what wounds, and how slow to heal, the tongue *can* inflict, and not seldom does.'

I must read you also this bit from another paper,—*Rash judgments*. 'Thrusting ourselves into seats of judgment which are not ours, what sentences about others, not less cruel than they are unjust, will in all likelihood escape our lips. Enough for us to await the judgment of a more piercing eye, of a more unerring hand than ours. But what a revelation shall that be, when Thou, that hatest the lie and the liar as Thou hatest the gates of hell; Thou that art the Prince of all purities, touchest each one of us as with Thy spear of Ithuriel, and each among us starts up in his proper likeness, wearing, that is, the exact amount of beauty or of ugliness which corresponds to the fair or foul which are inwardly his; the outward and the inward being then in the kingdom of the truth, what they never are now and here, exactly true, that is, the one to the other.'

A. No one who had not himself learned mercy in thought, would instance Eli's counting Hannah drunken, as an instance of unmerciful-

ness in thought. Alas! how often we are, as it were, on the look-out for insincerity or foibles in others; perhaps pride ourselves on our clearness of vision as regards this or that person's character, when that which is truly admirable is the failure to perceive or note blemishes. No fear that such as we should be too indulgent in our thoughts of others.

‘What’s done, we partly may compute,
But know not what’s resisted.’

Such indulgence would, as it were, come naturally to us if we had laid to heart the words of St. Bernard, quoted in another meditation: ‘Humility is the grace whereby out of the truest heart-knowledge a man becomes vile with himself.’ I think that perhaps, on the whole, *Humility* is my favourite piece in our book, reminding us as it does that the root of humility is such a deep conviction of our own guilt and misery, as only the Spirit of God can work in us, and that ‘even the better of the heathen knew nothing of it; . . . nay, the word itself by which it is designated, did not exist in the Greek language until the growth and progress of the Christian faith, and of the moral needs of Christian men, compelled the language to bring the word, or some other word its equivalent, to the birth. There was, indeed, no choice in the matter. A new grace, altogether a new thing, had come into the world; how should it fail to draw after it a new word corresponding.’ The difference between modesty and humility is clearly and delicately marked out; but I will only read you a few words more from this paper. ‘Let me beware of putting humble speeches about myself to others in the place of humble thoughts about myself to my own heart . . . Let one resolution be mine. Whatever else thou puttest on, be thou, O my soul, clothed with humility. Whatever else thou wearest, let this be the garment which wraps thee from head to foot, the nearest and closest of all . . . Assuredly it was not without reason that St. Peter, when he bade his followers to array themselves with this excellent grace, employed no vague or common every-day word, but one not elsewhere found in Scripture, and one which implies a so fastening of a garment upon us, that it shall not, without an infinite expense of effort and toil, be stripped away from us again.’

U. The Good Wine Last is a comforting meditation, comforting in its firm assurance of life becoming ever richer to those

‘Who hear His Voice, and prove
Meet for His bridal board.’

The fountains of joy are not drying up within them, but are becoming larger and fuller, being fed from the upper sources, even from the river that makes glad the City of our God. They cannot join in the dirges which the tired children of this world are singing over their vanished joys, over the departed glory and gladness of their youth, nor say with them that life is empty, unmeaning, desolate, for they

know it is not empty till we have made it so. It cannot be unmeaning for them upon whom the star of duty has once risen, a star that can never set, though every other in our firmament should disappear, neither can it be desolate while God is in it, while He is with us upon its loneliest path, and in its darkest hour. For Duty, the severe arbitress of our lives, may wear a frown on her countenance when we meet her first; but presently, if we will not be terrified by that frown, the fashion of her countenance will be altered, and earth shall have nothing so fair as the smile upon her face. Ever from the root of self-denial grow the choicest fruits in the Paradise of God . . . The humblest duty shall become a joy, there shall be gladness in the lowliest task.'

A. Perhaps any words in these meditations of the joy and gladness which may be ours, come to us with greater force because Archbishop Trench is certainly not one of those who, to use his own words, 'shrink from looking down into the abysmal depths of man's fall, because they have no eye for the heavenly heights of his restoration.' 'Surely,' he says in *Fear of Death*, 'there is no reading so pathetic as that of a collection of Greek and Latin epitaphs. What a voice of anguish and despair speaks out in these, as we listen to one mourner and another :—

'Who to the grave have followed that they love,
And on the insuperable margin stand;'

but who feel that they can follow them no farther, that these their beloved have trod the irremeable way, entered upon the sleep which knows no waking, even as the same unbroken sleep, and the same night of darkness would presently encompass themselves.' And in *Subjection to Vanity*, there is the fullest recognition of the mournfulness of even redeemed man's estate, of 'his restless disquietude,' 'the immeasurable gulf between what he does and what he recognises that he ought to do.' 'What means it for him that there should be a grave at all—that he, with the instincts of immortality, with thoughts wandering through eternity, should yet be the creature of a day . . . If death is indeed the proper end of life, appointed to it from the beginning, why does he shrink shuddering from it? Why should all the circumstances of it be so painful and terrible? Why is it not rather a sleep, and a forgetting, and man's return to the earth out of which he was formed, as the peaceful sinking of a weary child into its mother's lap? . . . He shrinks from the prospect of death, because he was not made for death, but for immortality. He dies, because he has renounced the rule of that spirit which should have distinguished him from the beasts that perish; and having set himself on their level, it is only just that he should share their doom—a doom most natural for them, *most unnatural for him*.'

U. Only those who thus dare fully to face the mournfulness in life, and the terror of death, have really power to comfort us, to speak truly of the gladness that is our possession, of the sunshine that has

conquered the gloom, and to bid us 'rejoice evermore.' I have not time to read to you all that has taken hold upon me in this book of gems; such as this, on the gulf, 'terrible well nigh as that which separates heaven and hell,' between repentance and remorse, the latter born, 'not of grief to have offended a loving Father, and done despite to a Spirit of grace; but born of wounded pride, of anger against ourselves, that the proud idol of self, so long the secret object of our worship, lies by our own act shattered in the dust.' Or, in *Esau*, the warning as to the inexorable destiny of men and nations, which fail to seek a higher consecration for natural gifts,—their doom, 'that they shall gradually lose and let go all which at one time was of fairer promise in them, while all which was evil in them develops and strengthens itself more and more.' And we must not pass over another warning in *Discontent* against craving to be 'monsters of prosperity,' resenting 'God's austere dealings with us, finding, it may be, nothing amiss in these so long as they touch others, but angry, impatient, malcontents, so soon as ever they touch ourselves.' 'For when we ask all good things for ourselves, and deprecate the mingling with this good of any portion of evil, what, in fact, are we doing? Translate these claims of thine into plain language, and to what do they amount? Is it not to this? Make me an exception to the general rule by which thou orderest the lives of other men,—Scourge, if such be thy pleasure, every other son whom Thou receivest, but receive me without the stripes.'

A. There is still higher teaching as to the austerity of Almighty God's dealing with us in *The True Vine*. 'The fruit-bearing branches, how shall it fare with them? What reward shall they have? This is their reward—they shall be pruned . . . Christ pledges the faithfulness of His Father, that He, the great Vine-dresser or Husbandman, in His very faithfulness will not leave His own, without that chastening which they shall need for their perfection—that chastening, strange as this saying may sound in carnal ears, being itself a part of their reward . . . He sees in them what no other eye can perceive, the grace which is capable of becoming more gracious still; and in His far-looking love for His own, who shall praise Him not for a day, but for an eternity, He will not suffer them to stop short of the best whereof they are capable.' How often, also, we need to be reminded, as in the meditation on *Thankfulness*, that 'an old mercy is a mercy still,' that we are 'in matters innumerable reaping the fruits of mercies which are twenty, thirty, fifty years old,' and that we must never take it for granted that thankfulness will come of itself. 'None knew this better than the Psalmist, who therefore stirred himself so often to acts of thankful praise, knowing, as he did so well, that if he waited till thankfulness came of itself and unbidden, he might wait for ever.'

U. We have not spoken of one of the most remarkable papers in our book: *The Light of the World*, in which the self-assertion of

Christ is dwelt upon,—of Him, the meek and lowly One, who ‘came seeking not His own glory, but the glory of His Father, while for all this no words were too large, no statements too magnificent, for Him to utter in respect of Himself.’ Then the lesson drawn from this, is one which we must hope and pray, may reach some heart in especial need of it,—the impossibility of reconciling ‘these declarations of the Lord about Himself with any other views of the dignity of His person, save that which the Catholic Church in all ages has held.’ These weighty words follow: ‘He is either that which the Church teaches Him to be,—or that which we dare not clothe in words. If these are true, then all temporizing positions . . . are such as it is impossible to maintain. Men cannot rest in them for long; but must either rise higher, that is, to the faith of the Church about her Lord; or else sink lower, and renounce the Lord of glory as a deceiver or a deceived.’

A. One other meditation it is impossible to pass over, *Vicarious Suffering*, bringing out so clearly as it does, that the objection ‘how can it be righteous for one man to take upon himself the penalties of others?’ would only hold good if such an act were forced on one reluctant, and ‘is only *not* righteous because it is so much better than righteous, because it moves in that higher region where law is no more known, yet only known no more because it has been transfigured into love,’ and is the outcome of ‘the law and condition of all highest nobleness in the world,’ ‘building what others have thrown down, gathering what others have scattered, bearing the burdens which others have wrapped together, healing the wounds which others have inflicted.’ There is a kindred paper to this—*The Father’s pleasure in the Passion of his Son*, to which I am sure we shall many times return for meditation.

U. Have we not had a nice Sunday talk?

A. Yes, indeed; we do not often find a ‘Sunday book,’ which so easily lends itself for that purpose. I think one of its charms is that its arrangement into ‘brief’ papers comes straight to us from the writer, and thus each one is complete in itself, and is very different indeed from any of the numerous, and to me unattractive offspring of our old friend, *Elegant Extracts*. Now, before you go, you must read something that I have kept for you, as I think you will care for it as much as I do. To me it seems to bring home with much beauty and force, the truth that the inner communion of the soul with God will unconsciously teach and comfort other souls with more reality and power, I do believe, than any conscious teaching could effect.

U. *One moment: A Reminiscence*; I have not seen or heard of it.

A. It is a rare little book, as only fifty copies of it were privately printed, but I have been given leave to show it to you. The author tells us that she had been asked by a friend to write the history of one of the days of her life, to make one of seven, who were ‘invited to lay bare, *pro bono publico*, the events, emotions, thoughts, feelings,

joys, sorrows, amusements, disappointments, 'all, in short, that goes to make up one given day in a human life.' It might be the brightest, the most amusing, the happiest, or the saddest day. 'I suppose all human beings have such days,' our unknown author writes, 'days that stand out above and beyond all others, and that, for good or ill, have left their mark for ever alike on memory and heart. But, as one by one these days passed before my mental vision, one by one they were rejected, too much of triviality, too much depth, too much that involved others, and that without this most unsafe element would have lost all piquancy and *verve*, and far, far too much of one's own personality.' So she decided finally to refuse her friend's request, feeling that it was a kind of thing only to be written in youth, when the history of the day might read like a brilliant fairy tale, not like a dismal ghost story. 'But yet,' she says, 'in the rapid review of by-gone days which I had taken, *one moment* stood out beyond others in such high relief, that the impulse to record its undying impressions, and somewhat of its effect upon my spirit, became irresistible, and all the more so, because, just now, the thoughts of many hearts are drawn affectionately, reverentially, and sympathetically towards him whose aspect during that *one moment* has left its mark upon my soul for time, and, I would fain hope, also for eternity.' Now you shall read the rest.

U.—(reads) 'On the 1st of January, 1864, I was one of a crowded congregation, assembled in Christ Church Cathedral, to take part in the Service for the Consecration of Dean Trench, Archbishop-Elect of Dublin.

'The name of Dean Trench had long been familiar to me. I had read many of his poems. His writings had quickened my intellectual powers, had poured floods of light on my reading of God's Word, had deeply impressed my imagination; and he had brought with him to Ireland a prestige, theological, intellectual, and personal, which might well excuse a great longing and an earnest desire to see him myself. And so, as I said, I found myself one of the large congregation assembled that day within the walls of Christ Church Cathedral—Christ Church as it was in 1864, very unlike, in its interior arrangements, as in all else, from what it is in 1885. And I am afraid that, to tell the whole truth, my feelings that morning partook more of expectation and curiosity than of devotion.

'I was in a front pew longitudinally parallel with the aisle, and, therefore, perfectly well placed for seeing the procession as it passed slowly onwards to the chancel.

'I saw the Archbishop-Elect most distinctly, and yet how can I describe what I saw?

'I can recall it perfectly. Bidden and unbidden, it rises constantly before me; yet I feel wholly powerless to convey to others the impression that his countenance as I saw it during that one passing moment, has left for ever both on memory and heart. His personality

passed me by almost unheeded. I knew not if he were tall or short, of goodly presence, or the reverse. I was only conscious of seeing a figure unrobed, when all around were robed in white, and carrying in his hand what I supposed to be a small Prayer-book; not out of harmony with his surroundings, far from it, but, as it were, apart from them, moving, as it seemed to me, upon a higher level.

'But what impressed me so deeply during that one moment was the countenance itself, its utter unself-consciousness, its deep humility, its intense devotion, its almost divine spirituality.

'It was as if those beautiful words had been realised to the full—'Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear,' and that the Spirit invoked soon after in the 'Veni Creator,' had already descended upon him in all its fulness. And, as he passed on, the thought flashed through my heart. What, save the power of a true, living, personal God, could so illuminate the countenance of any mortal? I felt as if in very truth I had seen the sevenfold Spirit of God resting upon him—"the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, the spirit of holy fear;" and from that one moment, all things, eternal and unseen, seemed invested for me with a depth of reality they had never had before. Since then I have passed through many experiences of spirit and of heart. I have had flashes of doubt—who, in these days of, perhaps, too great mental activity, has escaped them? I have had days and hours of sorrow and of joy. I have had hopes and fears. But I can truly say that the countenance of Archbishop Trench, as I saw it during that one moment of my life, expressing as it did, the deepest devotion, and the most perfect realization of the Unseen, and rising, as it does, entirely unbidden before my mental vision, has dispelled doubts, soothed sorrows, sanctified joys, strengthened hope, and calmed fear, by leading me to realize for myself, as nothing else has ever done, the personal existence of that living God, whose power and Spirit were so vividly portrayed before me in that *one moment* of my life.

'I cannot, and do not, doubt that there were many others present on that day who can look back, as I do, upon one of its moments as *the one moment* of their life. If this be so, and if its undying memory brings to them, even in some small measure, the help, and strength, and comfort it has brought so largely to me, surely they must add this, as one more to the countless reasons which we, members of the Irish Church have to bless, honour, and revere Archbishop Trench's ministry among us.'

- A. 'And what if there some favoured one should kneel,
Whom in His time the Lord will seal,
High in the Mount to draw
Light uncorrupt from His pure fount Law,
Then 'mid his brethren bear unknowing
The lustre keen within him glowing?
Blest, who so shines: and blest the thoughtful few,
Who see that brightness true.'

Who ever saw that 'true brightness' save on the face of one who had kept the faith—those Heaven-reflected rays, which 'will but brighter burn,'—

'As Angels hail, approaching to the shore,
Rays like their own, and more.'

NOTE.

We think we should caution our readers that the paper on 'Dante Gabriel Rossetti,' in our last, was not intended to recommend his poems in general for young people's reading.

A TANGLED TALE.

ANSWERS TO KNOT X.

1. THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

Problem. If 70 per cent. have lost an eye, 75 per cent. an ear, 80 per cent. an arm, 85 per cent. a leg : what percentage, *at least*, must have lost all four?

Answer. (I adopt that of POLAR STAR, as being better than my own). Adding the wounds together, we get $70 + 75 + 80 + 85 = 310$, among 100 men ; which gives 3 to each, and 4 to 10 men. Therefore the least percentage is 10.

Nineteen answers have been received. One is '5,' but, as no working is given with it, it must, in accordance with the rule, remain 'a deed without a name.' JANET makes it '35 and $\frac{7}{10}$ ths.' I am sorry she has misunderstood the question, and has supposed that those who had lost an ear were 75 per cent. *of those who had lost an eye* ; and so on. Of course, on this supposition, the percentages must all be multiplied together. This she has done correctly, but I can give her no honours, as I do not think the question will fairly bear her interpretation. THREE SCORE AND TEN makes it '19 and $\frac{3}{4}$ ths.' Her solution has given me—I will not say 'many anxious days and sleepless nights,' for I wish to be strictly truthful, but—some trouble in making any sense at all of it. She makes the number of 'pensioners wounded once' to be 310 ('per cent.,' I suppose!) : dividing by 4, she gets 77 and a half as 'average percentage : ' again dividing by 4, she gets 19 and $\frac{3}{4}$ ths as 'percentage wounded four times.' Does she suppose wounds of different kinds to 'absorb' each other, so to speak? Then, no doubt, the *data* are equivalent to 77 pensioners with one wound each, and a half-pensioner with a half-wound. And does she then suppose these concentrated wounds to be *transferable*, so that $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of these unfortunates can obtain perfect health by handing over their wounds to the remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ th? Granting these suppositions, her answer is right ; or rather, *if* the question had been 'A road is covered with one inch of gravel, along 77 and a half per cent. of it. How much of it could be covered 4 inches deep with the same material?' her answer *would* have been right. But alas, that *wasn't* the question ! DELTA makes some most amazing assumptions : 'let every one who has not lost an eye have lost an ear,' 'let every one who has not lost both eyes and ears have lost an arm,' etc. ! Her ideas of a battle-field are grim indeed. Fancy a warrior who would

continue fighting after losing both eyes, both ears, and both arms ! This is a case which she (or 'it'?) evidently considers *possible*.

Next come eight writers who have made the unwarranted assumption that, because 70 per cent. have lost an eye, *therefore* 30 per cent. have *not* lost one, so that they have *both* eyes. This is not good logic. If you give me a bag containing 100 sovereigns, and if in an hour I come to you (my face *not* beaming with gratitude nearly so much as when I received the bag) to say 'I am sorry to tell you that 70 of these sovereigns are bad,' do I thereby guarantee the other 30 to be good? Perhaps I have not tested them yet. The sides of this illogical octagon are as follows, in alphabetical order:—ALGERNON BRAY, DINAH MITE, G. S. C., JANE E., J. D. W., MAGPIE (who makes the delightful remark 'therefore 90 per cent. have two of something,' recalling to one's memory that fortunate monarch, with whom Xerxes was so much pleased that 'he gave him ten of everything'!), S. S. G., and TOKIO.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE and T. R. do the question in a piecemeal fashion—on the principle that the 70 per cent. and the 75 per cent., though commenced at opposite ends of the 100, must overlap by *at least* 45 per cent.; and so on. This is quite correct working, but not, I think, quite the best way of doing it.

The other five competitors will, I hope, feel themselves sufficiently glorified by being placed in the first class, without my composing a Triumphal Ode for each!

CLASS LIST.

I.

OLD CAT.
OLD HEN.

POLAR STAR.
SIMPLE SUSAN.

WHITE SUGAR.

II.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE.

T. R.

III.

ALGERNON BRAY.
DINAH MITE.
G. S. C.
JANE E.

J. D. W.
MAGPIE.
S. S. G.
TOKIO.

The other two problems—'where does the day begin?' and the ages of the old man's three sons—I must leave to another time. The first has always been a puzzle to me, and, often as it has been brought forward in scientific periodicals, I have never seen its difficulties successfully explained. I am trying to get some definite statistics which will, I hope, shed a new light on it. Meanwhile, if any fresh competitors like to try their hands at it, or at the ages of

the three sons, so as to appear in the final Class List, there is yet time to send in their answers.

ALGERNON BRAY enquires for copies of the original edition of *The Hunting of the Snark*. There are still a few on hand, which may be obtained from Messrs. Macmillan & Co., 29, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

I take this opportunity of thanking those who have sent, along with their answers to the Tenth Knot, regrets that there are no more Knots to come, or petitions that I should recall my resolution to bring them to an end. I am most grateful for their kind words; but I think it wisest to end what, at best, was but a lame attempt. 'The stretched metre of an antique song' is beyond my compass; and my puppets were neither distinctly *in* my life (like those I now address), nor yet (like Alice and the Mock Turtle) distinctly *out* of it. Yet let me, at least, fancy, as I lay down the pen, that I carry with me into my silent life, dear reader, a farewell smile from your unseen face, and a kindly farewell pressure from your unfelt hand! And so, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say 'good night!' till it be morrow.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

Eleven spiders have sought for articles named after persons, but Bianca and an anonymous outsider mistook, and found surnames after articles. No two have chosen exactly the same things, and altogether 51 have been enumerated; though to some we object, as not fulfilling the conditions—those that require a word to complete the sense, such as Marie Stuart caps, Byron ties, and Broadwood pianos, and thus would exclude likewise Wellington and Blucher boots, Gladstone bags, Albert chains, and most of the weapons adduced, Armstrong guns, Schneider and Martini-Henry Rifles, perhaps even Hansom cabs, certainly Churchwarden pipes.

Fictitious personages should hardly be reckoned, such as Atlas, Phaeton, Pantaloon, Megilp, Knickerbocker, Toby Fillpot, Tam O'Shanter, &c.

Arachne cannot allow that the Guillotine is an article in *common* use. Neither are Georges, since few of us are Knights of the Garter. Nor do we often eat Shaddocks, nor read Elzevir editions.

To "filbert" Arachne objects that there never was any King of France called Philibert, and that the best authorities say the word is full beard—full bearded-Loom—given by Sintram from Sir T. Loam or Lombe, introducing it in 1672, *may* be excellent, but Arachne would like proof. *Geloma* or *loma* is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning furniture, primarily. What did our foremothers weave with before the loom came? Were webs only fastened to beams, like that which Samson walked away with? Arachne asks for information. Excluding all the carriages as too much fashions of the day, except perhaps the Brougham, the best instances are,

Valentine, from St. Valentine (Sintram).

Blanket, from Thomas Blanket, 1340 (Sintram).

Quassia, from Coissi, the negro who discovered its use.

Grog, from Admiral Grog, a temperate man who mixed the spirits served out (Wandering Jew).

Davenport.

Doyley, from M. D'Oyley.

Spencer, from Earl Spencer, 1815; Sandwich, from the Earl (Grasshopper, Metelille), who mentions the epigram—

"Two noble earls, whom if I quote
Some folks might call me sinner,
The one invented half a coat
The other half a dinner."

Davy, from Sir Humfrey (Mignonette).

Mackintosh, from the Scotch Inventor (Grasshopper, Metelille).

Orrery, named by the inventor, Graham, from Charles, Earl of Orrery, 1719.

Silhouette, the black shade, a cheap portrait, named in derision of Silhouette, Finance Minister of France in 1759, whose æconomics were scorned (Metelille).

Garibaldi, from the red-shirted General.

Metelille, Wandering Jew, and Sintram have been the fullest in details.

Full and careful answers have come from Wandering Jew, Grasshopper, Sintram, and Metelille, all with etymology made out. J.M.B. throws her articles in droll combination. Wyllincote and Moonraker go a little beyond the mere enumeration. Bloater, Squeedles, Garnet, lists; and Vögelein adds to hers that Grog was invented by Admiral Vernon, who was called Old Grog by the sailors, because of the Groggram coat he wore in wet weather.

Midsummer Night's Dream is answered by Nil Disperandum, J. M. B., Wandering Jew, Oats, Winifred, Mignonette, Apathy, Moonraker, Kitten, Titania, I. N. K., Spinning Jenny, whose answer is the most graceful.

TELL the story of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Nobody can tell it so well as Mendelssohn has told it in that wonderful overture of his, which unwinds the dreamily complicated threads of the narrative, while merging them into the rippling stream of fancies as completely in the poetry of his music as Shakespeare did in the music of his poetry. We will let the ripples play unheeded for a moment, while we take hold of the threads of the story. The main thread is fastened to a very prosaic fact, even a disagreement between husband and wife. It joins another thread, which has a beginning in a disagreement between father and daughter, and there is a third thread which has to do with bridal solemnity and conjugal felicity. In these three is a strand of likeness, sufficient to cause them to blend easily, and yet sufficient unlikeness to keep them distinct from each other, as Mendelssohn finely shows in his dream, *Ohne Wörter*. Marital displeasure tangled these threads, then, with the ease of far-reaching power, uncoiled them and set the victims free. Nevertheless, the ending may be called a 'true lover's knot' tipped with 'fairy favours.'

We have thus considered our starting-point to be the refusal of Titania, Queen of the Fairies, to give up the Indian boy, whom she has brought up from infancy, to her husband Oberon to be his henchman. Oberon urges his request one night when he meets Titania by moonlight in a wood near Athens, whither the Fairy Court has come to do honour to the marriage of Theseus, Duke of Athens, with Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. Receiving a disdainful refusal, Oberon takes his 'shrewd and navish sprite' Puck, into his confidence, sends him to fetch a 'little western flower, called love-in-idleness,' and lays the juice of it upon Titania's eyelids while she is asleep, to make her fall in love with the first object her eyes, on waking, rest upon. At this point we come into contact with the workaday world. To do honour to the marriage of Duke Theseus, six hard-handed Athenians, namely, a tinker, a tailor, a bellow's mender, a carpenter.

a joiner, and a weaver, had agreed to perform an interlude to fill up the measure of the bridal festivities. They come into the fairy haunted wood to rehearse their piece on the night on which Oberon anoints Titania's eyes, and Bottom, the weaver, is the first object those eyes rest upon when the fairy queen wakes. To evidence Bottom's intellect to the world, Puck has put an ass's head upon his shoulders, so that Oberon's satisfaction at the transference of Titania's affection from himself to 'sweet bully Bottom' is not of an altogether unmixed kind. There are at the same time other mortals in the wood.

A certain lady, named Hermia, loved by two gentlemen, named respectively, Lysander and Demetrius, is commanded by her father, Egeus, to marry Demetrius, but she rebels and wills to be married to Lysander. Demetrius is loved as passionately as he loves Hermia by another lady, named Helena, whose enslaved fancy drives her into a desperate pursuit of Demetrius, when he follows Hermia and Lysander into the enchanted wood. They had taken flight thither to escape the rigorous measures of Egeus, to whom the law gives power over his daughter's life if she resists his parental authority. Oberon, observing Helena's dog-like affection, and possibly contrasting it with the unsubmitive behaviour of his queen, thinks to do both her and Demetrius a good turn by sending Puck to pour the enchanted flower-juice into that gentleman's eyes as he lies asleep. Puck, however, lights upon the slumbering Lysander, and pours it into his eyes, apparently unaware that there are two amorous gentlemen, and two distressed damsels in the wood. Then he discovers his mistake, and anoints Demetrius's eyes also, and the result is, that the once despised Helena is now courted with distracted ardour by both gentlemen, while the lately-cherished Hermia is bidden to be begone with the flattering epithets of cat, bur, acorn bead, and the like. In return Hermia utters what can hardly be called silvery speech, and there is a suggestion that Athenian ladies can use their nails as well as their tongues. Oberon is sufficiently disgusted with the success of his enchantment, which was designed in the one case for revenge, in the other for remedy, to undo his work. A happy waking ensues. Oberon and Titania become 'new in amity,' Lysander recovers proper feeling towards Hermia, and Demetrius retains his new affection for Helena. Duke Theseus, moved by good-will towards those who aspire to the same kind of felicity as he enjoys, overbears Egeus' disapproval of his daughter's choice, and wills that the couples shall 'in the temple by and by with him eternally be knit.' Bottom is relieved of the outward seeming of the ass's head, and sustains his part as Pyramus in the interlude which was 'truly and very notably' performed after the wedding. Lastly, Titania and Oberon come at midnight to dance a fairy measure through the ducal palace, and 'bless each several chamber with sweet peace.' SPINNING-JENNY.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

To continue the former subject, find twelve articles called from places, not as descriptions, but *names*.

Try to explain the principal causes why English orthography follows no general rule.

Notices to Correspondents.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

* * THE Editor has much pleasure in being authorised to offer a prize of £5 for the best translation into French of the carol 'Christians Awake,' 61, Hymns A. and M. The same metre must be preserved, and it must be fit to be sung to the same tune, otherwise the translation will not be eligible. Translations to be sent to the Editor by Sept. 1, to be submitted to competent judges.

Edith—Dr. Edersheim's *The Golden Psalms*, (R.T.S.), *Selections from Plain Words*, by the Bishop of Bedford. The Rev. W. E. Heygate's *Evening of Life*, and Mr. Paget's *Near Home*.

Magdalen—The information about Monna Lisa came from Mrs. Heaton's *Life of Leonardo da Vinci*, (Macmillan). An account of it will also be found in the *Musée Napoleonne*.

M. O.—*Teaching for the Little Ones* has not been reprinted. Mrs. O'Reilly's *Children of the Church*, goes over much the same ground.

Can any of our readers tell me who was the author of some verses beginning:

"Farewell thou vase of splendour."

L. BAUTH.

Out of what poem of Tennyson does this quotation come?

"Now opes the crimson petal,
Now the white."

HILDAR.

E. R. T.—The lines are in 'As You Like It,' Act II., Scene 1.

M. E. H.—Sir Richard Pole was not one of the Suffolk De la Poles. His pedigree (Dean Hook says) is preserved in the Harleian MSS., 1412, fol. 1, labelled, the Visitation of Oxfordshire, 1574. It is deduced from Cadwallader, the last of the British Kings.

Dorothy—Quotation wanted—

"Curved is the line of beauty,
Straight is the line of duty." &c.

E. J. Collingwood—The authorship of 'Jerusalem my happy home,' has been a subject of much controversy. It is generally ascribed to Father Francis Baker, a priest, who is said to have written it in the Tower, about 1590, and the oldest version contains many more verses than are given in Hymns A. and M., among them the two you quote. There are more than one Latin and German hymns to which it bears a general resemblance, especially one by St. Peter Damiani wrongly attributed to St. Augustine.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Stamps Received.—Squeedles; Elizabeth; Blencowe; Spinning Jenny.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I have received twelve contributions, most of them very good; but I hope the number will be much increased in the coming months. I am surprised to find that many of the members have made a great confusion in their contributions, sending the wrong plants for the month. The plants named for each month are to be *collected* in that month, and to be sent to me as early as possible in the month following.

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON VICARAGE, Feb. 13.

By an unfortunate mistake, Miss Sewell's *Letters on Daily Life* were mentioned in a recent 'Conversation on Books' as *Letters to my Unknown Friends*.

The Monthly Packet.

APRIL, 1885.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STONE MELTING.

It was with a strange feeling that Dolores woke on the New Year's morning, that something was very sad and strange, and yet that there was a sense of relief. For one thing, that terrible confession to her father was written, and was no longer a weight hanging over her. And though his answer was still to come, that was months away. There was Uncle Regie greatly displeased with her; there was Constance treating her as a traitor; there was the mischief done, and yet something hard and heavy was gone? Something sweet and precious had come in on her! Surely it was, that now she knew and felt that she could trust in Aunt Lillas—yes, and in Mysie. She got up, quite looking forward to meeting those gentle brown eyes of her aunt's, that she seemed never before to have looked into, and to feeling the sweet motherly kiss, which had so much more meaning in it now, as almost to make up for Uncle Reginald's estrangement.

She even anticipated gladly those ten minutes alone with her aunt, which she used to dislike so much, hoping that the holiday time would not hinder them. Really wishing to please her aunt, she had learnt her portion perfectly, and Lady Merrifield showed that she appreciated the effort, though still it was more a lesson than a reality.

'My dear!' she said, 'I am afraid this is another blow for you—it came this morning.'

It was the account from Professor Muhlwasser's German publisher, amounting to a few shillings more than six pounds. And an announcement that the books were on the way.

'Oh!' cried poor Dolores, 'I thought he was dead! He told me so! Uncle Alfred, I mean! And it was only to get the money! How could he be so wicked?'

'I am afraid that was all he cared for.'

'And what shall I do, Aunt Lily? Will you pay it, please, and take all my allowance till it is made up?'

'I think it will be more comfortable for you if I do something of that sort, though I don't think you should go entirely without money. You have a pound a quarter. I was going to give you yours at once.'

'Oh! take it—*pray*—'

'Suppose I give you five shillings, instead of twenty. I do not think it well to leave you with nothing for a year and a half, and this is nearly what Mysie has.'

'A shilling a month—Very well. I wish I could pay it all at once!'

'No doubt you do, my dear, but this will keep you in mind for a long time, what a dangerous thing you did in giving away money you had no right to dispose of.'

'Yes,' said Dolores. 'Mother earned money for him. I know she never took father's without asking him; but I couldn't earn, and couldn't ask.'

Lady Merrifield kissed her, for very joy, to hear no sullenness in her tone; and then all went to church together on the New Year's day that was to be the beginning of better things. 'Lord Rotherwood had just time to go before meeting the train which was to take him to High Court, leaving his Fly too much used to his absences to be distressed about them, and in fact, somewhat crazy about a notion which Gillian had started that morning, of getting up a little play to surprise him when he came back, for Twelfth Day, as he promised to do.

Mamma declared that if it was in French, and the words were learnt every morning before half past eleven, it should supersede all other lessons; but such was the hatred of the whole boy faction to French, that they declared they had rather do rational sensible lessons twice over than learn such rot, and this carried the day. The drama proposed was that one in an old number of 'Aunt Judy,' where the village mayor is persuaded by the drummer to fine the girls for wearing lace caps. The French original existed in the house, and Fly started the idea that the male performers should speak English and the female French; but this was laughed down.

In the midst Uncle Reginald came to the door and called, 'Lilies, can you speak to me a minute?'

Lady Merrifield went out into the hall to him.

'Here's a policeman come over, Lily. They have got the fellow!'

'Flinders!'

'Yes; arrested him on board a steamer at Bristol.'

'Oh! I wish they had let it alone!'

'So do I. They are bringing him back. The Darminster City bench sits to-day, and they want that unlucky child over there to make her deposition for his committal.'

'Can't they commit him without her?'

'Not for the forgery. The bank people are bent on prosecuting for that, and we can't stop them. I suppose she can be depended on?'

'Reginald, don't! I told you the deceit was an unnatural growth from Constance's pseudo sentiment.'

'Well, get her ready to come with me,' said the colonel, with a gesture of doubt; 'we must catch the 12.50. The superintendent brought a fly.'

'You will frighten her out of her senses. I can't let her go alone with you in this mood.'

'As you please, if you choose to knock yourself up. I'll tell the superintendent and walk on to the station. You've not a moment to lose, so don't let her stand dawdling and crying.'

It was a hard task for Lady Merrifield. She called Dolores, whom Mysie was inviting to be one of the village maidens, and bade her put on her things quickly. She ordered cold meat and wine into the dining-room, called Gillian into her room, and explained while dressing, and bade her keep the others away. Then, meeting Dolores on the stairs, she took her into the dining room and made her swallow some cold beef, and drink some sherry, before telling her that the magistrates at Darminster wanted to ask her some questions. Dolores looked pale and frightened, and exclaimed,

'Oh! but he has got away.'

'My dear, I grieve to say that he has not.'

Dolores understood, and submitted more quietly and resignedly than her aunt had feared. She was a barrister's daughter, and once or twice her father had taken her and her mother part of the way on circuit with him, and she had been in court, so that she had known from the first that if her uncle were arrested, there was no choice but that she must speak out. So she only trembled very much and said,

'Aunt Lily, are you going with me?'

'Indeed I am, my poor child. Uncle Regie is gone on.'

No more was spoken then, but Dolores put her cold hand into her aunt's muff.

Gillian kept all the flock prisoned in the school-room. Wilfred, Val and Fergus rushed to the window, and were greatly disappointed not to see a policeman on the box 'taking Dolores to be tried'—as Fergus declared, and Wilfred insisted, just because Gillian and Mysie contradicted it with all their might. He continued to repeat it with variations and exaggerations, until Jasper heard him, and declared that he should have a thorough good licking if he said so again, administering a cuff by way of earnest. Wilfred howled, and was ordered not to be such an ape, and Fly looked on in wonder at the domestic discipline.

The superintendent had, in fact, walked on with Uncle Reginald, and Dolores saw nothing of him, but was put into an empty first-class carriage, into which her aunt followed her, but her uncle, observing, 'You know how to manage her, Lily,' betook himself to a smoking-carriage, and left them to themselves.

Dolores was never a very talking girl, and the habit of silence had grown upon her. She leant against her aunt and put her arm round her, and did not attempt to say anything till she asked,

‘Will he be there?’

‘I don’t know, I am afraid he will. It is very sad for you, my poor Dolly, but we must recollect that after all, it may be much better for him to be stopped now, than to go on and get worse and worse in some strange country.’

Dolores did not ask what she was to do, she knew enough already about trials to understand that she was only to answer questions, and she presently said,

‘This can’t be his trial. There are no assizes now.’

‘No, this is only for the committal. It will very soon be over, if you will only answer quietly and steadily. If you do so, I think Uncle Regie will be pleased, and tell your father! I am sure I shall!’

Dolores pressed up closer and laid her cheek against the soft sealskin. In the midst of her trouble there was a strange wonder in her. Could this be really the aunt whom she had thought so cruel, unjust, and tyrannical, and from whom she had so carefully hidden her feelings? Nobody got into the carriage, and just before reaching Darminster, Lady Merrifield made a great effort over her own shyness, and said,

‘Now, Dolly, we will pray a little prayer that you may be a faithful witness, and that God may turn it all to good for your poor uncle.’

Dolores was very much surprised, and did not know whether she liked it or not, but she saw her aunt’s closed eyes and uplifted hands and she tried to follow the example.

The train stopped, and her uncle came to the door, looking enquiringly at her.

‘She will be good and brave,’ said her aunt; and quickly passing across the platform, Dolores found herself beside her aunt with her uncle opposite in another fly.

Things had been arranged for them considerately, and after they came to the Guildhall where the city magistrates were sitting, Colonel Mohun went at once into court; the others were taken to a little room, and waited there a few minutes before Colonel Mohun came and was called in. It was a long room, with a rail at one end, and Dolores knew, with a strange thrill which made her shudder, that Mr. Flinders was there; but she could not bear to look at him, and only squeezed hard at the hand of her aunt, who asked, in a somewhat shaky voice, if she might come with her niece.

‘Certainly, certainly, Lady Merrifield,’ said one of the magistrates, and chairs were set both for her and Colonel Mohun.

‘You are Miss Mohun, I think—may I ask your Christian name in full?’ And then she had to spell it, and likewise tell her exact age, after which she was put on oath—as she knew enough of trials to expect.

‘Are you residing with Lady Merrifield?’

'Yes.'

'But your father is living?'

'Yes, but he is in the Fiji Islands.'

'Will you favour us with his exact name?'

'Maurice Devereux Mohun.'

'When did he leave England?'

'The fifth of last September.'

'Did he leave any money with you?'

'Yes.'

'In what form?'

'A cheque on W's Bank.'

'To bearer or order?'

'To order.'

'What was the date?'

'I think it was the 31st of August, but I am not sure.'

'For how much?'

'For seven pounds.'

'When did you part with it?'

'On the Friday before Christmas day.'

'Did you do anything to it first?'

'I wrote my name on the back.'

'What did you do with it.'

'I sent it to—' her voice became a little hoarse, but she brought out the words—'to Mr. Flinders.'

'Is this the same?'

'Yes—only someone has put "ty" to the "seven" in writing, and 0 to the figure 7.'

'Can you swear to the rest as your father's writing and your own?'

The evidence of the banker's clerk as to the cashing of the cheque had been already taken, and the magistrate said, 'Thank you, Miss Mohun, I think the case is complete, and we need not trouble you any more.'

But the prisoner's voice made Dolores start and shudder again, as he said,

'I beg your pardon, sir, but you have not asked the young lady'—there was a sort of sneer in his voice—'how she sent this draft.'

'Did not you send it direct by the post?' demanded the magistrate.

'No; I gave it to——' Again she paused, and the words "Gave it to——?" were authoritatively repeated, so that she had no choice.

'I gave it to Miss Constance Hacket to send.'

'You will observe, sir,' said Flinders, in a somewhat insolent tone, 'that the evidence which the witness has been so ready to adduce is incomplete. There is another link between her hands and mine.'

'You may reserve that point for your defence on your trial,' rejoined the magistrate. 'There is quite sufficient evidence for your committal.'

There was already a movement to let Dolores be taken away by her

uncle and aunt, so as to spare her from any reproach or impertinence that Flinders might launch at her. She was like someone moving in a dream, glad that her aunt should hold her hand as if she were a little child, saying, as they came out into the street, 'Very clearly and steadily done, Dolly! Wasn't it, Uncle Regie?'

'Yes,' he said, absently. 'We must look out, or we sha'n't catch the 4.30 train.'

He almost threw them into a cab, and made the driver go his quickest, so that, after all, they had full ten minutes to spare. It made Dolores sick at heart to go near the waiting and refreshment-rooms where she and Constance had spent all that time with Flinders; but she could not bear to say so before her uncle, and he was bent on getting some food for Lady Merrifield.

'Not soup, Regie, there might not be time to swallow it. A glass of milk for us each, please; we can drink that at once, and bring anything solid that we can take with us. I am sure your mouth must be dry, my dear.'

Very dry it was, and Dolores gladly swallowed the milk, and found, when seated in the train, that she was really hungry enough to eat her full share of the sandwiches and buns which the Colonel had brought in with him; and then she sat resting against her aunt, closed her eyes, and half dozed in the rattle of the train, not moving in the pause at the stations, but quite conscious that Colonel Mohun said, 'Not a spark of feeling for anybody, not even for that man! As hard as a stone!'

'For shame, Regie!' said her aunt. 'How angry you would have been if she had made a scene.'

'I should have liked her better.'

'No, you wouldn't, when you come to understand. There's stuff in her, and depth too.'

'Aye, she's deep enough.'

'Poor child!' said Lady Merrifield, tenderly. And then the train went on, and the noise drowned the voices, so that Dolores only partly heard, 'You will see how she will rise,' and the answer, 'You may be right; I hope so. But I can't get over deliberate deceit.'

He settled himself in his corner, and Lady Merrifield durst not move nor raise her voice lest she should break what seemed such deep slumber, but which really was half torpor, half a dull dismay, holding fast eyes, lips, and limbs, and which really became sleep, so that Dolores did not hear the next bit of conversation during the ensuing halt.

'I say, Lily, I did not like the fellow's last question. He means to give trouble about it.'

'I was sorry the other name was brought in, but it must have come sooner or later.'

'That's true; but if she can't swear to the figures on the draft, ten to one that the fellow will get off.'

'You don't doubt——'

'No, no; but there's the chance for the defence, and he was sharp enough to see it.'

'There is nothing to be said or done about it, of course.'

'Of course not. There's nothing for it but to let it alone.'

They went on again, and when the train reached Silverton, Dolly was dreaming that her father had come and that he said Uncle Alfred should be hanged unless she found the money for Professor Muhl-wasser. She even looked about for him, and said, 'Where's father?' when she was wakened to get out.

Gillian came up to her mother's room to hear what had happened, and to give an account of the day, which had gone off prosperously by Harry's help. He had kept excellent order at dinner, and 'there's something about Fly which makes even Wilfred be mannerly before her.' And then they had gone out and had made Fly free of the Thorn Fortress.

'My dear, but that must have been terribly damp and cold at this time of year.'

'I thought of that, mamma, and so we didn't sit down, and made it a guerilla war; only Fergus couldn't understand the difference between guerillas and gorillas, and would thump upon himself and roar when they were in ambush.'

'Rather awkward for the ambush!'

'Yes, Wilfred said he was a traitor, and tied him to a tree, and then Fly found him crying, and would have let him out but she couldn't get the knots undone; and what do you think? She made Wilfred cut the string himself with his own knife! I never knew such a girl for making every one do as she pleases. Then, when it got dark we came in, and had a sort of a kind of a rehearsal, only that nobody knew any of the parts, or what each was to be.'

'A sort of a kind, indeed, it must have been!'

'But we think the play will be lovely! You can't think how nice Fly was. You know we settled for her to be Annette, the dear, funny, naughty girl, but as soon as she saw that Val wanted the part, she said she didn't care, and gave it up directly, and I don't think we ought to let her, and Hal thinks so too; and all the boys are very angry, and say Val will make a horrid mess of it. Then Mysie wanted to give up the good girl to Fly, and only be one of the chorus, but Fly says she had rather be one of the chorus ones herself than that. So we settled that you should fix the parts, and we would abide by your choice.'

'I hope there was no quarrelling.'

'N—no; only a little falling upon Val by the boys, and Fly put a stop to that. Oh! mamma, if it were only possible to turn Dolly into Fly! I can't help saying it, we seemed to get on so much better just because we hadn't poor Dolly to make a deadweight, and tempt the boys to be tiresome: while Fly made everything go off well. I can't describe it, she didn't in the least mean to keep order or interfere,

but somehow squabbles seem to die away before her, and nobody wants to be troublesome.'

'Dear little thing! It is a very sweet disposition. But, Gill, I do believe that we shall see poor Dolly take a turn now.'

'Well! having quarrelled with that Constance is in her favour!'

'Try and think kindly of her trouble, Gill, and then it will be easier to be kind to her.'

Gillian sighed. Falsehood and determined opposition to her mother were the greatest possible crimes in her eyes; and at her age it was not easy to separate the sin from the sinner.

New Year's night was always held to be one of especial merriment, but Lady Merrifield was so much tired out by her expedition, that she hardly felt equal to presiding over any sports, and proposed that instead the young folk should dance. Gillian and Hal took turns to play for them, and Uncle Reginald and Fly were in equal request as partners. It was Mysie who came to draw Dolores out of her corner, and beg her to be her partner—"If you wouldn't very much rather not," she said, in a pleading, wistful, voice.

Dolores would "very much rather not;" but she saw that Mysie would be left out altogether if she did not consent, as Hal was playing and Uncle Regie was dancing with Primrose. She thought of resolutions to turn over a new leaf, and not to refuse everything, so she said, 'Yes, this once,' and it was wonderful how much freshened she felt by the gay motion, and perhaps by Mysie's merry, good-natured eyes and caressing hand. After that she had another turn with Gillian and one with Hal, and even one with Fergus, because, as he politely informed her, no one else would have him for a quadrille. But, just as this was in progress, and she could not help laughing at his ridiculous mistakes and contempt of rules, she met Uncle Reginald's eye fixed on her in wonder. 'He thinks I don't care,' thought she to herself. All her pleasure was gone, and she moved so dejectedly, that her aunt, watching from the sofa, called her and told her she was over-tired, and sent her to bed.

Dolores was tired, but in the way which made it harder instead of easier to sleep, or rather she slept just enough to relax her full consciousness and hold over herself, and bring on her a misery of terror and loneliness, and feeling of being forsaken by the whole world. And when she woke fully enough to understand the reality, it was no better; she felt, then, the position she had put herself into, and almost saw in the dark, Flinders's malicious vindictive glance, Constance's anger, Uncle Regie's cold, severe look, and, worse than all, her father reading her letter. She fell again into an agony of sobbing, not without a little hope that Aunt Lily would be again brought to her side. At last the door was softly pushed open in the dark, but it was not Aunt Lily, it was Mysie's little bare feet that patted up to the bed, her arms that embraced, her cheek that was squeezed against the tearful one—"Oh, Dolly, Dolly! please don't cry so sadly!"

'Oh! it is so dreadful, Mysie!'

'Are you ill—like the other night?'

'No—but—Mysie—I can't bear it!'

'I don't want to call mamma,' said Mysie, thoughtfully, 'for she is so much tired, and Uncle Regie and Gill said she would be quite knocked up, and got her to come up to bed when we went. Dolly, would it be better if I got into your bed and cuddled you up?'

'Oh, yes! oh, yes! please do, there's a dear good Mysie.'

There was not much room, but that mattered the less, and the hugging of the warm arms seemed to heal the terrible sense of being unloved and forsaken, the presence to drive away the visions of angry faces that had haunted her; but there was the longing for fellow-feeling on her, and she said, 'That's nice! Oh, Mysie! you can't think what it is like! Uncle Regie said I didn't care, and he could never forgive deliberate deceit—and I was so fond of Uncle Regie.'

'Oh! but he will, if you never tell a story again,' said Mysie—and, as she felt a gesture implying despair—'Yes, they do; I told a story once.'

'You, Mysie! I thought you never did.'

'Yes, once, when we were crossing to Ireland, and nurse wouldn't let Wilfred tie our handkerchiefs together and fish over the side, and he was very angry and threw her parasol into the sea when she wasn't looking; and I knew she would be so cross, that when she asked me if I knew what was become of it, I said "No," and thought I didn't, really. But then it came over me, again and again, that I had told a story, and, oh! I was so miserable whenever I thought of it—at church, and saying my prayers, you know; and mamma was poorly and couldn't come to us at night ever so long, but at last I could bear it no longer, for I heard her say, "Mysie is always truthful," and then I did get it out, and told her. And, oh! she and papa were so kind, and they did quite and entirely forgive me!'

'Yes, you told of your own accord; and they were your own—not Uncle Regie. Ah! Mysie, everybody hates me. I saw them all looking at me.'

'No! no! Don't say such things, Dolly. None of us do anything so shocking.'

'Yes, Jasper does, and Wilfred and Val!'

'No! no! no! they don't hate; only they are tiresome sometimes; but if you wouldn't be cross, they would be nice directly—at least Japs and Val. And tisn't hating with Willie, only he thinks teasing is fun.'

'And you and Gillian. You can only just bear me.'

'No! no! no!' with a great hug, 'that's not true.'

'You like Fly ever so much better!'

'She is so dear, and so funny,' said Mysie, the truthful, 'but somehow, Dolly dear, do you know, I think if you and I got to love one another like real friends, it would be nicer still than even Fly—'

because you are here like one of us, you know; and besides, it would be more, because you are harder to get at. Will you be my own friend, Dolly?’

‘Oh! Mysie, I must;’ and there was a fresh kissing and hugging.

‘And there’s mamma,’ added Mysie.

‘Yes, I know Aunt Lily does now; but, oh! if you had seen Uncle Alfred’s face, and heard Uncle Regie,’ and Dolly began to sob again as they returned on her. ‘I see them whenever I shut my eyes!’

‘Darling,’ whispered Mysie, ‘when I feel bad at night, I always kneel up in bed and say my prayers again!’

‘Do you ever feel bad?’

‘Oh! yes, when I’m frightened, or if I’ve been naughty, and haven’t told mamma. Shall we do it, Dolly?’

‘I don’t know what that has to do with it, but we’ll try.’

‘Mamma told me something to say.’

The two little girls rose up, with clasped hands in their bed, and Mysie whispered very low, but so that her companion heard, and said with her a few childish words of confession, pleading and entreating for strength, and then the Lord’s Prayer, and the sweet old verse:—

‘I lay my body down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep,
Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.’

‘Ah! but I am afraid of that. I don’t like it,’ said Dolores, as they lay down again.

‘It won’t make one never wake,’ returned Mysie; ‘and I do like to give my soul to Christ. It seems so to rest one, and make one not afraid.’

‘I don’t know,’ said Dolores; ‘and why did you say the Lord’s Prayer? That hasn’t anything to do with it!’

‘Oh! Dolly, when He is our Father near, though our own dear fathers are far away, and there’s deliver us from evil—all that hurts us, you know—and forgive us. It’s all there.’

‘I never thought that,’ said Dolores. ‘I think you have some different prayers from mine. Old nurse taught me long ago. I wish you would always say yours with me. You make them nicer.’

Mysie answered with a hug, and a murmured ‘If I can,’ and offered to say the 121st Psalm, her other step to comfort, and, as she said it, she revolved in her mind whether she could grant Dolores’ request; for she was not sure whether she should be allowed to leave her room before saying her own, and she knew enough of Dolores by this time to be aware that to say she would ask mamma’s leave would put an end to all. ‘I know,’ was her final decision; ‘I’ll say my own first, and then come to Dolly’s room.’

But by that time Dolores was asleep, even if Mysie had not been too sleepy to speak.

She meant to have rushed to the room she shared with Valetta before it was time to get up, but Lois found the black head and the brown together on Dolores' pillow, wrapped in slumber; and though Mysie flew home as soon as she was well awake, Mrs. Halfpenny descended on her while she was yet in her bath, and inflicted a sharp scolding for the malpractice of getting into her cousin's bed.

'But Dolly was so miserable, nurse, and mamma was too tired to call.'

'Then you should have called me, Miss Mysie, and I'd have sorted her well! You kenned well 'tis a thing no to be done, and at your age; ye should have minded your duties better.'

And nurse even intercepted Mysie on her way to Dolores' room, and declared she would have no messing and gossiping in one another's rooms. Miss Mysie was getting spoilt among strangers.

Mysie went down with a strong sense of having been disobedient, as well as of grief for Dolores' disappointment. Happily mamma was late that morning, and nobody was in her room but Primrose. Poor Mysie had soon, with tears in her eyes, confessed her transgression. Her mother's tears, to her great surprise, were on her cheek together with a kiss. 'Dear child, I am not displeased. Indeed, I am not; I will tell nurse. It must not be a habit, but this was an exception, and I am only thankful you could comfort her.'

'And, mamma, may I go now to her. She said I could help her to say her prayers, and I think she only has little baby ones that her nurse taught her, and she doesn't *see into* the Lord's Prayer.'

'My dear, my dear, if you can help her to pray, you will do the thing most sure to be a blessing to her of all.'

And when Mysie was gone, Lady Merrifield knelt down afresh in thankfulness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MYSIE AND DOLORES.

THINGS were going on more quietly at Silverfold. That is to say, there were no outward agitations, for the house was anything but quiet. Lady Merrifield had no great love for children's parties, where, as she said, they sat up too late, to eat and drink what was not good for them, and to get presents that they did not care about; and though at Dublin it had been necessary on her husband's account to give and take such civilities, she had kept out of the exchange at Silverfold. But on the other hand, there were festivals, and she promoted a full amount of special treats at home among themselves, or with only an outsider or two, and she endured any amount of noise, provided it was not quarrelsome, over-boisterous, or at unfit times.

There was the school tea, and magic lantern, when Mr. Pollock acted as exhibitor, and Harry as spokesman, and worked them up

gradually from grave and beautiful scenes like the cedars of Lebanon, the Parthenon and Colosseum, with full explanations, through dissolving views of cottage and bridge by day and night, summer and winter, of life-boat rescue, and the siege of Sevastopol, with shells flying, on to Jack and the Beanstalk and the New Tale of a Tub, the sea serpent, and the nose-grinding! Lady Phyllis's ecstasy was surpassing, more especially as she found her beloved little maid-of-all-work, and was introduced to all that small person's younger brothers and sisters.

Here they met Miss Hacket, who was in charge of a class. She comported herself just as usual, and Gillian's dignity and displeasure gave way before her homely cordiality. Constance had not come, as indeed nothing but childhood, sympathy with, or responsibility for, childhood, could make the dark, stuffiness, and noise of the exhibition tolerable. Even Lady Merrifield trusted her flock to its two elders, and enjoyed a tête-a-tête evening with her brother, who profited by it to advise her strongly to send Dolores to their sister Jane, before harm was done to her own children.

'I would not see that little Mysie of yours spoilt for all the world,' said he.

'Nor I; but I don't think it likely to happen.'

'Do you know that they are always after each other, chattering in their bedrooms at night. I hear them through the floor.'

'Only one night—Mysie told me all about it—I believe Mysie will do more for that poor child than any of us.'

Uncle Regie shrugged his shoulders a little.

'Yes, I know I was wrong before, when I wouldn't take Jane's warning; but that was not about one of my own, and besides, poor Dolores is very much altered.'

'I'll tell you what, Lily, when anyone, I don't care who, man, or woman, or child, once is given up to that sort of humbug and deceit, carrying it on as that girl, Dolores, has done, I would never trust again an inch beyond what I could see. It eats into the very marrow of the bones—everything is acting afterwards.'

'That would be saying no repentance was possible—that Jacob never could become Israel.'

'I only say I have never seen it.'

'Then I hope you will, nay, that you do. I believe your displeasure is the climax of all Dolly's troubles.'

But Colonel Reginald Mohun could not forgive the having been so entirely deceived where he had so fully trusted; and there was no shaking his opinion that Dolores was essentially deceitful and devoid of feeling, and that the few demonstrations of emotion that were brought before him were only put on to excite the compassion of her weakly good-natured aunt, so he only answered, 'You always were a soft one, Lily.'

To which she only answered, 'We shall see,' knowing that in his

present state of mind he would only set down the hopeful tokens that she perceived either to hypocrisy on the girl's side, or weakness on hers.

Dolores had indeed gone with the others rather because she could not bear remaining to see her uncle's altered looks than because she expected much pleasure. And she had the satisfaction of sitting by Mysie, and holding her hand, which had become a very great comfort in her forlorn state—so great that she forebore to hurt her cousin's feelings by discoursing of the dissolving views she had seen at a London party. And she exacted a promise that this station should always be hers.

Mysie, on her side, was in some of the difficulties of a popular character, for Fly felt herself deserted, and attacked her on the first opportunity.

'What does make you always go after Dolly instead of me, Mysie? Do you like her so much better?'

'Oh, no! but you have them all, and she has nobody.'

'Well, but she has been so horridly naughty, hasn't she?'

'I don't think she meant it.'

'One never does. At least I'm sure I don't—and Mamma always says it is nonsense to say that.'

'I'm not sure whether it is always,' said Mysie, thoughtfully, 'for sometimes one does worse than one knows. Once I made a mouse-trap of a beautiful large sheet of bluey paper, and it turned out to be an order come down to papa. Mamma and Alethea gummed it up as well as ever they could again, but all the officers had to know what had happened to it.'

'And were you punished?'

'I was not allowed to go into papa's room without one of the elder ones till after my next birthday, but that wasn't so bad as papa's being so vexed, and everybody knowing it; and Major Denny would talk about mice and mouse-traps every time he saw me till I quite hated my name.'

'And I'm sure you didn't mean to cut up an important paper.'

'No; but I did do a little wrong, for we had no leave to take anything not quite in the waste basket, and this had been blown off the table, and was on the floor outside. They didn't punish me so much I think because of *that*. Papa said it was partly his own fault for not securing it when he was called off. You see little wrongs, that one knows, turn out great wrongs that one would never think of, and that is so very dreadful, and makes me so very sorry for Dolores.'

'I didn't think you would like a cross, naughty girl such as that more than your own Fly.'

'No! no! Fly, don't say that. I don't really like her half so well you know, only if you would help me to be kind to her——'

'I am sure my mother wouldn't wish me to have anything to do with her. I don't think she would have let me come here if she had known what sort of girl she is.'

'But your papa knew when he left you—'

'Oh! papa! yes, but he can never see anything amiss in a Mohun, I heard her say so. And he wants me to be friends with you; dear, darling friends like him and your Uncle Claude, Mysie, so you must be, and not be always after *that* Dolores.'

'I want to be friends with both. One can have two friends.'

'No! no! no! not two *best* friends. And you are my best friend, Mysie, ever so much better than Alberta Fitzhugh, if only you'll come always to me this little time when I'm here, and sit by me instead of *that* Dolly.'

'I do love you very much, Fly.'

'And you'll sit by me at the penny reading to-night?'

'I promised Dolly. But she may sit on the other side.'

'No,' said Phyllis, with jealous perverseness. 'I don't care if *that* Dolly is to be on the other side, you'll talk to nobody but her! Now, Mysie, I had been writing to ask Daddy to let you come home with me, you yourself, to the Butterfly's Ball, but if you won't sit by me you may stay with your dear Dolores.'

'Oh! Fly! When you know I promised, and there is the other side.'

But Fly had been courted enough by all the cousinhood to have become exacting and displeased at having any rival to the honour of her side—so she pouted and said, 'I don't care about it, if you have her, I shall sit between Val and Jasper.'

One must be thirteen, with a dash of the sentiment of a budding friendship to enter into all that 'sitting by' involves; and in Mysie's case, here was her compassionate promise standing not only between her and the avowed preference of one so charming as Fly, but possibly depriving her of the chances of the wonders of the Butterfly's Ball. No wonder that disconsolate tears came into her eyes as she uttered another pleading 'Oh, Fly, how can you?'

'You must choose,' said the offended young lady; 'you can't have us both.'

To which argument she stuck, being offended as well as scandalised at being set aside for such a culprit as Dolores, whose misdemeanours and discourtesies were equally shocking to her imagination.

Mysie could confide her troubles to no one, for she was aware that caring about sitting together was treated by the elders as egregious folly; but a promise was a promise with her, and she held staunchly to her purpose, though between Dolores and Miss Vincent, she lost all those delightful asides which enhanced the charms of the amusing parts of the penny reading and beguiled the duller ones—of which there were many, since it was more concert than penny reading, people being rather shy of committing themselves to reading, Hal, Mr. Pollock and the schoolmaster being the only volunteers in that line.

Gillian had, sorely against the grain, to play a duet with Constance

Hacket. The two young ladies had met with freezing civility in the class-room, and to those who understood matters, the stiffness of their necks and shoulders, as they sat at the piano, spoke unutterable things. But there had never been any real liking between Constance and the younger Merrifields, and the mother did not trouble herself much about this, knowing that the vexation of the elder sister, about whom she did care, would pass off with friendly intercourse.

Fly's displeasure did not last long, for Mysie had more attractions for her than any one else, and she was a good-humoured creature. There was a joyous Twelfth-Night, with home-made cake and home-characters, prepared by mamma and Gillian, and followed up by games, in which Dolores had a share, promoted by her aunt, who was very anxious to keep her from feeling set apart from everyone; but this was difficult to manage, as she was so generally disliked, that even Gillian only was goodnatured to her in accordance with her mother's desire that she should not be treated as 'out of the pale of humanity.' Mysie alone sought her out and brought her forward with any real earnestness, and good little Mysie had a somewhat difficult part to play between kindness to her and Fly's occasional little jealous tiffs and decided disapproval. Mysie never thought, however, about the situation or its difficulties, she simply followed the moment's call of kindness to Dolores, and when it was possible followed her own inclinations, and enjoyed Fly's lively society.

And Dolores was certainly softening and improving. A word to Mrs. Halfpenny had secured the two girls being permitted to say their prayers together in Dolores's room unmolested; and what was a reality to a contemporary became less and less to Dolores a mere lesson imposed by the authority of an elder. That link between religious instruction and daily life, which is all important yet so difficult to find, was being gradually put into Dolores' hands by her little cousin-friend. Lady Merrifield hoped and guessed it might be thus, from the questions that Mysie asked her at times, and from the quickened attention Dolores showed to her religious lessons, and her less dull and indifferent air at church.

It could not be said that she was different with the others. She was depressed, and wanted spirits for enjoyment, nor would active romping diversions ever be pleasant to her. She had not the nature for them, and was not young enough to learn to like them. It could not but seem foolish to her to race about as a Croat or a savage, and she only beheld with wonder, Gillian's genuine delight in games not merely entered into for the sake of the little ones. But there was a strong devotion growing up in her to her aunt and to Mysie, and what they asked of her she did—even when on a wet day her aunt condemned her to learn battledore and shuttlecock of Gillian, who was equally to be pitied for the awkwardness of her pupil and the banter of her brothers, while Dolly picked up her shuttlecock and tossed it off with grim determination, as if doing penance for this

dismal half hour. She managed better in the games where ready sharpness of intellect or memory was wanted, and she liked these, and would have liked them still better, if Uncle Reginald had not always looked astonished if she laughed.

She did her part, too, in the little play, being one of the chorus of the maidens who 'make a vow to make a row.' Lady Merrifield had, according to the general request, prevented disputes by casting the parts, Gillian being the sage old woman who brought the damsels to reason, Fly, the prime mover of the tumult, and Mysie, her *confidante*, while Val and Dolly made up the mob. A little manipulation of skirts, tennis-aprons, ribbons, and caps made very nice peasant costumes. Hal was the self-important Bailli, and Jasper the drummer, the part of *gensdarmes* being all that Wilfred and Fergus could be trusted with.

Lord Rotherwood came back, and his little daughter's ecstasy was goodly to see, as she danced about her Daddy, almost bursting with the secret of what he was to see after dinner, and showing herself so brilliantly well and happy, that he congratulated himself upon her mother's satisfaction.

While the elders were at dinner, Gillian, with Miss Vincent's help, finished off the arrangements. There were no outsiders, except the Vicar and Mr. Pollock, who had been asked to dinner, for Lady Merrifield said she never liked to make her children an exhibition.

'You are an old-fashioned Lily,' said her cousin, 'and happily not concerned with popularity. It is a fine thing to be able to consult one's children's absolute best.'

The performance went off beautifully—at least so thought both actors and spectators. The dignity of the Bailli and the meddling of the drummer were alike delightful; Fly was charmingly arch and mutinous; Mysie very straightforward; and the least successful personation was that of Gillian, who had a fit of stage-fright, forgot sentences, and whirled her spinning-wheel nervously, all the worse for being scolded by her brothers behind the scenes, and assured that she was making a mull of the whole affair. Yet she had been very spirited at the rehearsals, but she was at a self-conscious age, and could not forget the four spectators. Very little was required of Dolores, but that little she did simply and well, and Lord Rotherwood, after watching her all the evening, observed to Lady Merrifield, 'I should say your difficulties were diminishing, are they not? The thunder-cloud seems to be a little lightened.'

'I am so glad you think so, Rotherwood. I feel sure that all this distress has drawn her nearer to us, only Regie won't believe it.'

'Regie is prejudiced.'

'Is he? I thought him specially fond of Maurice's child, and that this was revulsion of feeling; but what I am afraid of is, that he will never believe in her or like her again, whatever she may be, and she is really fond of him.'

'Yes, Reginald is not over disposed to believe in any woman's

truth—outside his own family and sisters. Poor fellow! I can't say he was well used.'

'What? I suppose he has had his romance like other people—his little episode, as my husband calls it.'

'Yes; and I am afraid we were accountable for it. You remember we were at Harthope Castle for the first two years after I was married, while Rotherwood was brought up to the requirements of the Victorian age. The —th was quartered at Harfield, within easy distance, and a splendid looking fellow like Regie was invaluable to Victoria whenever she wanted anything to go off well. Well, in those days I had a ward, my mother's great niece, Maude Conway. A pretty, winsome creature it was, and an heiress in a moderate sort of way, and poor old Redge, after all his little affairs, and he had had his share of them, was evidently in for it at last. Victoria thought, as well as myself, it was the best thing for them both. He was the sound-hearted, good fellow to keep her matters straight, and she had enough for comfort without overweighting the balance. So they were engaged, but unluckily they had to wait till she was of age, about eight months off, and they were both ridiculously shy, and would not have the thing known, though Victoria said it was unwise. I don't think even Jane suspected it.'

'No; I don't think she could have done so.'

'Well, there was the season, and Victoria was not in condition for going out, and Maude was all for staying quietly with her; but old Lady Conway came about—a regular schemer—a woman I never could abide. She had married off her own daughters, and wanted her niece to practise on, that was the fact. Victoria says she always knew that she, Maude I mean, was very impressionable and impulsive, and so she wanted to have her out of harm's way; but one could not prevent her aunt from getting hold of her and taking her out. Then people told us of her goings on with that scamp Clanmackloskey and that sister of his. Victoria talked to her by the yard, but she denied it, and we thought it all gossip. Regie came up for a couple of nights, and she was as sweet on him as ever, and sent him away thinking it all right; but the end of it was, she fought off going down to Rotherwood with us, but went to Brighton with Lady Conway, and the next thing we heard was that she wrote to throw Reginald over, and she married Clanmackloskey a month after she was twenty-one! I don't think I ever saw Victoria so cut up, for we had really liked the girl and thought well of her. To this hour I believe it was all that woman's doing, and that poor Maude has supped sorrow. She has lost all her good looks.'

'And Regie has never got over it?'

'Not so as to believe in a woman again.'

'He used to be rather a joke for susceptibility, and was still a regular boy when we went out to Gibraltar. I thought him much graver.'

‘Exactly; since that affair, his soul has gone into his regiment. It’s a wife to him, and luckily he got his promotion in time, so as not to be shelved.’

‘I suppose it was really an escape.’

‘I don’t know—she would have done very well in his hands. She is the sort of woman to be as you make her, and even now is a world too good for Clan. Victoria can never be quite cordial with her, but I can’t see the poor, harrassed thing without thinking what a sweet creature she once was, and wishing I’d had the sense to look after her better. But what I came here for, Lily, was to say you must let me have that Mysie of yours, since you won’t come yourself to this concern of ours. I’m afraid you won’t think much good has come of us, but we couldn’t do the Country Mouse much harm in a fortnight; and you know it is the wish of my heart that my lonely Fly should grow up on such terms with your flock as Florence and I did with you all.’

He pleaded quite piteously, and he was backed up by a letter from his wife, very grateful for her little Phyllis’s happy visit, reiterating the invitation to Lady Merrifield, and begging that if she still could not come herself, she would at least send Jasper and Mysie for the Butterfly’s Ball. Mysie’s fancy dress would be ready for her, only waiting for the final touches after it was tried on. Lady Florence Devereux, too, was near at hand, and wrote to promise to look after Mysie.

There was no refusing after this. Lady Florence was not far from being like a sister to her cousins. She had tended her mother’s old age, and had subsequently settled down into the lady of all work of Rotherwood parish. Lady Merrifield had much confidence in her, and indeed all she saw of Fly gave her a great respect for Lady Rotherwood’s management of her child. Harry was going to his uncle’s at Beechcroft for some shooting, and would bring Mysie home when Jasper went back to school.

So Gillian was called to her mother’s room to be told first of the arrangement, which certainly in some aspects was rather hard on her.

‘I could not help it, my dear,’ said Lady Merrifield, ‘without absolutely asking for an invitation for you.’

‘No, mamma: and it is Mysie who is Fly’s friend, being the same age and all. It is quite right, and I understand it.’

‘My dear, I am so glad I can do such a thing as this. If there were small jealousies among you, I could not venture on letting you be set aside, for I know the disappointment was quite as great to you as to Mysie, when we gave it up.’

‘But she was better about it than I,’ said Gillian; ‘mamma, your trusting me in that way is better than a dozen balls. Besides, I know I should hate being there without you; I’m a great old thing, as Jasper says, neither fish nor fowl, you know, not come out, and not a

little thing in the schoolroom, and it would be very horrid going to a grand place like that on one's own account.'

'That's right, Gillyflower. 'Tis very wholesome to discover the sourness of the grapes. And as I think grandmamma is really coming, I shall want you at home and to look after Dolores.'

'That's the worst of it, mamma; I shall never get on with her as Mysie does.'

'We must do our best, for I do think really the poor child is improving.'

'Lessons will begin again! That's one comfort,' said Gillian, rather quaintly.

'And now call Mysie. I must speak to her.'

As for Mysie, she was in a state of rapture. She knew her bliss before her mother had communicated it, for Lord Rotherwood could not refrain from telling his daughter that consent was gained, and Fly darted headlong to embrace Mysie, dance round her and rejoice. The boys declared that Mysie at once sprang into the air like a chamois, and that her head touched the ceiling, but this is believed to be a figment of Jasper's.

It was only on the summons to her mother's room that Mysie discovered that Gillian was not going with her. It dimmed the lustre of her delight for a little while, 'Oh, Gill, aren't you very sorry? You ought to have had the first turn.'

'Never mind, Mysie, you are Fly's friend,'—and the two sisters' looks at one another at that moment were a real pleasure to their mother.

Mysie was of a less shy nature than Gillian, as well as at a less awkward age, so that the visiting without her mother was less formidable, and she rushed about wild with delight, but Dolores was very disconsolate.

'Everyone I care for goes away and changes,' she said in her melancholy little sentiment.

'But it is only for a fortnight, Dolly, I don't think I could change so fast.'

'O yes, you will, among all those swells. You like Fly ever so much better than me.'

Mysie looked grieved and puzzled, but then exclaimed, in the tone of a discovery, 'There are different sorts of likings, Dolly, don't you see. I do love Fly very much, but you know you are like a sort of almost twin sister to me. I *like* her best, but I *care* about you most!'

With which curious distinction Dolores had to put up.

(To be continued.)

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MEANWHILE Alick had waited at the Bank House, till nearly four o'clock, when Geoffrey's return needed no words to show that the interview had had an unfavourable termination. Not that Geoffrey made any complaint; he said that he had more hope than before; but he was thoroughly worn out, and evidently unwilling to speak an unnecessary word; till, after they had been together for some time in the dusk, he suddenly said,

'I suppose I had better go home to-morrow, Alick?'

'If you feel up to it,' said Alick, turning away from the window, where he had been idly watching the lighting of the lamps in the great open space before the bank; 'but if you want a day's rest, it would be better to take it.'

'I think I'll get it over. But I was going to say that if they are expecting to hear to-morrow morning——'

'We ought to write—I will,' said Alick.

'If you would tell them just what has passed, it would be a great relief to me that it should be known beforehand.'

'But you must tell me what you want me to say,' said Alick, as he lit the gas, and prepared to write.

'About Mr. Frank Osgood—that he will not let us do anything for him. And that I am to be parted from Dulcie—indefinitely.'

'But you said a year.'

'He gave me no hope at the end of it.'

'Oh! come, Geoff,' said Alick, cheerfully. 'You have no right to despair. *She* means to hold on, and depend upon it, it will all come right again. And you see, we shall not have much trouble with cousin Frank, after all.'

'You're quite right,' said Geoffrey, after a minute. 'I got off much better to-day than I deserved, and for the rest—yes—I made the misery. But if you'll tell them how I stand—and tell mother my foot's nothing. The name which Geoffrey had hitherto avoided, slipped out unconsciously, in the instinctive message to relieve the mother's anxiety. If he had thought of it, he could not have got it out.'

Alick went on writing, according to his own views of what it was suitable to say, and presently asked,

'Should you like to go home by yourself, or shall I come with you? Mr. Blandford says I may have as much time as I want.'

There was a moment's pause, then Geoffrey said, 'Come with me.'

'Very well.'

So Alick concluded his letter with the following sentence: 'So you may expect to see us both to-morrow, if he is up to it, and I think the less fuss there is the better, for he can hardly bear the sound of any one's name, and the way he gives in to one is quite dreadful.'

As the letter was finished, Arthur returned, asking all the more cordially about their plans, because it was with some difficulty that he recollected anything about them. But he managed somehow to make Geoffrey feel less conscious and awkward, hinted a cheerful augury for the future, and openly spoke of his intention of suggesting to Frank Osgood a return to Calcutta, talking over various plans that might be possible for him, and so lessening in Geoffrey's mind the feeling that he was an impossible subject.

Alick's letter arrived at Sloane House at the same time as one from Captain Fordham; which had not been written without difficulty, and could not be received without a certain soreness.

He explained the terms on which he had parted from Geoffrey, adding that the young people had promised to submit to them, said much about his high respect for Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, and his great regret at any diminution of intercourse between them. But, he added, the effect of absence and separation on Dulcie's mind could not be fairly tried if she continued to correspond with Mrs. Leighton and with May, and he hoped he might be forgiven for begging them not to make his daughter's duty more difficult to her; though he trusted that Mrs. Leighton would still allow Mrs. Fordham to hear from her.

'Well,' cried May, with indignant tears, 'I call that tyranny. To deprive Dulcie and me of our friendship, which is ever so much older than her engagement to Geoff! I don't want to write about him. Why should we mention his name?'

'You could not engage in a correspondence without a constant temptation to do so. Captain Fordham is right,' said her father. 'Poor Geoff's fault has brought a heavy punishment.'

'I am afraid he is feeling it terribly,' said Mrs. Leighton, looking up from Alick's letter, 'But how kind Mr. Spencer has been to them!'

'Yes. I am sorry for Geoff. But that poor child, Dulcie, is the most to be pitied.'

'I'm so glad I'm not in love!' said May; 'I never will be! The idea of setting one's happiness on people like the boys—any one of them! Or John Clifton! It's ridiculous!'

'My dear, I don't think that line of consolation would have done Dulcie any good. You had better say nothing to either of the twins about this trouble. Let us try to behave as usual.'

The two young men timed their arrival in the dusk of the winter's afternoon; May was gone to a German class, Mr. Leighton was still at his chambers, and only their mother was there to receive them.

As Geoffrey sat by the fire in the familiar room, and answered his mother's questions about his lame foot, and saw the usual maid bring in the usual tea cups, he felt as if he had survived a shipwreck, or rather as if he had awakened from the dream of one. *This* was real life—here was home and kindred. He had only been playing at recognition with that strange terrible person, whose strangeness, and yet nearness, seemed both alike the work of his own imagination. But the loss of Dulcie was real enough, and he could not delude himself into thinking that he had her still.

'And you think that Frank Osgood is really getting well?' said Mrs. Leighton, presently, in a quiet, matter of course voice, which made both the young men start.

'Yes,' said Alick, 'I think there's no doubt of it.'

'That is well. Has he any plans for the future?'

'Spencer wants him to go back to Calcutta, and to leave Minnie at school. But if so, I believe the General and Dr. Osgood mean to take charge of her. She is a horrid little vixen.'

'Badly brought up, I suppose?'

'I think she seems warm-hearted,' said Geoffrey, speaking for the first time, and with effort.

'Yes, I should like to see her.'

A little pause, and then she added.

'Poor May is in great trouble at the separation from Dulcie. But, my boy, I may say to you what I must not say to the dear child herself, that it can, it *must* be only temporary. The more completely we submit now, the sooner Captain Fordham will see that we are to be trusted.'

'He needn't despair, need he, mother? When Dulcie cares as much as he does?' said Alick, rather wistfully.

'He ought not to despair, and he will not,' said Mrs. Leighton.

Here Alick, with some slight excuse, went away, and Geoffrey was left with her alone.

How often had he gone mentally through such an interview, and pictured the utter self-abnegation with which he would resign his claims, and acknowledge all the truth.

Instead of which he only looked up in her face, and said with piteous emphasis,

'Mother!'

Then Mrs. Leighton's composure suddenly broke down. She started up and ran towards him, clasping him in her arms.

'My boy! my boy! How could you be so cruel to me? Did you think I could ever give you up?'

And as Geoffrey held her close to him and passionately returned her kisses, he felt, in the midst of all his grief and self-reproach, as if

the bugbear of his childhood had at last lost its terror—knew, that as his mother had once said, his home and the mother-love that had there come to him was a real fact, about which there was no uncertainty, and which nothing could destroy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BEARING THE BURDEN.

‘I have the courage to be gay.’

DULCIE sat on a low stool by the dining-room fire at Fairfield, one morning, two days after her parting with Geoffrey. The weather was cold and windy, and Dulcie, sad and dispirited, crouched over the fire with the old tabby cat on her lap, with no occupation but to stroke its soft fur, and to pull the bits of wood about in the grate, to invite them to a blaze. All the colour and light had gone from her face, and all the courage from her heart. Poor child! neither feelings nor conduct had kept on the same high level as when she had promised Geoffrey not to break her heart. She had worn out her strength in that supreme effort. The sight of Geoffrey, and of his sorrow, had greatly confused her sense of the justification for her father's fiat; and though she had no intention of disobeying him, she resented, not as she thought, the main fact, but the details of it, the deprivation of her ring, and of any correspondence with May. She said nothing; but she did not try to cheer up or to hide her misery. She felt the daily change more than Geoffrey could do himself, and she did not know what to do either with her mind or her body. She could not give way to her feelings without seeming to reproach her parents, and yet she was quite incapable of doing anything else. Besides, she had nothing to do. Her home-life, apart from her engagement, had been that of a child; she had abundant leisure, and ever since she had thought of herself at all, it had been as Geoffrey's future wife. And, in truth, her mental life was all mixed up with the Leightons, and her ideas and opinions were inspired by them. She had been one of them long before her nominal engagement, and without any want of affection for her own parents, she could not wrench herself back.

They could not fail to feel this, and in the long expectation of her early marriage, had thought it was as well that she should be so much attached to her lover's family, and give to his mother such ardent affection. They, too, much as they loved her, had never expected to keep her for their own. But now, they could not be content with her outward submission; the pain of grieving her had been so sharp, that they wanted her to give them absolution. They wanted her to see their point of view, to feel with their feelings on the subject, as well as to obey them. Dulcie, of course, did not understand this in the least, and only felt vaguely that she could not satisfy them, and that

they were unreasonable in their expectations, when her mother tried to tell her of all the reasons which had prompted their decision.

Mrs. Fordham felt herself that she ought either to go away, or to have some companion to make daily life easier, but did not see how to set about it. She was at that moment despatching a carefully worded letter to a married sister in Yorkshire, whom Dulcie hardly knew, to suggest either taking her daughter for a visit to the north, or receiving her two girl cousins at Fairfield.

Dulcie meanwhile sat fretting over the want of an answer to the passionate little note that she had written two days before to Florence Venning, or trying to make up her mind to write one explaining matters to Annie Macdonald, when there was a light tap at the door, and Florence herself appeared, her bright hair and blooming face giving a sudden sense of strength and brightness, as Dulcie sprang up and flew into her arms.

'My poor little darling!' said Florence tenderly, more tenderly than Dulcie had ever heard her speak before. 'My poor child, how sad you look!' For it seemed to Flossy as if all the peculiar loveliness of expression and colouring had faded away; she looked a little white faced, insignificant girl.

'For shame!' said Flossy, with abundant caresses, 'is this the brave girl, the very thought of whose face was inspiring? Are these eyes that anyone could have any comfort in thinking about. Why your very hair looks sorrowful, and has lost its curl!'

'Oh Flossy,' said Dulcie, half laughing and half sobbing, 'I can't—I said I shouldn't break my heart, and I shall! I thought I could bear it if it was my duty, and I can't. I'm always like it, I feel one minute as if I could do things, and the next it's all gone!'

'But my dear, if you break your heart, how is it to be kept safe and sound for Geoffrey? There! I ought not to talk about him; but he has gone home now, and his people will look after him till his foot is well, and he can begin his inspecting, so there won't be any more temptation to mention his name. Suppose now he was a soldier or a sailor. Suppose he went on a four years' voyage. Suppose he had gone far away, and you *knew* that you were nothing particular to him, you would have to keep your heart from breaking, even then.'

'But Flossy,' said Dulcie, though with a certain revival of energy; 'I don't mean to break my heart in a general way, I don't think I ought to. But every particular thing is different, and I don't know what to do with myself—I don't indeed—now, and this afternoon, and this time to-morrow.'

'Yes, there are a good many days in a year, certainly,' said Flossy.

'I have very little that I *must* do, and it's all mixed up with *them*. If I write anything, I send it to May to read. That book there was what Geoff told me to get, because I said something silly about the planets, and he thought I ought to know. And the only bit of work

I have is for Mrs. Leighton's little table. And—if not—how can I care for things of that sort, without him?’

‘But Dulcie,’ said Florence, earnestly, ‘Geoffrey will want you to bring something to keep up your end of the plank. He will want you to be some good to him as well as he to you. You must have your own spirits and energy, and good luck, to bring into the common stock. You mustn’t depend on his altogether.’

‘We both have ups and downs,’ murmured Dulcie.

‘Well then, you must try and keep yourself steady, as I suppose he will.’

Dulcie sat silently pondering on the idea, and presently Flossy said,

‘You will think of Geoffrey while you do it, even if you don’t speak of him; but you would have to make the best of yourself if there were no Geoffrey, or if there were no chance of your coming together again. Many, many do.’

‘Yes.’

‘You know, resigning oneself to be a crushed lily, or anything of that sort, doesn’t answer in real life.’

Dulcie laughed in spite of herself, and her quick wit caught the idea.

‘No, no, I won’t be crushed,’ she said, ‘I’ll be a jolly little primrose, sticking up straight in spite of east winds and snow showers, and Geoff shall find me quite alive when he brings back the sunshine! I’ll show Papa that I’m wise enough to be trusted with my own opinion!’

‘That’s a brave child,’ said Flossy, ‘I am sure you will be ill if you let yourself fret, and that would make someone’s punishment *much* harder.’

‘You make one brave, you bright Miss Flossy,’ said Dulcie, winding her arms round her, and looking up in her face.

‘Oh! no Dulcie, I could make a great many confessions. Indeed, I have something very special to tell you. Only it seems rather hard hearted now.’

‘What? Oh! Florence, are you going to marry Mr. Blandford?’

‘No,’ said Flossy, fingering the fur of her muff.

‘It’s not? Is it Mr. Spencer? Oh!’

Dulcie’s long drawn breath sounded full of surprise, and hardly at first of pleasure.

‘He says he wants me,’ said Florence, ‘that he has wanted me for a long time. And I—Oh! Dulcie, the sunshine is very bright.’

‘Tell me something about it. I always thought you cared most for girls, and doing good,’ said Dulcie, her tone more sympathetic than her words.

Florence laughed.

‘I care for the girls,’ she said, ‘but I don’t know how it began. We were very old friends, and when he went away I knew that—that it was a very hard parting. But of course, then, it was only thinking

him the best person I ever knew, and I always supposed it would be the girls for me. I was quite happy. I didn't feel at all crushed, only there was just the thought in my mind. It was rather pretty to me. But when he came back, and I had to make up my mind over again, I found that eight or nine years ago I hadn't known much about it after all. And all the while he was jealous—and fancied I could never care for him. But it is all straight now.'

'Dear Flossy, I am very glad,' said Dulcie, kissing her. 'But Miss Venning—and everything?'

'Oh!' said Flossy, with a laugh and a blush, 'I did not know how to tell Mary. But she asked me if I supposed that she had never taken my marriage into consideration. She never supposed, she said, that I shouldn't marry, and as for the school, she was quite competent to keep it on as a boarding-school. The day scholars, she said, were my hobby, and could go now to the High School. She should have my eldest brother's daughter Clara, who is nearly twenty, and has more certificates than I ever dreamt of, to help her. Clara has always wanted to come here, so there will be no difficulty, though I know she'll miss me, and I—it is an awful break to go to Calcutta.'

'Calcutta! oh! Flossy, I never thought of that. Oh! what shall we all do without you?'

'But, what must be, must, only he is going out again in May—'

'So soon!'

Poor Dulcie felt as if the loss of her friend was a great additional blow. She was just enough the younger to have thought that Miss Florence existed for the sake of herself and her compeers, and she could not help feeling astonished and a little hurt, at finding that Arthur weighed down the balance so completely against all the maidens of every degree that had seemed Flossy's chief, if not only, vocation.

If Flossy had made up her mind after a struggle, moved by pity for his loneliness, she could have understood it; but Flossy's eyes were sunny and peaceful, she had evidently neither had a difficulty nor a doubt, and Dulcie, though sympathetic, was surprised.

Flossy, however, did not wish to expatiate more than she could help on her own affairs, and after all they had served to distract poor Dulcie's mind. She encouraged her with every happy augury she could think of, for her own happiness was too fresh for her to be willing to contemplate the loss of Dulcie's. Presently Mrs. Fordham came in, and Dulcie sprang up to tell her the news, with renewed life and animation.

Mrs. Fordham, of course, threw the interests of education in Oxley to the winds, and congratulated Miss Venning heartily; but she would not accept her invitation to Dulcie to spend two or three days at the Manor, thinking, perhaps, that the Leighton interests would there be too prominent.

'I am most likely going to take her soon to her uncle and aunt in

Yorkshire,' she said. 'My brother-in-law has a living near Skipton. It will be a nice change for Dulcie, and make a break before she settles in for the summer.'

Mrs. Fordham spoke very kindly, and Dulcie smiled and looked as brave as she could.

Her impressionable nature had revived for the moment. Flossy's whole tone had been hopeful, and the argument that she must not be an additional element in Geoffrey's trouble, but by feeling it to be light herself, must make it light to him, came home to her. Flossy, in the flush of her own joy, had been ashamed to preach resignation and submission on any other grounds; but Dulcie knew well enough that she had not borne so brave a front through all these years without some inward struggle, and that real patience and endurance had lain at the bottom of the cheerfulness, which had now met with its reward.

She wished her good-bye with much more spirit than she had greeted her, and offered herself as a companion to her mother in her morning walk.

The whole Crichton family rejoiced over Arthur's engagement. His cousin James rushed down from London to congratulate him; his aunt received Florence with all a mother's affection; Violante made no secret of her delighted triumph, and Hugh, though when he came back from Cornwall he had little to say on the subject, rejoiced at it in the very depths of his heart.

Arthur had written to him before he had spoken a word to any one; he came to him, eager before all else for the hand-clasp and smile that told him of Hugh's entire satisfaction.

'You heartened me up to try,' he said, and when he came to him on the first evening to discuss his future plans, it was not only because they depended on Hugh's consent, but because the first impulse was to confide in him.

There had been a very happy evening, for Violante had fetched Flossy to dine and sleep, and it was after the ladies had gone to bed that Arthur pursued Hugh into his study, and began at once and eagerly.

'Hugh, I want to tell you what has come into my mind. Of course you will speak if you see any objection.'

'What is it?' said Hugh.

'You know Walter Spencer's second son George is of an age now to be very useful in the bank, India suits *his* health perfectly; but there isn't much scope for him when I am there, and I thought as you had never really filled up poor young Walter's vacant place here, that possibly we might come to some arrangement about it.'

'Poor Walter never really filled any place,' said Hugh. 'He never had any health here any more than in India—I never was willing, Arthur, to close up the last chance for your return. But what is your proposal?'

Arthur stated shortly and clearly what were the business arrangements by which he thought such a change could be justified, and also showed that he should be able to afford to live in Oxley. Florence, though no heiress, was not absolutely penniless, his own small patrimony had somewhat increased during these years of solitude, when he had had a larger income than he cared to spend.

In all he said there was a new tone of enterprise and purpose. A new spring had come to him, he felt himself capable of making plans and facing difficulties; the pressure of the old sorrow had long been more on his energies than on his spirits, and since his return, Hugh had plainly seen that, though always dutiful and contented, there was not, and perhaps never would be, so much 'to him,' as the Americans say, as there would have been without the crushing pressure of that early trouble. But now, even this evening, Hugh had fancied Arthur's opinions more decided, his tone different, and he now answered.

'You know that to have you here at the Bank House would be a great advantage in every way. I always knew that it would be very difficult for me to manage when I lived here without more help; but I never hoped for such a chance as this.'

'It's very good of you to say so. You see I cannot but feel that it is hard on Flossy to take her so far away, and still harder on her sister. Flossy says she has no misgivings; but why should she be taken from all the interests she has here, apart from the school, and from all her friends? I take her as she is and as she has made herself, and I shan't care now if she is chairman, or chairwoman of twenty committees, though I did make such a fool of myself the other day.'

'Did you?' said Hugh, smiling.

'Ask Violante. And Hugh, even before this, I wanted to stay with you, only I was afraid I should make a mess of it.'

'That's settled then,' said Hugh, 'and I am most thankful.'

Arthur took Florence for a walk the next morning, and told her of the change in his plans.

The maidens of Oxley might dry their tears; for he would not take her out of their sight. She should take all the High Schools in tow, and give valuable advice to all the vicars, and he would be proud and happy to see her do it.

'Oh, Arthur! for shame! I never did,' cried Flossy, shocked. 'But—Mary would be so thankful! I am glad. But you know I did not care. I should have been just as happy in Calcutta.'

'I know. But, my Flossy, I've seen a good many Indian ladies, and there's always a risk: suppose the climate wore these pink cheeks white, and tamed down all the bright energies that are going to keep mine going, that would never do. Besides, I feel as if I had ten times the work in me that I had last week, so I suppose the High Schools may benefit a little also, eh?'

Florence was not quite so certain. With a man work may be the

natural outcome of personal happiness; with a woman it is often the substitute for it. She felt as if the amount of absolute unselfish desire for others' good that had been present in all her usefulness was put to a new and unexpected test. Besides, did she not know a great deal more about India than Arthur guessed, and had it not been a land of enchantment to her for years?

But, soberly and seriously, she could not but rejoice at his proposal, and only murmured something about fearing it was only for her sake.

'Not altogether,' answered Arthur. 'It is much the best from a business point of view. Remember that it was only given up at first on my account; and when my substitute turned out a failure, poor fellow, I know that Hugh was only withheld from proposing it for my sake, and I just wanted to get along without a change and a fuss. But now, if I can be only a little useful to him I shall be too thankful. Words couldn't say what he has been to me. There was a time when I do think I should have become utterly good for nothing but for him. So, let us follow his example and set up in the old Bank House after Easter.'

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE
CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE days and weeks slipped on, and we were still left under the courteous and kindly charge of my Lord Southampton, and yet he was no careless jailor. The prison gates were as rigidly locked, and all communication with the outer world as carefully watched as had he harshly dealt with us; that is, as far as my grandmother was concerned, as for me, I was in truth his guest, for no allowance was made for my maintenance. But he had no daughters of his own, wherefore he took the more pleasure in my company, and in a quite fatherly manner, and withal playful, called himself 'my most devoted knight,' serving me with such gallant compliments, as my grandmother said put the young men to shame.

Sometimes, when he rode a hawking or a badger baiting, he would take me with him, and of an evening, when he often joined us, I would play and sing to him (if my grandmother desired neither cards nor the tables), and sometimes even dance a pavon with Master John Stringer, one of his pages, who was a fair performer, while Mistress Dawtrey took my lute. Thus the winter passed, and I remember my grandmother saying one day that, albeit her grief for her son was very sore, yet she thought her chief sorrow was the lengthening out of her own life. 'I would fain die here,' she said, 'ere worse befall me.'

Early in May, my Lord Southampton brought us the tidings that his Holiness had made mine uncle a Cardinal, and my grandmother looked at me and smiled, and said, 'Mayhap, Moll, thou wilt live to hear of him as Pope.'

'I know not,' my lord exclaimed, 'what his Grace would do, *an* such a thing as that were to happen, he be so enraged at this, thy son's life would not be safe an he were here.'

And *we*, when we remembered how it had fared with Bishop Fisher, could not but thank God, he, mine uncle, was where his Grace's wrath could not touch him.

Alas! his Highness, unable to wreak his vengeance on the Cardinal, bethought him he could still punish him through his poor mother, wherefore he sent unto Lord Southampton a warrant

committing her to the Tower, with orders to carry her thither instantly. My lord had become so truly her friend, that it was with a most troubled countenance and broken voice that he told her his orders, and bade her prepare for her journey. The shock drove for a moment the colour from her face, but she rallied the next instant, and holding out her hand unto him, she said, 'I thank ye heartily my lord, for all your goodness unto me since I have tarried in this thine house. Let not thy kind heart grieve, though I well perceive that it is my life that be aimed at. I have not yet been tried, albeit attainted and despoiled, and it may be, that when I be brought before my peers, mine innocency may appear so clear that they must needs acquit me. Wipe thine eyes, Moll, we will hope I am but to have a harder prison and a harsher jailor.'

And truly that much was evident already, for she was to be allowed but one gentlewoman, and only the scantiest supply of needful garments, and her departure was to be instantaneous.

As for me, my lord declared that he had no power to suffer my attendance, and my grandmother would not listen unto me, when I prayed to be taken in the place of Mistress Anne Dawtrey.

'Child,' she said, 'urge me no more, mine faithful friend here,' and she laid her hand on Mistress Anne's arm, 'will be a fitter companion of my dungeon than thou couldst be, whose youth renders thee ill suited for such an office.' Whereupon I fell into an agony of sorrow and passionate despair, and when she got into the carriage wherein she was to travel, I sprang in after her, and falling at her feet, claspt mine arms about her, and implored that I might at least attend her to her journey's end.

'Thou art a dutiful and loving child,' she said, 'and the thought, seeing that we be parting for ever, that thou hast been with me unto the last moment possible, may be a comfort to thee hereafter. An my lord can suffer it, ye may stay,' and looking at him she added with a smile, 'Thou must not show thyself made of sterner stuff than thy master, and I wot so fair a petitioner would not fail to move him.'

'Aye, Madam, an he saw her,' he replied smiling, 'but only hearing thereof, mayhap he may not pardon my transgression of his orders, but I will run the risk.'

And so I was suffered to remain. My lord promising to see me safe into the hands of my cousin, the young Lady Sandys, and if the fear of the King's wrath should make her loath to receive me, that he would then lodge me with Master Willynger the Countess's jeweller, until he could convey me safely to Lordington.

It seemeth unto me, as I look back, that there never has been a spring day since as fair as that whereon we took this melancholy journey. Perchance the pitifulness of our estate made the sunshine appear the brighter. The banks and woods were so pranked out with flowers that they were gayer than the gayest garden parterre, and even through the rumbling of the carriage, and the tramp of our

mounted escort, the shrill pipings of merle and mavis met mine ear. One spot I especially recall, where we had to halt while the road was mended, the hawthorn branches loaded with white blossoms within reach of mine hand on one side, and on the other a coppice, the ground of which was blue with hyacinths, and in one of its thickets a nightingale was sitting and singing so close to us, we could see the pulsing of its throat. When it paused, another answered it farther away, and through their sweet discourse the wood pigeons kept up their soft monotonous cooing and the bees one incessant hum. I listened and listened, and thought of the grim prison which was to be the end of our journey, and knew not that the tears were streaming down my face. But presently my grandmother laid her hand on mine head, for I was sitting at her feet with mine arm on her knees, and said, 'It be a fair world I be leaving, Moll, and I be glad to see once more the green woods, and the May flowers, and to hear the voices of the happy birds. It is a pleasant bright ending unto mine earthly pilgrimage, and it cheereth mine heart. I will keep the thought of it, together with thy loving and dutiful behaviour, to comfort me in my prison.'

We were two nights on the road, my grandmother's age making such rests needful, and we entered London, therefore, on the third day after leaving Cowdray. We pushed our way through the narrow streets, our escort going before, unto the stairs of Blackfriars, where one of the Tower barges was waiting to receive us. A crowd had collected to see who was the prisoner, and one man who had got nearer unto us than the others, when he recognised the Countess, called to those about him to take off their hats, for it was 'her Grace of Salisbury, God bless her.'

'Look at her gray hairs,' another cried. 'It be a mercy the King's mother be dead, or he would be sending her to the block.'

'I would I were headsman,' exclaimed a third, 'I trow it be the best trade going.'

And as we pushed off another answered: 'Aye, poor soul! it seemeth but yesterday that her son was brought hither.'

We were not long going down the river and reaching that terrible entrance known as the Traitor's Gate. Sir Edmund Walsingham, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower, was standing on the steps. He received my grandmother with a respectful and courteous demeanour but a rueful countenance, uncovering his head and holding out his hand to help her disembark. And as she took it she said, 'Many a loyal and true man, hath, I well wot, landed here, but truly, I think none who have better loved the King's Highness or more faithfully served him and his.'

'That ye have well deserved in past times his Grace's regard, madam,' he replied, 'I be well assured, as also that of his father. I trust such past services may now stand ye in stead, and that ye will not abide long under my charge. But,' looking at me, 'mine orders

warrant me not to receive this young lady. One gentlewoman only is to be permitted to wait on your Grace.'

'Child,' my grandmother said, 'thou seest thou canst go no farther, here we must part; take it, I pray thee, with fitting courage and patience. Lord Southampton will carry thee safely unto my Lord Sandys. I have often before blest thee, Moll,' and she smiled tenderly as she spoke. 'And I pray God this, my last blessing, may ever abide with thee.' And thereupon she laid one hand on my shoulder and kissed my cheek.

I clasped mine arms about her neck and thanked her for all her goodness unto me as well as my grief would let me. 'I will see thee again!' I said, 'I will see thee again. I shall surely be able to see his Highness, and move him to let me share thy prison.'

I stood and watched her as she walked away, Sir Edmund on one side and Mistress Dawtrej on the other, moving with as stately and as firm a step as had she been crossing the court of her own castle. When she reached St. Thomas's gateway, she paused, and turned to give me one more smile, whereat I rushed impetuously towards her, but Sir Edmund drew her hastily within the gloomy archway, the portcullis came rattling down, and we were indeed parted, albeit I had still a strong hope of seeing her again, for my Lord Sandys was high in his Grace's favour and I trusted that he would surely help me.

To his house my Lord Southampton conducted me, and there I was kindly received by my cousin, the young Lady Sandys. Her father-in-law was at the Court, and I could plainly perceive, for all her assurances of welcome, that she feared my presence might be displeasing unto him, whereupon I would have withdrawn myself and gone unto Master Willynger, but that she would not permit, saying she could not suffer me to depart until she knew what my Lord Sandys's wishes might be. He came at last, and then I threw myself at his feet, and implored him to obtain the King's leave that I should share my grandmother's prison, or if he disliked speaking for me himself, to procure me the opportunity of pleading mine own cause unto his Highness.

'Mistress Marie,' he replied, 'shame not me and thy blood royal by thus kneeling at my feet; if I could do ought for thee, there should be no such need, but his Grace's wrath be so fierce against all of thine house, who he sweareth be all tarred with the same brush, that the best course thou canst pursue is to get thee out of London and home to thy father as quietly as may be, and bring not thyself under his notice.'

And had I but taken his advice, how different my lot might have been? but I would not, the thought of seeing again the father who had so betrayed his own mother, was dreadful unto me, and mine heart burnt with the desire to do somewhat for her, more than my duty, an it were possible, and so repay her for the pain he had inflicted, wherefore I would not rest until my lord had promised me to speak unto the King.

When he had promised, he paused as thinking, looking the while earnestly at me, but presently he said, 'I might perchance obtain from his Grace leave that thou shouldest visit the Countess, but it would be on such terms as mayhap thou would'st not like.

'Oh!' I cried eagerly, 'only try me, I will do or bear anything if I may see her.'

'Anything, sweetheart,' he answered, 'art thou sure? I doubt not his Highness would suffer thee to see her, an thou would'st promise to persuade her Grace to confess her treason, and throw herself on the royal mercy.'

'I would die sooner,' I cried, springing up as if I had been stung, my cheek red with anger and mine eyes flashing. 'Treason she hath none to confess, and even if she had I would be burnt alive ere I would betray her! Think not I be so much my father's daughter as that I should so act,' and the intolerable shame wrang out some scalding tears.

'Thy wrath becomes thee well,' he said. 'But her so stiffly standing on her innocence chafes the King, and maketh his wrath hotter. "The pride of her stomach," he saith, "be such that not even her proven disobedience can make her confess her guilt and ask for mercy." She carried on a correspondence, as well thou knowest, with the Cardinal, albeit she knew to do so with the King's enemy was treason, and she stoops not to deny it; doubtless she hath continued to hear from him since she hath been at Cowdray.'

'No, my lord,' I said, 'my Lord Southampton, though he was unto her a gentle and a courteous jailor, yet was he a very careful one, and a most loyal and zealous king'sman. No news reached her but through him. I trust his goodness unto us will bring him into no disfavour. Surely an the King hates us so, he might rather be pleased to have another of the poor Poles shut up in the Tower, and within easy reach of the axe. I would be well content to share her prison, would he but let me.'

'It be a strange request,' he replied, 'and I will name it unto his Highness. The rather that since thou wilt remain, I must needs confess thou art in mine house, from whence I cannot let thee depart, he knowing thereof, without ascertaining what his pleasure may be. The times be very unpropitious for any favour, for he hath taken such a mislike unto his new wife, that it be no easy matter to deal with him.'

And truly unpropitious they proved, for when he made my request unto the King, he thundered out an angry No, and swore that, 'that haughty, masterful woman, who had resisted his will for so many years, should not have the indulgence of my company, he would try whether the discipline of a prison would not bow her proud spirit to submission.'

As for me, he bethought him, that I was a fair maiden of a marriageable age, and it would be well I should be safely bestowed

on some trustworthy man. 'But truly,' he said, 'such near kinship unto ourselves as she bringeth with her is a dangerous gift unto anyone high enough to have his head turned thereby.'

'Find me a fit husband for her, my lord, no base born churl, but a man of good estate, well born, and well nurtured, yet of such an insignificancy that he may safely be trusted, and I will not deal unhandsomely by the maiden. In our royal clemency we will give her a fair dower. Methinks, an we remember her aright, it should be no difficult matter to find a gallant willing to wed our young cousin. See to it my lord, look out one who shall be no disgrace unto us; we would not give her unto a country boor, though he might chance to be of gentle birth.'

'And may it please your Grace,' my Lord Sandys replied. 'I can lay mine hand on such a one, without any delay, and one who, I shrewdly guess, doth much affect the maiden. He hath a fair estate, close unto my own, and albeit not noble, yet he be of an ancient and honourable family; and, moreover, as handsome and stalwart a gallant, and as well mannered as any lad of mine acquaintance; with your leave I will bring him unto your Highness.

Whereupon he sent for Master Cufau de, and demanded of him if he had any mind for matrimony.

To which Master Cufau de replied, that truly he had had such a mind this many a day, provided he could get the right lady, otherwise, being his own master in this matter, he thought not of it.

'Aye, young sir, my Lord Sandys answered. Methinks all thine ambition be in thy love, but what sayest thou, would Mistress Marie Pole hit thy taste?'

'Excellently well, my lord,' he said, smiling, 'and with all mine heart I would thank thee for so fair a gift. But she be a princess, and used to palaces and courtly ways, and I affect none such, but am well content to be a plain esquire, and lord of mine own manors. I fear me, therefore, I may not hit hers.'

'That matters nought,' my Lord Sandys replied. 'Being, as she is, the King's near kinswoman, she must needs wed where and whom he pleases; an she like thee not now, such a man as thou art should not find it difficult to win her heart.'

That very evening my lord carried Master Cufau de unto the Court, and presented him unto the King, who, after eyeing him in silence for a moment or two, and noting his manly carriage, and his broad shoulders, and his great height, exclaimed, 'By the Mass! thou art a proper fellow! an thy manners be on a level with thy looks, thou art a fair match even for our fair cousin. And who prithe thee has had the rearing of such a fine cockerel as thou art!'

'May it please you, my liege,' Master Cufau de answered, 'I have had my training in the house of my Lord Sandys here.'

'And thou hast had the assurance,' his Grace continued, as my lord telleth us, 'to lift thine eyes unto Mistress Marie Pole, let me tell you Sir Esquire, that but for the treason of her kindred, a

princess of the blood royal would have been no meat for thine eating. But as it be, it be our will to bestow her upon thee, and wherefore it displeaseth us not that thou shouldest affect her.'

'May it please your Grace,' Master Cufaude replied, 'I would crave your pardon for that my seeming boldness, by pleading that she be so fair a maid. I think he would be a dullard indeed who should see her and not affect her. I would she may affect me but a tenth part as much, but I fear me I be not to her taste.'

'Not to her taste!' cried the King, 'but will she nill she, she hath to wed thee, at our bidding, and thou must be truly a fool, if a man of thine inches canst not woo her to love thee. My Lord Sandys, we will, in our clemency, give the maiden a dowry of three hundred pounds, and thou wilt see that Master Cufaude maketh fitting provision on his side.' And then, holding out his hand to receive his homage, he dismissed him with the words, 'We wish you joy of your fair young wife, and trust to see you often at our Court, for ye will make a goodly couple, and such as we like to have about our person.'

Thus, without my knowledge, was my destiny settled.

But when my Lord Sandys, instead of the permission to see my grandmother, brought me the King's command to wed Master Cufaude, mine anger was such as I had never felt before. I wept and wept, and vowed I would rather die. I would not see him or speak to him, my proud spirit rose up in fierce rebellion at so unequal a match. I never knew until this trial, how much store I set by my royal blood, and the precedence it gave me, and which I told my lord I had done nought to forfeit, and I spoke so scornfully of mine allotted husband, that he swore he would have none of me, were I ten times as fair. And so between us, my Lord Sandys had much ado to carry out the King's orders. To prevent my mutinous temper and rebellious behaviour from reaching the ears of his Highness, he sent me down to the Vyne in the charge of his daughter-in-law, and of Master Humphrey Goodyer his chamberlain, with orders that I was not to be permitted to leave the house, or have any communication with any one out of it until I would submit myself to the King's pleasure.

And there I spent many miserable hours pacing up and down the gallery, as if by perpetual movement I could walk off mine anger, sorrow and vexation. Sometimes grieving for my dearly beloved grandmother, and sometimes shedding tears as bitter over mine own troubles. And yet, through all my chafing and murmuring, I knew when I looked into mine heart, that it was not the man I disliked, he was as handsome and proper as any princess need to desire, gentle in carriage, albeit firm in will, and one who had been so well trained, that he would not have disgraced the highest rank; it was the loss of mine own precedence and consequence, and the remote country life, which made me so unwilling to submit.

It would have been in vain that my mother writ unto me, and

shortly ordered me to obey the King's will, and not kindle his wrath to a fiercer heat against our unhappy race, had not my father added thereto a *post scriptum* which sank into mine heart and made me resolve at last to rebel no more.

'Child' he wrote, 'thy poor father entreateth, since thou holdest him unworthy to command, that thou shortenest not by thy mutinous behaviour thy grandmother's life; if it be my fault she be in the Tower, it be likely enough, an thou changest not thy temper, to be thine that she dies on the block.'

When I read those words I was so terrified I would have sent for Master Cufau de and married him on the spot, and I bowed my pride to tell Lady Sandys, that an he chose to come and see me I would be willing to receive him. But ere the message reached him he came unbidden, and presented himself suddenly before me as I was sitting alone. I started with surprise, and thereupon, thinking I was turning as usual disdainfully away, he said, 'Stay, madam, but one moment, I be but here to bid your grace farewell, as I must needs quit this country as soon as may be.'

'Master Cufau de,' I replied, with mine head bent down and face averted, 'I meant not now to turn discourteously away, seeing I have resolved, an it please you, to submit unto the King's command' and I half held out mine hand. He bent his knee as he took and kissed it, but he let it instantly go, and arose himself. 'I cannot keep it madam' he said, 'seeing how reluctantly it be given, but I trust thy tardy submission to his Highness's will may shield thee from his anger; as for me, I had sooner a thousand times bear it than have an unwilling wife.'

My cheek reddened with anger at being thus refused, and two hot tears ran down them ere I was aware, whereupon he threw himself at my feet and caught mine hand again and exclaimed, 'Only tell me I be not displeasing to thee, sweetheart, and bid me remain,' and as I said nought, but suffered mine hand to rest in his, he stayed, and I endeavoured to reconcile myself unto mine altered estate, and to being nothing but poor Mistress Cufau de. But when my Lord Sandys arrived, bringing with him our marriage contract, he told me that, seeing what store I set by my rank, he had consulted the Heralds at the new Herald's College and they had decided that my father being a prince of the blood royal, my marriage with an untitled gentleman would not derogate from my precedence, though I could give none unto mine husband and transmit none to my children, and so also affirmed my Lady Rochford, than whom none knew better what was fitting in such matters. This decision consoled me mightily, albeit I saw my bridegroom relished it not, for truly he was as proud as I was haughty, and liked not there should be in his house anything higher than himself.

We were married at the Vyne towards the middle of July, and the week after we removed unto Cufau de's, a poor place then as I thought,

and wherein I found it very hard to be content, and yet it was a fair house, and some of the money I received from Master Willynger was spent in adding such rich plenishing unto my chamber and withdrawing room and table service as none of my neighbours possessed. The homely life of a country esquire was not to my taste, and the dullness of my life fretted me. I longed to return unto the Court, from which mine husband desired nothing so much as to keep away, not only from impatience of my retirement, but because I thought that if I could but get speech of the King I could move him to suffer me once more to see my grandmother. Wherefore again and again I sought to prevail with mine husband to ask my Lord Sandys to remind his Highness of his promise to find him some employment about his own person. But mine entreaties were only idle breath. I remember one day, when my Lady Sandys had told me she was about to return to London to share in some Court festivity, I burst into tears when she was gone, and declared I could not bear my retired life, and when he replied, as he always did, with patience yet not yielding unto my passionate desire, I broke into a rage, and told him that his feet were sunk so deep in the mud of his impassable roads that it was no wonder he had not the spirit to lift them out of them, for in this woodland district, as is well known, the lanes be scarcely ever dry, even in summer, the soil be so damp. 'Wife,' he said, 'an thou respecteth thyself thou must needs respect thine husband. I grieve thou shouldest so fret, and I do perceive how distasteful it must have been unto thee to wed me. I was a fool for supposing mine honest and true love could make thee content to forego thy Court life. Thou hast friends who doubtless could find thee some place about the Queen, but an thou goest, it will be alone, for certes I will not follow thee,' and with that he turned on his heel and left me.

This was in the early days of our married life. By slow degrees I came to have a love and respect for him which reconciled me to my fate, and he was most tender and indulgent, giving me himself and exacting from others all the precedence due to my royal birth.

We had been married nigh upon two years, and all that time had never seen or heard of my grandmother, when it chanced that a cousin of mine husband's was given the command of the troops in the Tower. I wot not how Mistress Dawtrey heard that he was stationed there, but she found some means to speak to him, and through him to send me a letter. In it she told me what great misery they had suffered and were suffering still, albeit somewhat less than it had been, for such had been their wretchedness, owing to their destitution of all necessary clothing, the few garments they brought with them having been worn to rags, and no fresh ones provided, that their very jailor had been moved to pity, and had petitioned the Privy Council to grant them some relief, and in consequence a furred night gown, and a worsted kirtle and hose, and linen, and some other matters had been sent, so that they were decently clothed. But she

prayed me, an it were possible, to send her some money, for the sum paid for their maintenance was so small it would not furnish them with fires, and in that dismal place the sun never seemed to shine, so that it was cold even in summer. The food also was very bad and scanty, and often such as my grandmother could not eat owing to her broken teeth.

'It be,' Mistress Dawtrey wrote, 'her great heart which keepeth her alive through such manifold hardships. She often speaketh, Madam, of thee, and would fain see thee again an it might be, and she sendeth thee her blessing, as unto one who hath ever been a most loving and dutiful child, and she be purely well, but looketh for death to release her from her captivity. She prayeth God the release may be a natural and not a bloody one.'

Ah me! how the assurance that she would fain see me again made mine heart burn with the desire to fly to her, and stabbed me with pain, as if I had been wilfully ungrateful, but I gave the letter in silence unto mine husband, and turned away my face to hide my grief; not reckoning on his sympathy. But when he had finished perusing it, which in truth took him some time, for he was not a ready reader of writing, and Mistress Dawtrey's was none of the best, he laid his hand kindly on my shoulder and said. 'It be a foul shame so noble and royal a dame should suffer such hardships, and it be our duty to help her an we can. We will een go up to London, sweetheart, and do our endeavour to get thee leave to see her, and if that be not possible, yet doubtless our Lieutenant can bring thee into speech with Mistress Dawtrey and it will comfort thine heart even to see her. And thou shalt take a goodly sum with thee to leave in her hands, though truly I hardly know how to get it, unless,' he added with a smile, 'we take some of the silver plenishings we bought with thy money to suit thy sumptuous taste and dainty lips when we married.'

'I would part with all,' I answered, 'and be content with wood and pewter for the rest of my life an it were needful, but with thy leave, we could better spare some of the pearls and jewels which be lying useless in my coffer, I little want them now, and I owe all to her goodness.'

'Wherefore,' he said, 'I be willing thou shouldest show thy duty and gratitude, aye, and mine own also, as be only mete. Take thy jewels, an thou thinkest well, doubtless Master Willynger will give us a fair price for them, but keep thy pearls, for I do remember that thou hadst them round thy throat that day I saw thee at my Lord Sussex, the loveliest maid, as seemed to me, in all that company.'

'I thank thee for thy kindness' I replied, 'and most of all that thou be willing to take me up to London, and aid me in this matter. I thought thou wouldest never let me go there again.'

'London be not the Court,' he answered, smiling; 'truly, I care not that there thou shouldest ever go.'

It was only two or three days after we had received Mistress

Dawtreys letter that we set off for London, and the season being the end of May, the roads were everywhere easily passable, and so we reached it without let or hindrance.

Master Willynger had a fine shop on Ludgate Hill, and also a handsome and commodious house, wherein he entertained us most hospitably. He was a man of very honourable repute, and of great wealth, and had many dealings with his Highness himself, and with the Court, whither his business carried him well nigh daily, and thus few heard sooner than he what rumours were afloat, and how the royal humour stood affected.

Unto us he was ever a staunch and most zealous friend, there being some remote kinship between him and my father's house; wherefore, knowing his good will, we thought we could not do better than explain to him our purpose, and ask his advice and aid. In reply he told us that he thought not that Lieutenant Cufau de could be of much avail 'as' quoth he, 'albeit he may, once in many weeks, have a chance of seeing Mrs. Dawtreys, yet can he never be sure of doing so, and much less could he procure madam speech with the Countess. But,' he continued, 'to-morrow I shall see my Lord Audley, who, Lord Chancellor though he be, yet is he mine old and intimate friend and compeer, and one that oweth me much for past kindness and help at need. He standeth so well with his Highness, that I doubt not he can, and if he can I be sure that he will, get me an order to permit Mistress Dawtreys's niece (for as such your Grace must pass) to see her aunt. Thou canst take in thine hand a store of gold pieces, and so, perchance, win thy way to thy grandmother.' In the evening, when he returned from the Court, he gave me an order unto Sir Edmund Walsingham to admit the bearer to see her aunt, Mrs. Dawtreys, and he told me I could go the next day.

And before I could thank him as I desired, he went on to say, 'that it was well he had got the permit early in the day, for e'er he had left the Court, news had come that a negociation whereby the King had thought to secure the person of mine uncle the Cardinal, had failed, and the Cardinal escaped from the Low Country in safety. At which tidings the cholerick temper of his Highness had risen to such a fury that those about him hardly dared breathe, for of all men living, he hated the Cardinal most, and most desired to get him into his power. In his rage he vowed all concerned had been knaves and traitors and should dearly pay for their want of zeal in his service, and then he was silent as considering, but presently glared round with his fiery eyes and claspt his hand on his sword, and with a cruel smile of relief, swore that as he could not strike at his enemy's neck he would strike such a blow through his heart as should make him wish himself dead. And when my Lord Chancellor told me this,' Master Willynger continued, 'he added that he hugely feared it would fare hardly with the Countess, lying as she did so ready to the King's hand.'

'Nay, my lord,' I said, 'she be not yet even tried, much less found guilty.'

'An she were as innocent as the Holy Mother,' he replied, 'she will be both tried and sentenced as quickly as may be, for the King's vengeance is too hot to tarry, an she had been already condemned she would have died to-morrow, but doubtless he will restrain himself until then, the rather that his revenge would lack somewhat of its savour, an he added not to death the condemnation of her peers and the stain of treason.'

'And now, madam,' Master Willynger said, 'I have told ye all that passed, and I would I had less sorry tidings to bring, for myself I doubt not she be safe until she be sentenced, for his Highness, though he hath stretched and sharpened the law, yet he hath hitherto awaited its decree, and so hath kept himself from actual murder, but I would not have you delay, go to-morrow, an ye see not the Countess, ye may at least send her some farewell message.'

As I listened, a horrible fear seized mine heart, and a dreadful foreboding of what was about to happen. I felt with every fibre of my soul, that the Lord Chancellor had spoken the truth when he said, 'the king's vengeance was too hot to tarry.' It was in vain mine husband sought to comfort me by urging her near relationship, her great age, her past services, that though attainted she was not sentenced, and that more than two years had past since she had been first made prisoner. I could only feel that his Grace had the power, and that there was no one who would dare say a word in her behalf, or appeal to that nobler spirit, of which, perchance, there might still be some sparks left, and which of old had often tempered his fury, and moved him to a generous mercy. All night the terrible words, 'the King's vengeance be too hot to tarry,' seemed ringing in mine ears, or in flaming letters floating in the darkness before mine eyes. I kept dropping asleep, and waking and dreaming, until I knew not what was dream and what was reality. All at once it seemed to me I was back in mine own chamber at Warblington Castle, and a noise awoke me, I sat up, and suddenly a bird swept across the bed so close to my face that it almost seemed to touch my cheek, and then it flew to one of the windows and struck it with a loud sharp blow, louder than I should have supposed any bird could make. It struck once, and once only, and then all was still. Surely it must have been only a dream, or some chance noise in the street. At all events there was nothing visible in the morning.

When we had breakfasted, Master Willynger said he had business at the Tower, his Highness having desired him to repair the Queen's crown, wherein a jewel had become loose, wherefore, if I pleased, he would himself wait on me thither, and perchance might be of some service unto me as to seeing the Countess, if he could get speech with Sir Edmund Walsingham. To this we readily agreed, the more so as mine husband had business to attend to on behalf of the charity

and guild of the Holy Ghost at Basingstoke, the property of which he and my Lord Sandys were endeavouring to save from confiscation.

The said property of the guild was not large, or of very much value, and as a good part was expended in maintaining a free school for the town, he and my lord hoped that if they could not save the whole they might at least induce his Highness to allot whatever portion of the rents were needful to keeping up the school house and paying the master. But the royal exchequer was well nigh empty, and there seemed small chance of saving ought from being swept up to fill it.

Thus it was that I set forth with Master Willynger alone, without even my gentlewoman, as such attendance would have been unbecoming for Madam Dawtrey's niece, and mine husband having taken our grooms to escort him to the Chancellor. But mine host had his own serving men, and his own barge, so I ran no risk of misadventure.

It was nigh on ten o'clock when we started and made our way unto Blackfriars stairs, and there embarked and went down the river, as I had so often done before in one of the royal barges, in happier times.

We passed that dreadful gate where I had parted with my grandmother, and landed at the next, and made our way unto the governor's house, where, as we understood (in one of the rooms often used as a prison), the Countess was confined. Here, after much parleying, we were allowed to enter, and taken up a dark flight of steps into a small and empty chamber, where I was told I must wait until mine order had been seen and signed by Sir Edmund. I slipped a piece of money into the hand of the attendant to whom I gave it up, and prayed him to lose no time in returning, and as he and Master Willynger left the room, the latter looked round and bade me be of good cheer, for they would speedily be back, and perchance bring Mrs. Dawtrey with them.

I had not waited long when the messenger returned, and told me that 'Mistress Dawtrey should know of mine arrival as soon as might be, poor soul.'

'But' quoth he, with a strange significance in his voice, 'ye will need to be patient, for may hap the permit to come hither will not reach her hand very speedily, but she shall surely have it, so keep ye up a brave heart.'

And he turned quickly away and locked the door behind him. The sound of the bolt made me shudder, and feel as if I also were a prisoner. What did it mean? what need was there for telling me to keep up a brave heart? and I glanced around me with a strange kind of fear. There was not much to see, for excepting that on one side there was a wooden bench, the chamber was entirely bare. The windows were small and thickly barred with irons, and being in deep recesses let in but little light or sunshine, and I felt it was, in sooth, 'a dismal place,' as Mrs. Dawtrey called it.

I sat down on the bench and waited, and then I got up and paced the floor, and then sat me down and waited again, and still no one came. I heard a clock strike twelve and a bell toll somewhere in the distance, and I counted the strokes until I was weary. At last I heard a noise that seemed just outside, and getting up I moved unto the window, and looked out. Below me lay what I was told afterwards was Tower Green. At the farther end of it, right in front of St. Peter's church, and a huge block of buildings of which I know not the name, were gathered a score or so of guards and officials standing on a raised scaffold, and in their midst was one with a black mask over his face, and a mighty axe in his hand. And nigh him was she whom mine heart was yearning to behold once more. She stood alone (albeit Mrs. Dawtrey was but a few paces withdrawn) her tall and noble figure as stately and erect as if she were yet in the prime of her life. The hood with which she usually covered her head had been removed, and her hair, still long and abundant, and white as snow, which had fallen over her shoulders, shone in the sunshine like the glory of some saint. In an agony of apprehension I understood what I was gazing on, and though the sweat broke out on my brow yet could I not turn away. I could see she spoke and pointed to the block though I could not hear her words. Then I saw the executioner lift his axe throw it back to its utmost poise and strike at her, as if to cut her down, and saw her throw up her hand to ward off the blow and start aside. It fell on her nevertheless, with such force she staggered beneath it, and the blood gushed forth from her neck and streamed down her shoulders; as I saw it, moved by the impotent desire to fly to her aid, I dashed my fist against the window to break or force it open, and then, with a loud scream, I fell on the floor and swooned away, and there, by the mercy of God, I lay insensible whilst that dreadful butchery was being completed, and so was spared the farther sight of it.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXVIII.

1634-1649.

THE SMOULDERINGS OF THE THIRTY YEARS WAR.

MOST of the dramatic interest of the Thirty Years War passed with Gustavus and Wallenstein, but its weary course was not yet run. Bernhard of Saxe Weimar and the Swedish generals, Horn and Banier, were the chief commanders on the Protestant side, and on the Catholic, Ferdinand, King of Hungary, the heir of the Emperor, together with Piccolomini, and the other generals who had served under Wallenstein. Holland and the Netherlands also took their share in the war, the land forces of the Dutch being under Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, with whom young Rupert of the Rhine made his first campaign, the fleet under Admiral Heine. The Governor of the Netherlands was Fernando, brother to the King of Spain, Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo, and commonly known as the Cardinal Infant. He was an able man, and had collected an army in the Milanese territory, with whom he marched northwards, when Wallenstein was no longer protesting against his entrance through the Tyrol towards Bavaria.

On the other side there was disunion. The Elector John George of Saxony hoped to get the league he had made with Wallenstein confirmed by the Emperor, the Elector of Brandenburg was affronted because the Swedes would not promise him their little Queen Christina for his eldest son, and Horn and Bernhard were not of the same mind, while both were angry with Oxenstjerna for not supplying them with money enough.

The King of Hungary profited by these dissensions. He mustered his forces at Prague, retook Ratisbon, and in it Count Thurn, the originator of the whole war, captured Donauwerth, and invested Nordlingen, where he was joined by the Cardinal Infant and the army from Italy. They assaulted the city, but in vain, and the German and Swedish army resolved to give them battle—or rather Bernhard's fiery impetuosity prevailed against the cooler judgment of Horn.

The battle of Nordlingen was fought on the 6th of September, 1634. It was one of the worst defeats the Protestants had suffered. The Duke of Lorraine took the standard of Weimar with his own hand.

The King and Cardinal both showed much courage, in a fight that lasted eight hours. They only lost 2000 men while 8000 Swedes were killed, 4000 made prisoners, among them Horn himself, with several wounds. He was generously treated, the Cardinal Infant giving up his quarters to him, and retiring into a hovel. Nordlingen surrendered the next day, and Bernhard was in full retreat.

There might have been peace if it had not been for Richelieu, but he could not endure that the House of Austria should triumph without France having gained something. His mind, like that of all French statesmen, was set upon the frontier of the Rhine, and though he would not proclaim war between France and the Empire, he permitted 6000 Frenchmen to join the standard of Duke Bernhard, and promised more, giving large subsidies to him and Oxenstjerna, on condition that Elsass should be given up to France.

This interference of France was very sore to the German princes, and John George of Saxony made his peace with the Emperor at Prague, on the understanding that the Edict of Restitution was not to be enforced, and Lutheranism was to be tolerated. The Archduke Leopold resigned his claims to all his nominal dioceses, Magdeburg, Bremen and Strasburg, and only retained Halberstadt. The states and cities who chose to accept the treaty might be included, but not the Calvinist Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, nor the young Elector Palatine. Franconia was offered to Bernhard if he would become a Roman Catholic, but he refused, and the inheritance of Pomerania on the death of the old Duke, was promised to the Elector of Brandenburg, thus further alienating Sweden. King Charles I. sent Lord Arundel to endeavour, in this pacification, to secure something for the unfortunate Elector Palatine, but in vain. The Emperor was polite, but Maximilian of Bavaria declared that what the sword had taken, the sword would keep.

The war was thus continuing, and was more horrible than ever with the exhaustion of the country, and the increasing brutality of the soldiery, many of whom had been bred up in camps, and knew nothing better, regarding farmers, peasants and burghers simply as beings to be tortured to make them produce money or food, or if they had none, for wanton sport. There is a frightful picture of the country, drawn by a gentleman belonging to the English embassy, of the scenes they encountered on the banks of the Rhine. At Bacharach, the poor people were found dead with grass in their mouths; and all along the river were plundered villages, blackened walls, desolation. If a little relief were given, the wretched people fought for it, so that they fell into the Rhine and were sometimes drowned. At Neustadt there were starving children sitting at the doors, and one poor little village had been plundered twenty-eight times in two years, and twice in one day.

Germany was a wreck, but she was not allowed to be at peace, for France was resolved to make her distress a means of aggrandizement,

and of pursuing the old policy of humbling the house of Austria. The real war was between France and Spain, the Swedes and Protestant Germans being the tools of the first, the Imperialists that of the second. Oxenstjerna and Bernhard were together invited to France, where they were presented to Louis XIII. at Compiègne, and the Cardinal and Chancellor conferred together in Latin, having no other common language, while the gallant Duke Bernhard, with his handsome, sunburnt face and long fair hair, was treated as a hero by the ladies. Queen Anne begged him always to spare women for her sake. Poor man, he would have been glad enough to do so, if he could have held in the ferocious savages who called him their commander. The cities which the Swedes had taken near the French frontiers were made over to their ally, Bernhard received a considerable subsidy, and undertook to carry on the war as near France as possible.

War was proclaimed at Brussels between France and Spain, and Richelieu sent four armies into the field, two to the South, where there was a continual struggle on the Savoyard and Italian border, one to Elsass, one to the Low Countries, where it was to fight in union with the Dutch and the Prince of Orange. It took Tirlemont and made such a horrible sack of the city as warned the rest of the Netherlanders to resist to the utmost, and Piccolomini, bringing up the Imperial troops, prevented any further progress.

Richelieu had placed in command of the French troops in Germany Marshal de la Force, and also the third son of the Duke d'Epemon, Cardinal de la Valette, for he preferred employing ecclesiastics in military commands. In La Force's division was a young man who was soon to make himself a great name, a younger son of the Duke of Bouillon, Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount of Turenne, a youth of so much fire that at thirteen he had challenged a gentleman who questioned the veracity of the earlier books of Livy. He was a Huguenot. Richelieu was freely employing those of *la religion*, as it was termed, and the Duke of Rohan was in command in Savoy. La Valette defeated the Duke of Lorraine, and joined Bernhard, who was opposing Gallas and the imperial force in Elsass, but they met with no success, the army melted away under sickness; and in the following year, 1637, the Cardinal Infant led a Spanish army across the borders of France, and rapidly took several places, crossed the Somme, at Cerisy and took Corbie. These fortresses were in a ruinous state, with great gaps in the walls, their fosses choked up, and their cannon lying on the ground unmounted, so that defence was impossible, but their commandants were sentenced for the surrender. Nothing was defensible beyond the Oise, and Johann de Werth, the general of the Catholic League, with his German cavalry, was making forays that terrified the whole Isle of France, and gave the French a taste of the horrors they were prolonging in Germany.

Paris was in a state of extreme alarm, *l'Année de Corbie* was long a

a proverb there, and a great number of families fled to Orleans; whilst the mob gathered round the Hotel de Richelieu, shouting out imprecations on the Cardinal for having begun this war without providing for the defence of the kingdom. For a moment Richelieu's courage failed, and he was about to shut himself up, guarded by a triple line of musqueteers, when Perè Joseph, and Giulio Mazzarini, the Pope's nuncio, persuaded him that he was lost if he did not rise to the occasion. He ordered his carriage, and drove to the Hotel de Ville, with only a few mounted grooms following him, and on his appearance the shouts of execration were silenced, and became prayers for his success.

The Duke of Lorraine had marched into Burgundy, Gallas and the King of Hungary were both marching as if to fall on Paris.

Richelieu called on the Parliament of Paris, and all the financial departments, for aid in money. It was readily given, large sums were voted, accompanied with the declaration that the Parliament intended to watch that the money was well employed. Louis XIII. was very angry, he sent for the presidents of the various chambers, and said 'Meddle with your own affairs, I can govern my kingdom for myself.' The King was personally brave, he would not leave his capital, and 60,000 men were hastily raised, who probably would not have been very effective if the threatened advance on Paris had been made, but the Cardinal Infant and Johann von Werth could not maintain their position till their allies came up, for their cavalry was melting away. Each soldier who had gained some plunder proceeded to desert and go home to secure it. The regular armies of France were returning, and the marauders retreated, while the King of France himself advanced to retake Corbie.

Meantime the Elector of Saxony, now on the Imperial side, tried to drive back the Swedes beyond the Baltic, but he was beaten by General Banier at Wittstock, and the horrible and unspeakable misery, from which Gustavus had once delivered Saxony, set in again, for the Swedes were utterly demoralised, and regarded the Saxons as traitors to their cause.

That same autumn a Diet met at Ratisbon, which elected the King of Hungary King of the Romans. Charles I. attempted to obtain restitution for his nephew the Elector Palatine, but England had ceased to be respected, and he was disregarded. The election was made only just in time, for the Emperor, Ferdinand II., died in his fifty-ninth year in the ensuing February 1637. He had been the chief cause of this, the most horrible and desolating war that probably ever raged for so long a period, and all from his conscientiousness. To extirpate heresy and restore the Church was, he held, his bounden duty at all costs; but all the time he was a beneficent and fatherly sovereign to the Catholics, an excellent and tender father and husband, and a kind master to his servants; the poorest beggar had free access to him, and he would not turn away even from those

supposed to be plague smitten. He gave freely to ransom captives from the Turks and Moors, and provided feasts for the poor, waiting on them with his own hands. In fact, he had all the personal qualities of a mediæval saint, but these very excellences rendered him the tool of the Jesuits, and thus his government only too much resembled that of Philip II., except that the days of the faggot and stake were gone by, and that—if he did not know of the design of Butler against Wallenstein—assassination was never one of his instruments.

His son, Ferdinand III., was a man much of the same character, but with weaker health and subject to the gout. It was said of him that throughout his reign he never committed an act that he knew to be unjust, and he was less subservient to the Jesuits than his father had been; but his abilities were not of the highest order, and he wrote so bad a hand, owing perhaps to the gout, that if his generals thought fit to disregard his orders, they could always plead that they could not read them.

At the same time died the old childless Bagislav of Pomerania. He had made Gustavus Adolphus his heir, while the Emperor had promised the duchy to the Elector of Brandenburg, and thus Banier on the one hand, and Gallas on the other, had a campaign, with all the accompanying horrors of devastation, in Pomerania and Brandenburg, but the successes were on the Imperialist side. The death of the Landgrave of Hesse likewise brought his country into friendly relations with the Empire. When the Protestant cause was decaying everywhere, and the Swedes almost forced back to the Baltic, it did not seem to be a favourable time for an effort on the part of the young Elector Charles Louis, who was about one and twenty; but his visit with his brother Rupert had produced a favourable impression on the English, and a king's letter had been issued to make a collection for the expedition, King Charles and Lord Craven each contributing £10,000. There was so much collected that the poor ex-queen of Bohemia begged for some of it to pay her debts, but Charles I. would not hear of its being thus wasted. Charles Louis went to arrange plans with General Banier, and Rupert, with his next brother Maurice, lads of nineteen and eighteen, went to join the Prince of Orange, who was besieging Breda. They were the first to detect the sounds of a night attack from the besieged, and to prevent it. There were several English adventurers in the army, of whom we hear for the first time, Jacob Astley, William Monk, and George Goring. In one of the attacks on the place, after the fight was over, as the soldiers were stripping the dead, one of the men supposed to be slain, who had endured the spoiling in silence, when he saw some officers, sprang up, exclaiming, *Messieurs, est il question de quartier?* He was ever after called among the English, Falstaff. As soon as Breda surrendered, Maurice was sent off to a French University, and the two elder brothers, returning to their mother at the Hague, were the foremost

champions, in Moorish costumes, with lances and scimetars, at a sort of tournament given by her at the Hague, which must have somewhat lessened any sympathy for her unpaid debts.

Elizabeth paid her unwilling respects to Marie de Medici, who, since the Infanta Isabel's death, had not been comfortable at Brussels, and had resolved to throw herself on her daughter Henrietta, though Charles, well knowing how mischievous she had been in France, would gladly have kept her away, if he could any how have refused an asylum to his mother-in-law, when she represented herself as persecuted. 'I think the wind loves our country in keeping her from it as long as it can,' wrote his sister. However, Marie came, was politely met at Harwich by Charles, and was received with much tenderness by Henrietta, surrounded with her little children.

The Princes Palatine were using the money raised for them in collecting an army of the mercenaries of numerous broken armies, meeting at Mepping, a castle in Münster, which Charles-Louis had purchased. The whole amounted to three regiments of cavalry, a regiment of guards, two troops of dragoons, and some artillery. Elizabeth, who could not have had any very great hopes of the success of such a force as this, begged Lord Craven to go with them to take care of her boys, and he had the command of the guards. Count Konigsmark, was supposed to be General-in-chief, Rupert was Colonel of one regiment of cavalry containing many gallant English volunteers. Some Swedish infantry under General King made the whole force amount to 4000.

At Lemgo, they came in sight of eight regiments of Austrian cuirassiers, and one of Irish dragoons, commanded by that Devereux who had killed Wallenstein. There was not much chance of success for them in any case, and what there might have been was diminished by a quarrel between King and Konigsmark, who probably thought the affair hopeless, and only cared to take care of themselves. Rupert and his volunteers went thundering through the Austrians opposed to them with such irresistible force that they broke through and carried all before them. Nobody however came to support them, except Lord Craven with a few of the Elector's guards, and the weight of Austrians closed in and dispersed them. Looking round to rally his men, Rupert found himself absolutely alone, and was surprised that none of the enemy noticed him, till he remembered that he had a white favour in his helmet, and saw that the Austrians wore the same colours. He rode back to try to find his men, and presently saw his brother's standard of the Rhine being defended by a few brave men. He rushed to help them, and fought till all had fallen, and the standard swept off, Craven wounded and made prisoner. Then Rupert tried to make his horse leap a wall, but it was exhausted, and fell with him. The enemy surrounded him, and an old officer, striking up the visor of his helmet, demanded who he was. 'A Colonel' was the answer. 'A young one!' exclaimed the

veteran ; but General Hatzfeldt coming up, recognised the young Prince, and persuaded him to surrender. His brother, who had none of his fire and animation, had gone off in a carriage with General King, towards Minden. They were upset in the river Weser, and Charles Louis was only saved by clinging to a willow branch, and the General also escaped, but the coachman and horses were drowned. Rupert was taken with the wounded Craven to Wannendorp, whence he wrote a letter to his uncle in pencil on a leaf of his pocket-book. Afterwards he was transferred to Lintz, where the Governor, Count Kuffstein, was desired to endeavour to gain him over to the Emperor's side, and to convert him to the Roman Catholic faith. But Rupert was not to be won over, neither would he argue with two Jesuit priests who were sent to instruct him. He read a good deal, and studied science and drawing, and as he dined at the Count's table and had free access to the castle gardens, he had some love passages with the beautiful daughter of the Governor, which neither of them ever forgot, though their destiny led them far apart. He also had a beautiful white dog named Boy, probably a poodle, as when it became a distinguished character in England, and was suspected of being a Lapland lady transformed, its mother's name was said to be Puddle. This dog lived on friendly terms with a tame hare, another solace of Rupert's captivity, which obeyed every command he gave it. The Episcopal Archduke Leopold, the Angel, paid a visit to Lintz, and was so much charmed with the captive youth as to obtain many indulgences for him, even leave to go out hunting on parole, and to practise with the 'skewed gun.' If Rupert would have asked pardon of the Emperor for his crime, he would have been freed at once, but as he was conscious of no crime, he proudly refused, and on this, all his extra pleasures were cut off and his captivity became closer.

Meantime, the chief seat of the war was in Elsass. Was it to be Elsass or Alsace? Bernhard was fighting the Austrians there, and gaining brilliant successes. He took Rheinfelden, Freiburg, and Breisach, the last after a terrible siege and blockade, and by the end of 1638 was triumphant there. He had a Lutheran thanksgiving festival in the Cathedral of Breisach, received the homage of the inhabitants and believed himself Duke of Elsass. But this would not have suited Richelieu, and it was intimated to him that if he meant to hold the place as his own, it must not be as a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire but as Duc d'Alsace, a vassal of France. 'No' said Bernhard, 'I will not be the first to dismember the Empire.' However, the next year, he laid siege to Thaan the last unconquered place in Elsass, but there he was laid low by a fever, and died in the 36th year of his age, on the 8th of July 1639.

He had left his army and his claims to his brothers ; but young Charles Louis thought he might get a chance of commanding the first.

Just at this time, the Spaniards had fitted out an enormous Armada,

with a view to a great attack on the Dutch, who were harassing their colonies and overturning their trade. Such a fleet had not been seen since the days of Philip II. There were 67 huge men of war, the largest, the *Mater Teresa*, was of 2400 tons burden, with 70 guns and 1000 men, and the entire fleet carried 2000 guns, and 24,000 men, under Don Antonio D'Oquendo. The English watched them sail up the channel, and were glad to be at peace with Spain. The French fleet, though much improved by the care of Richelieu, was not strong enough to intercept it.

The Dutch fleet numbered at that moment 31 ships, with 2000 men. But at its head was Martin Harperts Tromp, who had at thirty-three years of age climbed up from a cabin-boy to be an Admiral. His Vice-Admiral was Wille Cornelis de With, a ruder, wilder, but equally brave and able man. Tromp was prudent and cautious, De With fierce and vehement, with a strong jealousy of Tromp, and no idea but of fighting.

On the 15th of September, the huge Spanish fleet 'lay heaving many a mile,' off Beversiers—in sight of Tromp. The Vice-Admiral joined him in the course of the night, and came hurrying on board the flag-ship. 'We must fight,' he said, 'let us attack the enemy.' 'We cannot, they are ten times our strength,' said Tromp.

'Not a bit of it,' said De With, 'there's room enough at the bottom for them all. Better get our necks broken by the Spanish, than by the mob when we come home.'

Tromp consented, they drank a cup of wine together, and De With was rowed back to his ship. Tromp poured a broadside into the flag ship of Oquendo, the Spanish Admiral, and De With, with half a dozen small vessels, rushed like a hawk where the Spanish ships were thickest. In and out among the tall clumsy galleys went the wonderfully manœuvred Dutch ships, and at the close of the day, the Spaniards retreated, having lost three galleons, with many more disabled. Two Dutch ships had been sunk. De With's was shot through and through, and he himself a grim spectacle of powder and blood, but the victory was half won.

The 17th was too foggy for anyone to move, but at eleven at night, the moon shone out clearly, and the Dutch fell on the Spaniards again with the utmost fury. At last the Armada got under shelter of the castle of Dover, as they hoped, in the Downs, but they were really in a trap, shut in by the Goodwin sands stretching ten miles before them, and they in a channel four miles wide! Tromp put one half his fleet to guard the north end, another half at the south, sent De With, with his damaged ship, to entreat the States to send re-inforcements, and hurried himself to Calais, where he bought 40,000 lbs. of powder and 4000 cannon-balls. He came back to find Sir John Pennington, with 34 ships of the line, watching their proceedings in English waters, and declaring that he had orders to attack whichever party first fired a shot.

Matters stood still. English sympathy was against the Dutch, for the massacre of Amboyna was not forgotten, and there were perpetual quarrels over the herring fishery. Charles I. meantime thought their fate in his hands; he offered Richelieu to withdraw his protection from the Spanish fleet on condition Charles Louis was placed at the head of Bernhard's army, and restored to the Palatinate, and when this was not readily accepted, he offered the Cardinal Infant to help the Spanish ships to escape for £150,000 to raise the armaments that would be needed if he offended France. Indeed, thirteen Spanish ships were guided away by English pilots, till Tromp found out the passage and guarded it.

Meantime, the Dutch had collected and armed every merchant vessel available, working day and night, and at the end of a month, Tromp's fleet numbered 110. Curious messages passed between the Admirals. Pennington told Tromp it would be nobler to run out to sea and fight the Spaniards there. Tromp said he was quite willing, if Oquendo would do the same. Oquendo said he was quite willing, but he had no powder, to which Tromp replied by an offer of half his. Then Oquendo said he had no masts, and again Tromp offered a ship-load of them, but at last, the States, hearing of the negotiation with the Netherlands, sent orders to their Admiral to fight. Still Tromp would not fire the first shot, but he sailed in his own sloop right through the fleet of the enemy so as to provoke them. They fired and pierced his sail. Next day, they fired again, and killed a man. Tromp sent the corpse in a boat to be shewn to Sir John Pennington as a proof of which party had been the first to fire, adding that he asked no aid, he would do all himself. And on the 20th of October, he divided his fleet into six, and fell on the Spaniards at all points, the English looking on, closely watched, however, by one of the squadrons. The rout was hopeless in the narrow space and shallow waters where the huge sea castles could not be easily manœuvred. The *Mater Teresa*, after being attacked by three vessels, was ignited by a fire ship, and resounded with shrieks and yells. Only 200 of the 1000 on board were saved, and the sight, when she blew up, was most awful, the guns flying red hot into the air, the crew hurled out half charred. Twenty-two ships ran ashore, the men leaping out and swimming. Eleven ships surrendered without firing a shot, some ran against each other and sank; others were stranded on the Goodwin Sands. D'Oquendo himself got out to sea with twelve ships, but Tromp followed him and captured three. Of 67 ships, only eighteen altogether reached Dunkirk and those in a lamentable condition. There were 1800 prisoners taken by the Dutch, and all along the Kentish coast dead bodies and crushed timbers were continually floating up and being cast ashore.

The English felt the humiliation of their inactivity, and blamed the King; the King felt the disgrace and blamed the nation, who stinted him of means to maintain the honour of the country; but he

accepted the apologies of the Dutch, who sent an embassy to make amends, and to propose a marriage between William, the eldest son of the Prince of Orange, and Charles's eldest daughter Mary, both young children.

There were also hopes that Richelieu might be grateful enough for the non interference, as to help Charles Louis to the command of the army of Wiemar, and the Palatinate, and the young man set forth in haste to profit by the favour he expected. He had, however, taken no passport, so as soon as he entered France, he was captured, and carried to Moulins. There Richelieu, who had no notion of setting up a German in either capacity, accused him of intending to seize a town in Alsace, and imprisoned him at Vincennes. His three younger brothers, Maurice, Edmund and Philip were all at school at Paris. Elizabeth was very uneasy, but she obtained the return of the younger boys without difficulty, though the Elector Palatine was detained on the accusation of having intended to seize the places conquered by Bernhard in Alsace and claimed by the French. On King Charles's remonstrance, the youth was permitted to be at large in the English ambassador's family, on giving his parole not to leave the kingdom, or head the army of Weimar, and in August he was released.

All the original actors in the war had passed away, and it had lasted twenty-one years. As a war between Germans for German interests it was over, and Ferdinand III. assembled a Diet at Ratisbon early in 1640, in which he hoped to unite the whole Empire in a national resistance to France and Sweden. He did not entirely succeed, for there was still a party who would hold out as long as there was any hope of aid from without, and Frederick William, the new Elector of Brandenburg, a much abler man than his father, organised an opposition, though only eighteen years old. But on the whole the Empire might henceforth be considered as one body, and though the weary war lasted eight years longer, it was not so much between German Protestant against German Catholic, as France fighting for Alsace and Lorraine, Sweden for Pomerania against the House of Austria in Spain, and Germany. The large element of Scottish soldiery was likewise drawn off, having carried their military training to the cause of the Covenant in their own country.

Of the subsidiary wars of France and Spain in Savoy and Italy, nothing is here said, as they had little or no influence on English politics.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XIV.

THE OCCASIONAL PRAYERS AND THANKSGIVINGS.

Susan. I suppose we must not go on to the Communion Service till we have looked at the Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings.

Aunt Anne. The present arrangement of them dates from 1661, and is chiefly due to Bishop Cosin. There used, originally, to be masses, with collects and readings appropriate to times of scarcity, war, pestilence, or the like; and when these were swept away by the Reformers' impatience of variety and complexity, a few prayers were inserted in 1549, in the end of the Communion Office, to be used in time of need. In 1552, these prayers were placed in the end of the Litany itself, and then James I. felt that there ought to be corresponding thanksgivings when the evils were removed, and caused several to be added to the Litany. Finally, Bishop Cosin, and his fellow revisers, decided, in order to obviate confusion, on placing all those then existing, and some new ones, in the division in which they now stand.

S. How like our Prayer-book is to an old cathedral, the original ancient foundation, with touches and additions and adaptations to all times.

A. We will take the Prayers and Thanksgivings in their pairs.

S. Has there not been a controversy about the expediency of special prayers for rain and fair weather.

A. It was one of the one-sided things said by Charles Kingsley, that we ought not to pray for them, because we do not know what distant arrangements of Providence are concerned. I think that he was fresh from Maury's discoveries of the way in which our rain clouds are prepared far away in the Gulf of Mexico, and that he felt it presumptuous to think that the entreaty of a congregation could interfere with the path of the storm. Also that if it did, his prayer might lead to distress in places affected by the same clouds. But I think there is a verse of the prophecy of Amos that very clearly shows that rain is directed with a view to the special condition of every spot. Look at the 4th chapter, 7th and 8th verses.

S. 'And also I have withholden the rain from you when there were yet three months to the harvest, and I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city. One piece was rained upon, and the piece whereupon it rained not, withered. So two or three cities wandered unto one city to drink water but they were not satisfied.'

A. Surely this is not at all inconsistent with physical laws, when we remember what slight conditions do make a difference to the fall of rain in a locality—a current of air, a casual change of temperature, or the like. Even the forecasts in the papers show this, when they tell us a cyclone is on the way, but they cannot tell where it will strike, from Norway to Portugal.

S. And there can be no doubt that the Scripture links rain and the immediate Divine will together. There are the promises and threats of Moses (Deut. xxviii. 23), and again Solomon's dedication prayer (1 Kings viii. 35, 36). Elijah's prayer, and St. James's reference to it.

A. Besides beautiful pictures of fertilizing rain in the 65th Psalm, and wind and storm fulfilling His Word (Ps. cxlviii. 8); all this too in a country of far more regular and certain weather than our own. In fact, the Divine hand is first recognised by all nations, even heathen, in 'rain from heaven and fruitful seasons.' It has been reserved for modern science to treat it all as a piece of machinery because some of the intermediate modes are revealed to us.

S. But is there not the other question, whether it is not better to trust entirely to God, for knowing what is good for us, as in the poem in the *Silver Store*, where the hermit who got whatever weather he wanted for his olive tree, killed it, and the other hermit, who thought God knew best, found that his throve.

A. That is true, and I greatly respect the scruple, but we also distinctly know that unpropitious weather is a chastisement for sin, which we are bidden to avert by prayer and repentance. Therefore I think that the Divine Hand in the weather is distinctly meant to train us in faith and the habit of prayer—though no doubt the holier the person, the less he heeds or cares for mere temporal matters.

S. Where does the prayer for rain come from?

A. It made its appearance first among the occasional collects at the end of the Communion Office in the first book of Edward. The second sent it to the end of the Litany, and in 1661 it took its present place. It has the regular construction of a collect, the promise pleaded in the address, and the petition founded on it.

S. The promise is, of course, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,' (Matt. vi. 33).

A. The corresponding thanksgiving when rain has been granted was added in 1606.

S. That, too, is completely Scriptural—

A. Adopting the words of Jeremiah v. 24: 'Let us now fear the Lord our God that giveth rain, both the former and the latter in his season.' It does not strictly apply to our irregular climate, as it did to that of Palestine, where the former rain comes in October and November after the sowing, and the latter in March and April, to swell the grain for the harvest.

S. And the latter part is from the ninth verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm.

A. The history of the Prayers and Thanksgivings for fair weather is the same, except that the middle part of the prayer is a collect from the Sacramentary of St. Gregory. The allusion to the Flood at the beginning, and the promise of amendment at the end were later additions.

S. Is not one difficulty felt in using these that the language is so very strong?

A. I think it is, at least, for such fluctuations of weather as we are subject to in ordinary times. In fact, I have heard it abridged into simply praying for such weather that we may receive the fruits of the earth in due season.

S. There is nothing special to say about the thanksgiving that answers to it.

A. The next four prayers, in famine, pestilence, and tumult, were added in 1552, and seem to have risen out of the troubles of the reign of Edward VI. Failure of crops was, as you know, a much more frightful thing in former times than now.

S. When the means of transport of food were scarcely to be had, and varieties of food were so much fewer.

A. After all, it is bad enough in these days. The potato famine in Ireland, which I can remember, produced ghastly suffering; and so did the rice famine in India a few years ago. I remember a missionary telling of a whole population of living skeletons stripping the leaves off a wood to serve for food. But the times of scarcity now are generally caused by failure of work and wages, more than by that of food itself, though, as we depend so much on foreign countries, war might at any time cause us scarcity and lack of supplies. We are still dependent on God's Hand.

S. I think the first of the two prayers seems intended for local failure of harvests, and the second for war famines, by its recalling the blockade of Samaria.

A. Queen Elizabeth's books dropped out that second prayer, but Bishop Cosin restored it.

S. I have heard the thanksgiving for plenty used after a good harvest—omitting the clause about former dearth and scarcity. Then follows the prayer for the time of noise and tumults.

A. Ah! My mother grew up in the time of the great war with France, and when the Crimean war began, after the forty years of peace, she said it gave a strange thrill to hear it again in church.

S. I never heard it.

A. No, you have grown up in times of peace; and even in the Crimean war there was a certain unwillingness to use the very strong language, 'abate their pride, assuage their malice and confound their devices.'

S. Seeming to take for granted that the enemy must be utterly wicked and their cause as bad as possible.

A. In point of fact those three petitions are not in the Latin collects in the Sacramentary of St. Gregory, from which the rest was translated. They belonged to days when people had no notion that there could be two sides to a question.

S. The same prayer is for use in time of war abroad, or tumult at home, but there are two thanksgivings.

A. Yes, and the one for peace at home came from the full heart of good Bishop Cosin just after the Restoration. It is found in his hand writing. The first draft was 'to appease the madness of a raging and unreasonable people' but he afterwards softened it into 'the seditious tumults which have been raised up among us.'

S. The people, who were weary of strife, must have said it with all their hearts, and we have never had occasion to use it since, except perhaps after the '45.

A. Bishop Cosin likewise inserted the allusion to the pestilence on the Israelites, and afterwards the words 'did'st accept an atonement.'

S. The allusion must be to that time (Numbers xvii.) when the Israelites had murmured at the doom of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, and the terrible pestilence began; when Aaron rushed in with a censor full of fire from the altar, and stood between the dead and the living to make atonement.

A. The same clause likewise refers to David's atonement for his people offered at Mount Moriah, the threshing floor of Araunah, then purchased as the future site of the Temple (1 Chron. xxi.). Bishop Cosin's purpose was to lead minds to the thought of sacrificial atonement.

S. 'Common plague or sickness,' I suppose common means universal, or as we should put it now, prevalent.

A. Exactly, and Plague comes from *Plaga*, stroke, a blow from the Lord's hand, like the pestilence with which Israel and David were punished for their sin in the matter of the numbering.

S. What was the people's sin? 'These sheep, what have they done?'

A. Most likely they had refused the half shekel required at a census from each person (Ex. xxx. 12.) on penalty of pestilence. This was always used in God's service, and as David was then collecting materials for the Temple, when the zeal of God's House even consumed him, his purpose seems to have been to raise contributions by the numbering, and this Joab knew to be an unpopular measure, so that he was unwilling to carry it out.

S. I see, God's anger was with Israel, and as Joab had not numbered Judah and Benjamin, they really had not yet transgressed, though they might still need an atonement. Plague has a special technical meaning though, 'the plague.'

A. Yes, that deadly, rapid, typhus fever, with the boil or plague spot, was the special terror of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

S. As the black death and the sweating sickness had been, and as the cholera is in our own day.

A. Or even typhus or typhoid when it gets a hold of some place.

S. And there comes in the question we talked over just now with regard to the prayers for rain.

A. Fanaticism, and even ignorant piety, says, pray without using means to avert the evil. Rationalistic science says, never mind prayer, but depend upon purifying the water, and cleansing the street.

S. Yes, one sees it all in *Two Years Ago*.

A. But true Faith says 'God works through secondary means, and means man to work for himself, blessing what he does. Therefore, cleanse and use sanitary measures with all your might, but also pray with all your might, and live so that His four sore judgments, the sword, the famine, the noisome beast and the pestilence, may be averted from you. And another remarkable thing is, that the complete observance of the Levitical law in all its cleansing sanitary details does actually preserve health, and that modern doctors say that many diseases do not come among the Jews from their observance of these precautions.

S. Shewing that they are divine. Indeed, the thanksgiving is beautiful, taking the part about the presenting ourselves a living sacrifice of gratitude from the Communion Office.

A. There I think we must stop—as the other Prayers and Thanksgivings are not really occasional, and there is much to say about them. The American Church has a few more, for individual cases of sickness, also for criminals under sentence, for Meetings of Convocation, and a thanksgiving for harvest. I hope something of the kind may one day be added to our Prayer-book.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

X.

MARS AND THE MINOR PLANETS.

'And, earnest thoughts within me rise
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies
 The shield of that red star.

FOLLOWING the idea that all ancient mythology was an adaptation of, or further corruption consequent on the worship of the heavenly orbs and powers of Nature, we see that when Astarte, Aphrodite or Venus had been invented as an earthly representative of the Planet of Love, the myth-makers took notice of the red planet beyond Venus, which they regarded as ruling the fate of War—and they turned the "Star of Strength," into Ares, Mars, Mavors or Marspiter, the God of War; and as (omitting the sun) he was, in their astronomy, the next planet to Venus, stories of their love were suggested.

Afterwards the bright planet whose orbit encircled that of Mars, was fabled to be his father, Zeus or Jupiter, while the most distant Saturn became the sire of Zeus.

The planet Mars is the smallest, next to Mercury, its diameter being little more than half the earth's, which would tend to increase the force of gravity enormously, by bringing the surface so near the centre; only on the other hand his mass is so much less—about a ninth of ours—that it reduces his gravity still more, and thus at his surface it is between two and three times less than at the earth's.

The day of Mars is little longer than ours—24h. 37m. 23s.; but his year is nearly double the length of ours—687 days; so the character of his vegetation must differ entirely from the earth's, as our trees and plants would be killed by such a lengthening of their seasons for budding, blooming and bearing fruit.

This planet's orbit being more eccentric than any of the outer planets (except some minor ones), it is sometimes much nearer than at other times. Of course all planets are nearer us when in opposition, than in conjunction.* For when any planet is in superior conjunction with the sun, we must add the 93 million miles which separate us from the sun, to the planet's own distance. When the planet is opposite the sun, we are 93 million miles towards it. Now if at this time Mars happens also to be in perihelion, or at his nearest to the sun, he is also much nearer us, and these favourable times occur about once in 14 years. If also we are as near aphelion as possible (we can never be *quite* in aphelion when Mars is in perihelion), we then lie so far towards him as to be only 34 million

* A mistake occurs in the October (1884) number of these Papers, see p. 383, where Venus is spoken of as "in opposition." An inner planet can never be seen on the opposite side of the heavens to the sun. It should be *superior conjunction* if seen beyond the sun, as opposed to *inferior conjunction*, when on this side of the sun.

miles off, or *nearly seven times as near* as we are at the furthest. Nor is Mars, like Mercury and Venus, lost in the sun's rays. He was thus favourably placed in 1877, when very important discoveries were made. He will be so placed again in 1892.

Mars, seen through a telescope, reveals more than is known of any other orb, save the moon. Well is it called an earth-like planet. First we notice what the Poet-laureate called :

‘The snowy Poles of Moonless Mars.’

He is moonless no longer, but the snowy caps crowning the poles are realities. It was Sir William Herschel who first pointed out the significance of these white spots, demonstrating that they are smaller in the summer and larger in the winter of each hemisphere, and moreover one cap is always, on an average, larger than the other ; and this pole has its winter when the planet is furthest from the sun, as our south pole has more winter ice round it than our north pole, because its mid-winter occurs in aphelion, or about July 1st.

Next we see very distinct markings on the planet's surface, in greenish and reddish patches, and these are shown to be land (red) and seas (green). Mars has an atmosphere, and clouds are discerned, blotting out the fairly clear outlines of land and water. It is interesting to note that these mists and clouds occur most often at the eastern and western edges of the disc, and therefore at those places where it is morning or evening. The noonday skies of Mars are usually clear. It is owing to this atmosphere that we can pronounce certainly that there is water on Mars—for the spectroscope shows the same watery vapour, as in the spectrum of our own atmospheric light. And this is absent from the moon's light.

To what the red colour of Mars is owing is still a mystery. Sir John Herschel thought the prevailing colour of the soil might be red, and certainly continents of such material as the Devonshire cliffs of Dawlish and Teignmouth might produce such an effect.

We can now study Mars from charts as easily as we can learn geography ; and we have the advantage of being able to verify these charts by a true bird's eye view of the planet and its actual continents and oceans,—an impossibility in the case of the earth. Possibly a time is coming when public examiners will require areography as well as geography, and when it will be a mark of bad-breeding not to know whether Laplace Land lies in the northern or southern hemisphere of Mars !

An elementary lesson on the subject had better be given. Roughly speaking, the land only occupies one quarter of the earth's surface, but in Mars we find land and water about equally divided, and so wonderfully interspersed that we might take a journey round the globe by land as easily as by water. Indeed the sailors of Mars are never quite out of sight of land. It has been doubted whether the markings on the charts are all as definite in reality, whether imagination has not supplemented observation, but we must recollect who

made the drawings whence Mr. Proctor constructed his charts. It was Dawes, surnamed the 'eagle-eyed.' Everyone who looks through a telescope must not expect to perceive all he saw; and no doubt there are 'eyes and no eyes' *with* a telescope, as well as without.

The four great continents of Mars lie in its tropics—Mädler, Secchi, Herschel and Beer continents. These are bounded, north and south, by oceans and seas. A belt of lands and islands occupies each temperate zone, while Schröter Sea washes the northern, and Phillips Sea the southern polar ice-cap. A remarkable feature, one of the earliest noticed, is the Kaiser Sea, which, when near the centre of the disc, bears some resemblance to an hour-glass, but when near the edge of the disc looks like a table-leg composed of two curves. There are some very remarkable seas, resembling flasks in shape, leading from the oceans by a long strait or inlet to a small inland sea. The Greenwich of Mars would be in Le Verrier land, to the north of Mädler continent, on the shores of Knobel Sea.

Were an inhabitant of Mars transferred to the earth, we have reason to believe we could make him fairly comfortable. Were he a native of the equatorial regions of Mars, we should take him to Latitude 62°, and settle him in Norway or the Faroe Isles. He would probably find our atmosphere not unlike his own—but he would feel more than twice as heavy as at home; still we could convey him about somehow, and might even bring him as far south as England without scorching him to death. He would be as much alarmed at the voyage as Columbus's sailors were, when first out of sight of land; while the great waves and tides of our free oceans would be very terrifying. Probably the great Russian forests would amaze him, for it is believed that were there any such on Mars, we must detect signs of them; though within the last year observers have thought some grey spots showed change with the changing seasons of Mars.

Were our visitor a botanist he would look in vain for one familiar plant; for not only would our seasons deprive the Martial flowers of half their proper time for blooming, but the difference of gravity would destroy every plant of Mars.

Pluck a lily of the valley, and observe how its bells hang just in the attitude needed for fertilising processes. Strange as it may seem, this is just proportioned to the mass of the whole earth; and were we to transplant our little 'ladder to Heaven' to the sphere we are considering, up would go all the little bells, and the pistils and stamens would find themselves upside down. Similarly, if a nice bright little daisy, adapted to Mars, had been brought with him by our visitor, it would soon, by the force of our gravity, hang its head, as if ashamed of its frivolity, till it would lie prostrate on the earth.

The brightness and size of our moon would surprise our friend, and the phases of Venus would be more easily observed than the earth's were from Mars. But on the other hand, he would miss the number of minor planets which adorn his sky, and Jupiter's satellites would be invisible.

We must now speak of one of the most interesting discoveries of late years—that of the moons of Mars. It had seemed strange that whereas we have one moon, Jupiter four, and Saturn eight, Mars had none. The series is now completed, for Mars doubles our allowance, and has half Jupiter's number of moons. This, however, is only a coincidence, and might well have been otherwise, nor is there any reason to believe that Uranus continues the process, and has sixteen. Another coincidence worth noticing is that Swift in his 'Voyage to Laputa,' possessed by the spirit of prophecy, makes the Laputans discover 'two lesser stars or satellites which revolve about Mars,' and he gives them such short periods as are almost uncanny in their approach to the truth.

The larger and outer satellite was found after much patient search by Professor Hall, at the Royal Naval Observatory, Washington, on the 11th of August, 1877, the last occasion when Mars was very favourably in opposition. The inner moon he found a few days later.

They have been observed since in 1879 and 1881, and the outer one was visible last year. The names given them are Deimos and Phobos, Flight and Fear, because they are the Homeric horses which drew the chariot of Mars. The names are not altogether happy, as Mars rather draws his satellites than they him; and besides, they are most unequally yoked. It seems a pity that Bellona and Neria were not reserved for them. These moons are the tiniest known objects in the Heavens (meteorites excepted), their diameters being about 6 and 7 miles.

The Period of Deimos is 30 hours, 17 minutes, 54 seconds.

„ „ „ Phobos „ 7 „ 39 „ 14 „

A very curious result follows. Bear in mind that the *only* reason the moon and planets *appear* to rise in the east and set in the west daily, is because the earth rotates on its axis faster than their real motion from west to east. If we could rotate exactly in the time our satellite revolved round us, it would appear immovable, and so always in the same part of the sky at any given place. If, however, any heavenly body really made the circuit of the sky quicker than we rotate daily, i.e. in *less* than a day, as well as in the same direction, it would also *appear* to move from west to east and not from east to west—in other words, we should perceive its real motion, it would have no apparent motion; only as we should always be (as it were) rolling after it in the same direction, it would move with an apparently slower motion than it really possesses. Now, remembering that Mars rotates in $24\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and that the period of Deimos is only $30\frac{1}{2}$ hours, it will be seen that though this satellite does rise in the east and move westward, it does this so slowly that he would not set every day, but might, on three successive nights be found still above the horizon, further west each day. Phobos, on the contrary, travelling round the whole heavens in little more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours, is so much quicker than Mars, that he moves the opposite way to his fellow

moon's apparent motion, and so is not a good yoke-fellow at all. Hence it follows that the inhabitants of Mars see the strange sight of two moons moving in opposite directions. At sunset, Deimos might be rising in the east, and with a slow, stately movement, progressing part way up the eastern sky, while Phobos, rising in the west, would rush across the heavens to meet it, and setting in the east in less than 4 hours, he would, on a winter's night, rise again, and before sunrise accomplish most of his eastern journey a second time. Phobos is but 4,000 miles from the surface of Mars, and a good telescope ought to reveal if its tiny globe is inhabited. The 'twelve mile radius' of London could not be accommodated there—while if we allow the same proportion of land and water as on Mars, Manchester would be squeezed.

The orbit of Mars just overlaps that of one of the minor planets. Was Mars then perchance once veritably moonless, and did he at some time capture a minor planet or two? Such speculations might be pursued with much interest and amusement but perhaps with no very great profit.

And this brings us to those numerous and unaccountable little bodies whose interlacing orbits fill the space from the orbit of Mars to within 56 million miles of that of Jupiter. These are named the 'minor planets,' because the diameter of the largest is probably not 300 miles, while some of the smaller ones must fall far short of 100 miles. They were at first incorrectly called Asteroids, or star-like bodies. At the end of the 18th century, great search was made for a planet which should lie between Mars and Jupiter, according to the calculations of Kepler and Bode. And on the first day of the 19th century, Piazzi, at Palermo, discovered Ceres; since which the discoveries have been as follows:

Ceres	in 1801 (Jan. 1st)	by Piazzi.
Pallas	„ 1802	„ Olbers.
Juno	„ 1803	„ Harding.
Vesta	„ 1807	„ Olbers.
Astrea	„ 1845	„ Hencke.
23	in all were discovered by 1852 (end.)	
50	„ „	1857.
219	„ „	1880 (end.)
220	„ „	1881.
244	„ „	Nov. 1st, 1884.

of these, nine were discovered last year. It is said that twenty-eight have only been observed once.

These are designated by their numbers, enclosed in a circle, e.g. (232)

but their finders still wildly name them. Thus 232 rejoices in the prosaic name of 'Russia'; while 'Martha,' 'Thusnelda,' 'Henrietta,' 'Germania,' show how hard up we have become for celestial names.

Vesta is the only one ever visible to the naked eye, but nearest to

us are Medusa and Æthra. Medusa (149), the nearest in mean distance, revolves round the sun in 3 yrs. 44 days, the shortest period of any.

Hilda (153), the most remote, occupies 7 yrs. 11 months and 11 days.

The periods of the rest lie between these. The case of Æthra is curious. She is (132) and at perihelion she is 184 million miles nearer

the sun than at aphelion; and at her nearest approach to the sun she is actually 5 million miles nearer him than Mars is at his furthest. There is, however, no chance of a collision, for the orbit of Æthra is so tilted to that of Mars, that they can never meet. The orbits of a great many minor planets are very much inclined to the Ecliptic, so that we may look for them further from the Zodiac than the greater planets. Also, many of the orbits are very much more eccentric than even Mercury's.

With regard to the probable number of undiscovered minor planets, or of their total mass, we can only say that if the mass of all the minor planets, known and unknown, equalled a quarter of the earth's mass, Le Verrier calculated it would produce a sensible perturbation of the perihelion of Mars—which does not take place—therefore their entire mass cannot be as much as a quarter of the earth's.

The origin of this ring of planets is not yet settled. Professor Olbers suggested that a planet either blew up of itself, or was knocked to pieces by some other body. But what should or could make any planet blow up was never explained; nor is there any evidence that a body exists, capable of knocking another to atoms, and then vanishing for ever. However, had either fate befallen it, every atom, large or small, must, at some portion of its future orbit, pass through the point where it exploded—in other words, all the minor planets must have a common node. But though this chanced to be nearly the case with the three first discovered, it is not true of the rest, and so the explosion theory is abandoned.

Mr. Proctor's 'Aggregation Theory' accounts for them better than any yet put forth. According to this the minor planets may be looked on as the only meteor system visible by reflection. We know there are hundreds such, only here the meteoric masses may have gradually come together and formed masses large enough to be observed. Such meteoric showers as were nearer the sun would be drawn closer to him or to the inner planets; such as were nearer Jupiter would be under his influence; but just between the two, minor aggregations such as these might well be formed.

We often say 'How small the World is!' but think of Ceres and Vesta! The British Isles and a reasonable amount of water, would just pack into Vesta. Writers speculating on life in the smaller

planets, where gravity is weak, often say the men would have to be of enormous size, so as to have any stability. Because, manifestly, *our* ordinary size is proportional to our larger world. Similarly, Jupiter would require a race of elves. But perhaps they hardly take into account the possibility of our suiting the minor planets, if our muscles were strengthened proportionately. For though man is admirably adapted to the size of the earth, so are cats, dogs, beetles and ants, which preserve stability though so small, because, *for their size*, they are much stronger than man. A man whose muscles should have the strength of a beetle's, would be several Samsons in one. On the other hand, the larger animals exist here, and are not oppressed by their weight. So that it is hasty to form any idea of suitable Vesta-men.

Another point which must be considered with regard to the stability of animals is, that they should be able to withstand high winds. Now in the other planets, the force of the wind must vary considerably, for it depends (1) on their velocity of rotation; (2) on their size; (3) on the amount of heat from the sun. Any theory of life on the planets must take all this into consideration.

The question whether the planets *are* inhabited, is rather theological than astronomical, for it concerns what may have been the Will of God with regard to them. Also we must remember they may be inhabited, without the existence of rational beings. They may be in the condition of our globe on the fifth, and beginning of the sixth day of Creation.

We cannot help envying the minor planets their midnight sky, alive with planets dimming the stars, sometimes coming so close as to fill up a great part of the sky with a globe of light far larger than our moon;—a globe, too, that as it drew nearer night by night (supposing the minor planets rotate), would show its geographical features plainly; while the telescope would reveal the growth and decay of forests and large cities, the rise and fall of nations, nay, the very state of the weather! A code of signals once established, and from an observatory of Egeria, might be flashed forth to the telescopes of Astroa, the message "Look out for a storm now leaving Right Scale Continent, bearing down in a south-westerly course over Sabre Ocean, to Left Scale." What a sight must Jupiter's system be from Hilda, which is 5 times as near him as we are; and Æthra's close glimpses of Mars must be very instructive.

If these planets are small, have they not a nearer insight into other worlds than we have?

'There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls.'

BOG-OAK.

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.*

'Tous les esprits justes comprennent le vrai ; tous les esprits fins l'ingenieux ou le délicat ; mais les esprits élevés comprennent seul le beau.'—DE LATÉNA.

God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened : then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is a dream.'—EMERSON.

Constance. Yes ; there are greater signs of honourable wear on my copy of the first part of the *Little Schoolmaster*. But there is a practical reason for that : I have not had the second one so long.

Mary. Of course. But to me the second part is not nearly so lovely as the first. That was a real prose poem. Do tell me what you think of it.

C. It is one of those books which one always does ask one's friends to read, and their opinions when they have done so.

M. Only I always get cross with people if they don't enjoy it as much as I do ! I am afraid that I am quite foolish about Mark ; the telling of the story is so exquisitely simple.

C. And yet its meaning is so difficult. I have been trying to think it out.

M. And no doubt have been spoiling your enjoyment. Why can't you be content to take the book as I do—as a fairy tale for educated people ? I see no great depth in it as a whole, though the thoughts are sometimes most sublime. Vague, perhaps ; but then, the grandest thoughts are those which have so much light in them that they can't be looked at steadily.

C. You are thinking of such passages as those which close chap. iv. and vi. of Part I., and are found in chap. i. and iii. of Part II. That, for instance, which speaks of music as 'the silence of heaven ?'

M. You remember the Italian definition, '*La musca è il lamento dell' amore e la preghiera agli Dei* ?' Perhaps it is the spirit of music, which seems to have passed from sounds into words, which makes me love this book so much. But I do not see how you can enjoy it by thinking most of the 'moral.'

C. And I think that one can appreciate it more.

M. Very well. I daresay that one will at least admire the way in which philosophy is disguised. I like the story of the peasant boy

* *The Little Schoolmaster Mark : a spiritual romance.* By J. H. Shorthouse. Two parts. Macmillan & Co., 1884-5.

who finds himself in the world of refinement, and in the second part I feel that the author is dragging forward some explanation, which doesn't matter to me. Let me keep the poetry! But by all means talk about simplicity being brought into contact with complex self-conscious civilisation—if that will give me any idea of what you like in it. Turn the rainbow into a prism! Drag me under the chariot-wheels of your philosophy!

C. As if you, who read poetry with such enjoyment, didn't know that it is 'philosophy with wings!' As if you and I would ever talk as we do, unless we enjoyed the excursions we make into the spiritual world.

M. Spiritual! *spirituel*? I am glad that the word is beginning to have the same significance in England now as it has abroad. You mean the intellectual, not, specially, the religious world.

C. I use it as Mr. Shorthouse does on his title-page.

M. I had not thought about the title-page. I suppose 'a spiritual romance' is old allegory 'writ large?'

C. It means more than allegory or parable, I think. 'Romance' includes, of course, all that you like; 'spiritual' means what interested me most: that world which is perceived by 'the soul,'—feeling, morality, or religion. Two classes of people know that it exists; the thinkers, who, after all, can only perceive by feeling, and those who half consciously are led to think because they can feel.

M. One sees more and more that the 'world of insight' has never been personally discovered by many people. But among thinkers, its spiritual side is sometimes denied.

C. And therefore, one is very glad to see popular writing take the Platonic side. But it won't do to begin *ab ovo* in every case. Still, Platonism is a term which is a shorthand sign for that school to which our noblest thinkers have belonged; and you should——

M. Excuse me! Remember I am not on your level. '*Les vues philosophiques sont prises de haut; ainsi n'appartiennent elles qu'aux esprits élevés.*' I am quite willing to follow you in your climb for Edelweiss. But you must give me a hand. The author of *The Little Schoolmaster* is a Platonist?

C. Yes. You will understand *John Inglesant* and the present work all the better for knowing what that means.

M. But I don't. I'll excuse your giving me Plato at a gulp. Give me some concentrated essence—or teach me by philosophic rule of thumb, if that isn't quite too shocking to your advanced mind.

C. You ask too much from my backward mind. Remember, only the great magician could bottle up a gigantic genie in a tiny phial. But for a 'rule of thumb.' Let me see. The school of which Plato is a leader holds that an absolute truth exists, and that, as may be said, the intellect of each, in varying capacity, is to the great Intellect what a numerator is to the denominator of a fraction.

M. The perfect Whole Number is divine. But——

C. This Truth, in which—'in Whom,' I should say—'we live, and move, and have our being,' must be perceived by the soul of each. It is fidelity to the manner in which each sees truth that makes the good man; it is capacity for its perception which makes the great spirit. Platonism, therefore, affirms that there is a spiritual world.

M. But Christianity—

C. For those who are Christian Platonists the affirmation of philosophy is supplemented. But, as thinkers, we may recognise that we must look through the windows of our own conscious thought into the spiritual kingdom, even if the light of the Sun of Righteousness illuminate that for us. For such Light changes nothing in the realm of thought and of existence: it brightens and consecrates all.

M. You mean that if we believe in the Christian faith to us is given a proof of the existence of the divine world? And if philosophers say that the gulf is impassable, we declare that, nevertheless, we have a link between the two. But I don't see why we are taking this road to get at the *Little Schoolmaster* Mark?

C. Because it is when the soul is deeply conscious of the existence of this spiritual world, it becomes a teacher: 'God has spoken to me, directly: I must speak. I know—I must show.' Don't let us forget that we learn truth, taught of God—as well as from man. He teaches us through others, every one knows. Some of His best lessons He only teaches to each one as the learner is able for it, and that knowledge—

M. Do you include all means of learning and all its objects in this?

C. I have believed so. And it is a very helpful belief. Few thoughts are more sublime to me than that of Kepler, when making astronomical discoveries, declaring that he was thinking again the thoughts of God.

M. Then you think that reception, conception and perception of truth, is the establishment of communication between the Unseen and the Seen?

C. That is just the portion of Platonic theory which I wanted you to remember. Teachers are those who bridge the gulf between the two worlds.

M. Perfecting their race—aspiring after God, across the deep. How often thinkers and artists seem to be like children, grasping at what is high above their heads. In a moment the bough of fair white blossom flies up again against the glad spring sky. They have nothing but a few buds and some falling petals.

C. I like reverently to think that the great Teacher Himself in His humanity knew the glorious pain which all great men have known . . . You see now why the book has its title *The Little Schoolmaster*?

M. Do you mean that it is the story of a teacher? Ah! I see,—both what you have been telling me, and something which I had not known before. It is a spiritual biography of the modern teacher.

C. Had you not noticed the preface? But take the story as typical of anyone who feels that to him or to her it is given to be a link between the two worlds.

M. The call lies in the character. Mark became a schoolmaster—the little schoolmaster, in his innocence, and child-like faith, and beauty—by hereditary bias of temperament, purity of life, and devotional training.

C. Yet he has authority from authority. And also notice that though he has taught because he must teach, and he will only teach in his own fashion, yet he must conform to conventionality outwardly before he will be listened to—admitted at all into the world of culture.

M. The Palace Joyeuse? And the Prince? Art, does it not say in the latter part?

C. Yes: but in its widest sense. He is philosophy or culture, living in *the world*,—limited to that meant by society when it uses the term—the life in which taste is the standard of morality. It has a great sense of the beauty of religion—for the poor, for women.

M. Now I see that the Prince is the embodiment of what one may call the best phase of religious irreligion in our own day. One often meets the Prince in society, and, oftener still, in literature just now.

C. And the Prince, with all his poetry, knows nothing of the witness Mark would bear to the goodness of God. When Mark would point out that the soul of man is a mirror which reflects the unseen eternal truths—

M. You suggest to me an analogy which helps me. One can fix a mirror so as to reflect what by looking straight from one's window one cannot possibly see—nor, as when I was ill, cannot possibly get up to look at.

C. And one can see more clearly in a mirror than the men in Plato's cave could as the shadows passed before them! The Prince, however, thinks religion is poetry for the educated, morality for the poor, unreality for all.

M. Who is the Signorina?

C. Art herself, lovely and wayward,—drawing her deepest inspiration from beauty and from sorrow. Religion resents her freedom. But there is real sympathy between the two. And eventually she is to be the bond of union for all.

M. I would take her as imaginative art—whether music, art in its restricted sense, or literature; but especially as music. That is the universal language of expression for poetical natures.

C. And that is why the conversation on music pleases us. How charmingly drawn is the old Arlecchino.

M. Reminding us of that favourite theme in art and in literature: 'the pathos 'neath the cap and bells,' 'tis a right dry melancholy, that of the curious old man.

C. There is much effect in grouping that, and the sympathetic

sorrow of art, and the languid disillusioned tone of the Prince, round the deep sadness which falls on Mark's spirit.

M. Touching as I felt it before, I now see what it means, and feel its power tenfold. The allegory is exquisitely worked out. One feels that if any one asked one to give an account of it, one could only dare to read it; each word is wanted, and there are not too many.

C. And may not this be very helpful? It is a very hard temptation to some to face—not persecution, not a sneer, but kindly approving toleration. Mark is miserable, because he is treated so well. That is the 'Woe' which the teacher can understand. Religion is treated as synonymous with civilisation, not with worship.

M. I see the pause, the doubt, the rousing of his own passion, the inward struggle, the wonder which is right after all.

C. And is not that natural, as story or as allegory, that the fresh, spring sunshine, calming the ruffled spirits, allows the heights again to be reflected? The mirror of the soul is not of molten metal: it is as of water. It is in vain to seek for reflections in it when we have disturbed it.

M. How do you understand the Princess Isoline? As the Church?

C. I think so; taking that as the common ground of organised religious effort. Notice, her palace-windows look but to the north.

M. The region from which no direct light comes? What does it all mean? Does the author think Church life a failure?

C. Face it boldly. See what is really meant. I think it is very well for us women to remind ourselves that we are liable to be content with what I remember seeing called in one of Mr. Robertson's sermons: 'the *feminine* side of religion.'

M. The often misapplied 'honest doubt' quotation, is inevitable here.

C. In reading history, in looking around, in knowledge of ourselves—dare we say that the Princess Isoline was not right when she described some of her workers as further from the spiritual insight which comes from purity of heart and rectitude of purpose, than some of those who would not accept any of her rules?

M. Yet they, in the allegory, or in life, are not those who, like the Prince, look on this insight only as a means of culture for others. Both the latter are outside the 'Kingdom of Heaven.'

C. Then, one sees as Mr. Shorthouse describes her, Princess Isoline is in herself grand and noble, more noble even than Mark, though it was his sympathetic love of truth which makes her confess what is a melancholy truth. It is perhaps less a truth than it was. And you see, in the second part, that Isoline is changed of late years.

M. As of old with the prophets, so now with the teachers, part of their work is to collect the worn truths, and preserving the same metal, to recoin them, so that once more the image of the King is to be clearly seen.

C. And you see how the teaching leads the teacher on. He, having

‘attained something of the liberty of the Sons of God,’ having learnt, as a few learn, what that means: ‘love and do what you will,’ is not allowed to accept the shelter of the rule which is necessary for the workers under the Princess. Nor can he go back to the village.

M. I like these words of the Princess, ‘do not be afraid to die.’ No: for the ‘mystic presence’ of the teacher after death does far more for his work than with all his labour he has done in life. The life of the teacher is hard—

C. Notice how, just when the knowledge of the weak side of organised religious effort presses most upon him—he is brought face to face with its alternative. The Princess and the Count are naturally the masculine and feminine embodiments of the world-spirit, which cares little for culture, and mocks religion openly—the woman contemptuously, the man cynically.

M. Poor little Mark—

C. To me this is the gem of the whole work. I know not how it may strike others. The subordinate allegory reaches its highest point. The teacher, passing through uneasiness and hopelessness, is attacked by worldliness, cynicism, infidelity. Stunned by the great wave of deadening unbelief, he is thrown on the shore of despair. There is no agony like that when such a crisis comes to a pure, young soul. All around there is a ‘vast unfathomable void.’

M. Do you believe that all thinkers have felt it? Pascal—

C. Reverently, I say, God knows. That any one could speak of such an hour, except to strengthen others, would prove he had not been in the lowest depths. That depth is not the same as the ‘merely sunless circles of doubt or denial.’

M. Perhaps we are all meant to know something of the depth to which purely mental suffering can go. I don’t know whether I have read it or thought it, but it has sometimes been firmly impressed on my mind that the reason why the purest and best souls suffer most in this way, is that they may learn the same lesson that is learnt by others from remorse. In neither case is it possible for a soul to remain long at the lowest point of suffering that it can touch . . .

C. It may be so . . .

M. Is not that a happy phrase which describes how the Prince looked on the Count—‘with a lazy dislike?’

C. And very true how culture does come to the aid of religion. Those who are ‘only moralists’ are most eloquent apologists for our faith.

M. It ends, not logically, not convincingly,—but

‘The Count looked at the boy with a smile. Mark’s face was flushed, his eyes sparkling and full of tears.

“Well, Herr Tutor,” said the Count, not unkindly, “dost thou say all that?”

“Yes,” said the boy, “God helping me, I say all that.”

“Thou mightst do worse, Tutor, than follow the Prince.”’

C. That is what the author means, I think, that culture, art, and the purity of heart which sees God, are on the same road . . . I am afraid that I never care to read on.

M. Oh! don't you like the description of the masque? And the end: 'the play was stopped.'

C. To me the highest interest lies in the three contending for the soul of man.

M. But, excuse me, you must not do what the author has not done, drown romance in the allegory. You have made the story seem deeper and higher than I thought it was. But dwell as much as you like on the meaning, let me enjoy the telling.

C. Do I not feel that? But I confess that I do not understand the entire drift of the second part. If I do—as a matter of opinion,—I cannot agree with it.

M. There is no difficulty in the first chapter,—if we follow out the same lines.

C. There we trace a new departure, both on the part of the Church and of the philosophic world,—one which brings them nearer to each other. Culture looked to pleasure, now it looks to pain, as the basis of the artistic life: the Church is to learn that 'there is no such thing as the secular life.'

M. And modern music is especially the language of suffering; but, again, it must be artistic. Modern art returns to nature. Modern life endeavours to sympathise with the poor. 'Modern writings must be dipped in the life-blood of the author.'

C. Yet this, though higher, is not on the height. The Prince does not become religious, not even more moral; he is simply more melancholy and more interesting. He is yet able to hit on the sublime thought, which Isoline has not always perceived, that each man should endeavour to carve out his life, as if all were perfect.

M. Is the softening of Isoline typical of the greater power and sympathy of Church life now? I suppose that the Signorina being taught by the old man is art drawing inspiration from life; he strengthening her, she idealising him.

C. You see that none can idealise who do not know reality.

M. Is the attempt of the Prince to take the girl from her old master, that of Culture to secularise art,—to make it an enervating luxury?

C. And thereby to destroy what would, even from a merely artistic point of view, give art its value. The old maestro represents, of course, that lower side, which accepts a low view for expediency's sake. Yet art which appeals to the passions only—

M. And philosophy, which has spun cobwebs for itself, of the necessity of completing its life harmoniously, of taking happiness as the chief end—

C. Suddenly perceive that after all mere culture has no moral basis.

M. And the Prince sees that himself. He has wandered in a circle, and has come round to the point where the uncultivated man began. He is no better when the real test comes.

C. But why should he retreat to Hernnhutt? * And I do not follow the sudden conversion of the worldly Princess.

M. Do you suppose that the author uses the word 'Mass,' as a piece of local colouring in the story?

C. And takes it as the highest service common to Catholicism? I suppose so. It is rather in the anthem than in that, that we should look for his idea of reunion. 'The gates of the city of the sunlight are many.'

M. It reminds me of an eloquent sermon I heard on the Beatitudes. 'There are eight gates to the kingdom of Heaven, these words seem to say. Is there not one by which we may enter?'

C. Mark's story, I think, illustrates this: 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' And that is why I think it is such a helpful book just at this time.

M. You do not think that some might take it as reviving the old mystic doctrines, or as preaching contentment with a vague, dreamy religion?

C. You remember what Canon Kingsley said: 'the mystics are terribly practical people.'

M. We really have no more time. Who could have thought that in such a small compass one would have found so much to think of?

C. We have not nearly exhausted it, even from my point of view. And I doubt not that we should find much more in it, if we could climb higher. For, after all, simple though it looks, *The Little Schoolmaster* Mark is a philosophic work.

M. Yet only to be understood by one who knows what Tennyson means when he speaks of the King,—human nature—having

'. . . Moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the High God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again: ye have seen what ye have seen.'

C. Yes.

'So spake the King: I know not all he meant.'

* It has been pointed out to the writer that the retreat of the Prince to Hernnhutt, 'was the desperate rush to the most opposite pole of religious life—of course merely temporarily, and quite, or nearly quite, useless.'

The explanation of a conclusion which has not seemed quite to come up to the earlier part, is given in a suggestive and appreciative review in a daily paper, (*Glasgow News*, Jan. 19, 1885), as follows:—'The close of this brilliant little treatise on life leaves the Prince and the Princess von Isenberg Wertheim convinced that neither religion apart from the world, nor pleasure wholly, nor art followed as a religion can make life happy: but that we must live with others and for others, by the light of conscience, acknowledging the impotence of our will, and enjoying as we go on in the path of duty, all the pleasure that art can give.'

LETTERS FROM THE SOUDAN.

Handab, Jan. 7, 1885.

I RECEIVED your letter of December 5 to-day. I fear I have been a long time without writing, but it is really impossible to write when on the move by the Nile.

You will have seen by the papers how we are getting on. Since the 30th of last month I have been correspondent for the *Central News Agency* so you would soon see if anything happened to me. The regular correspondent has gone with General Stewart's column, leaving me to act for him here; there is some difficulty in sending telegrams, as the wire stops at Merawi, but the chief of the staff kindly allows me to send them by his camel, which goes there every day.

We are here in tents, in great comparative comfort, and get in fresh meat from the surrounding country; I also forage for 'Dhurra' which is a Nubian kind of Indian corn. I have picked up a grindstone and grind a certain amount every day, with which my servant makes a very good substitute for porridge; this, with milk, which I am able to get, is a great luxury.

Our band is playing now outside my tent, and we feel as though we were established here, where tents seem luxurious habitations, and bivouacking the ordinary way of living. But really I have been in tents at home up to October, without discomfort, and they are very healthy; three can sleep comfortably in a bell tent. We are waiting here for the brigade to concentrate, and, being so near the enemy, are all very anxious to get on: I suppose General Stewart will advance to Shendy and that we shall meet him there, and go on together to Khartoum, or perhaps he will go on alone. I am sure, after the way our men have worked—both officers and men in such heart—we are ready to go anywhere. We have two companies on outpost duty all night, and cavalry videttes by day; the regiment stand to their arms for an hour before daylight every morning, which is the time when an attack is expected, and a cavalry patrol goes out at the same time, so it is not probable that we shall be surprised. Half of the nineteenth Hussars will accompany the brigade on the bank, throwing out scouts; and some of the infantry will march where there are passes; we are all very sanguine as to the result. The press correspondence will give me a good deal of extra work; I do not know whether I shall be able to carry it on, but I mean to try. The present notion seems to be that we shall go by boats to Abu Ahmed, open the desert route at this end, then on to Berber. We are throwing up forts wherever we go; I do hope we shall not be left to

garrison any of them. It is night now, and our drums are banging away; we marched (or rowed) out of our last encampment with the band playing 'Home, Sweet Home.' I daresay you saw Handab on the map, at the top of the Garinded Cataract up which we easily rowed. We think nothing of cataracts now, and I think would take Niagara in a walk.

Handab, Jan. 23, 1885.

We have a good deal to do here. One night our spies brought in word that the enemy were within eight miles of our pickets, so we all got up and were on the alert the whole night, but they had gone forward and entrenched themselves higher up the river. The General has lots of paid spies out and makes constant cavalry reconnaissances, so he knows pretty exactly what they are doing, and we are not likely to be taken by surprise.

There was an old Scotchman at Korti who had been all round the world, and he said this is the hardest job any general has undertaken since Hannibal crossed the Alps. All here are in splendid health; there was so much weeding out, and all who had the slightest sign of anything wrong were rejected, as they could not have stood the work. We have had four officers invalided, and are now only 550 strong, but all these are in first rate condition: for those who can stand it, it is a most healthy life, working up the river, and all our muscles are as hard as iron.

We expect to go on, probably to-morrow, our regiment leading; two of our companies, including all the best shots, forming the advanced guards, which is a great honour; then the 42nd, the 76th, the cavalry, camels, and six guns flanking us, and reconnoitering for us. We are practising to disembark ready armed, in a hurry, tho' there ought to be no need for this, as the cavalry can give us lots of warning.

You will think I have delayed a long time in answering your letter of December 12, but it is really by return post, yours having been delayed a mail on the way up. You must not expect to hear from me for some time now, as even if I had time to write, there will probably be no way of sending letters till we get to Abu Ahmed, and there is a great deal to be gone through before that is reached. Please give my love to——. It is a great thing, when we are working up here to know that there are many at home watching our movements and taking an interest in them.

Khyber Khan Pass, Feb. 11, 1885.

MY DEAR —,

You will have been glad to have seen that we carried the heights here yesterday after three hours' hard fighting; I escaped without a scratch, and I think I can honestly say I was in the thick of it. We started at six in the morning, our regiment leading with the Black Watch, and got round behind the rebels' position after a

very long march; they were on a succession of ridges over-looking a rapid, over which they evidently intended to bar our progress; above this, inland, was a mountain with a strong loop-holed fort on the top. My company were told to begin operations by taking this fort, which we did by advancing in sections by rushes across the plain, then fixing bayonets, and charging up the hill. In addition to the three company officers, our Colonel and Major Webber Smith came with us; the men charged splendidly,—officers in front all cheering as we charged.

In addition to the fire from the hill, we were exposed to a heavy flank fire from the ridges; the ground was simply ploughed up all round us; if we had not been in open order we should have lost nearly all our men; most of the bullets passed through us in this charge. Captain Horsbrugh, Lieutenant Colborne, and thirteen men fell wounded; I was the only company officer that reached the top. We completely drove the enemy out of all but the loop-holed fort, which, on account of our losses we were not strong enough to take. Our Colonel just got to the top when he was shot through the heart; he was beside me at the time; all he said was, 'God have mercy on my poor wife and children,'—and fell dead.

We then entrenched ourselves about thirty yards from the fort, and were soon joined by half of another company; we held this post while the Highlanders and two and a half companies of ours carried the ridges, which they did by firing volleys, and then charging with the bayonet, the pipes playing all the time. We were all in scarlet; the men worked exactly as if on parade, filling up the gaps as they occurred.

General Earle was shot on the ridges: Webber Smith sent me down then to bring up two more companies to take the fort; I joined them and we made a combined bayonet charge, my company on the hill firing whenever a head appeared above the fort. We drove them completely out; they fought with the greatest desperation and fanaticism—had to be actually bayoneted at their posts.

Colonel Eyre is a great loss to us; a splendid old soldier,—thirty-three years in the regiment, and in four campaigns. But he could not have died a finer death, and he was a thoroughly religious man. I am very well indeed; I had a slight touch of fever yesterday, but the fight has completely cured it.

‘NAH:’ A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

THERE were seven of us in the old Rectory Nursery when I first remember her. I was the fifth, and must have been about four years old when ‘Nah’ began to be part and parcel of my life and recollection.

She came to my mother shortly before the birth of the first of us—my eldest sister; so that she must have been with us five years when I was born.

My father’s rectory was in one of the prettiest parts of the Midlands. He held it for forty-four years, and ‘Nah’ was with us thirty-two of those years.

Our nursery was a large cold room, with a long low lattice window filling almost all one side. A very pretty window it was, looking into a large old fashioned back approach; but it let in plenty of draughts, and, in heavy rain, water too, which made charming little pools on the broad window-sill for our special delectation.

We were brought up strictly and hardily. Our nursery had no carpet; there was a small hearth rug in front of a very high fender; an old oval oak table with many legs, delightful for creeping in and out of; a rocking chair, several deal stools of different heights, half a dozen rush bottomed chairs, and a cupboard in the wall, the upper shelves containing nursery crockery, and the lower given up to our few treasured toys. That was all; bare indeed as compared with the nurseries of these days; but we were very fond of it, it was larger and roomier than those of our neighbours, and above all, ‘Nah’ was always there.

But how cold it was! Besides the draughty window, three doors opened into it, one leading into the night nursery (where I never remember seeing a fire in our young days), the second into my mother’s room, and the third into the long back passage.

‘Nah’ was a small, thin, pale woman, with extremely refined, well cut features, grey hair, and beautiful eyes. But she was very delicate. I too well remember her frequent coughs, but I cannot recollect any special care being given to her in those days. I cannot say how dearly we all loved her. I could not exaggerate the clinging affection we had for her. I have heard my two eldest sisters describe in later years, the misery they went through, when about ten and nine years of age, they feared lest ‘Nah’ should die in an attack of illness she then had. Child-like they had always put words to the church bells’ chime ‘Come to church’; but on this sad Sunday the bells could only be made to say ‘Nah will die’; and their little

hearts stood still in agony. We were not accustomed in those days to carry our troubles to anyone but Nah herself, so, in despair of going to her, the children agreed to tell it all to God instead; and this was their first grasping of the comfort of 'casting all your care upon Him.'

And then what an awful dread haunted us all for years, that Nah might marry! She was always exquisitely neat in her dress; no one ever seemed to have such soft white aprons. Ah! how many troubles have been sobbed away with the little face buried in Nah's lap, and how many hundred tears have been tenderly dried with those aprons!

Every now and then, with old fashioned care, she aired all her better and seldom used wardrobe. There was a white silk shawl, very handsomely embroidered at the corners, but we could never endure the sight of it. The moment it was shaken out of its lavender and paper we took fright, fearing it was intended for her wedding adornment. The whole family, boys and girls, would, according to their ages and sexes, give way, tears and implorations from the little ones and girls, fierce anger on the part of my eldest brother, and no peace or happiness was possible until the dreaded shawl was put away again!

Nah must have had very hard work with us for some time;—seven children in the nursery, and only a young rough girl of twelve or fourteen to help her. She suffered always from a tendency to full throat, or 'goitre;' and it grieves me now to think how much she must have quietly borne, carrying for years one heavy child after another, and thus hopelessly increasing her malady.

Our mother died of fever, while we were still very young. When she left us, we were of all ages between five and thirteen; and, from the time of her death, Nah became most truly mother to us, one and all.

When first engaged she was to have fifteen pounds a year—high wages in those days—to be raised if the family increased. When my mother died, she was receiving over twenty pounds yearly. The nursery being broken up, to our sorrow, by my two little brothers going to school, she became cook and housekeeper; and she then told my father that her wish was to return to her original wages of fifteen pounds; and, in spite of his urging her to remain as she was, she never would take a farthing beyond this sum.

Knowing, as I now do, what work really is, I cannot imagine how she got through the amount she did. Truly with her, whatever her hand found to do, she did it with all her might—and that, too, with rapidly failing health and strength. What she was to us through all the early years of our lives we can never tell. She was so good, so pure, so true in all she did and said, so full of sympathy, and yet so invariably loyal and just.

We were, as I have said, strictly, I might almost say severely

brought up. We were never excused, and very rarely escaped punishment, sometimes of a very severe kind. I can well remember often flying to 'Nah,' boiling with indignation, and full of mutiny at some bit of extra discipline; and I seem even now to hear her calm, 'Hush, my child, you shan't say it, be quiet, remember it is your father!'—but all the time the tears would be rolling down her own face.

She was, what would be considered in these days, uneducated. I never remember hearing her read, and her spelling and writing were always a trouble to her. She kept most of the household accounts, always right to a farthing, but always to be written out by 'one of the young ladies' before my father saw them.

I learnt all my house-keeping under 'Nah.' I, like all young hands, looked for perfection, both of work and temper, from our under servants. I remember complaining strongly to her about some small piece of neglect in a young housemaid's work, and her answer I have never forgotten: 'My child, you expect too much. When you are quite perfect yourself, in your temper, and sound judgment, and common sense—when you never give way to a little idleness or carelessness, then you may begin to expect perfection in the same way from an uneducated half-taught girl like Sarah.' Sound advice indeed, as I have found for years.

We lost one little brother at eleven years of age. He had a long, painful illness, three months in bed, and she nursed him through it all. His faint cry of 'Nah, darling Nah,' haunts me sometimes now. She indeed soothed and comforted him as no one else could, and, in his easier moments, he would tell my father that there was no one like 'Nah' in all the world, and that he should be sure to tell mother how good she was.

After his death we had no break till my eldest brother left us for India, and then we again had an even life till my eldest sister's marriage.

This brought down our actual home numbers to three sisters, and my father; my youngest brother being at school, and subsequently at college.

After my sister's marriage, we were able to give Nah the old night nursery for her own room again. I had the day nursery for mine—altered now, with a passage taken off, excluding the many doors. I was thus close to Nah, and she was from this time more cared for, as to comforts, than ever before in her life. We were older, and more able to understand how delicate and suffering she often was.

Five years after my eldest sister's marriage, we had a terrible grief in the sudden, and totally unexpected death of our most dear third sister. We sisters were all so near together in age, and had, all our lives, been so much to each other, that we often called ourselves 'the thrins;' and the awful blank of our middle one being so suddenly taken from us I cannot describe. We knew, thank God! that she

had indeed 'gone home;' but oh! how we wanted her dear bright self here. I remember my second sister's first gleam of comfort for me was, 'Remember, we have still got Nah!'—Yes! indeed we had: though that word 'still' showed that we felt how uncertain her length of days would be with us.

My dear sister died early in the autumn, and all through that next winter, Nah failed visibly. The affection in her throat rapidly increased, and we saw her sufferings growing worse daily. But with the return of summer she revived a little, and never would believe that it hurt her to go to church twice each Sunday. I don't think it did. I am sure that the comfort and strength she found there sustained her week by week.

Our old fashioned pew faced hers, and I grew to be always watching her dear wasted face from my own corner. After she was gone I never sat there again. For ten years I sat so as to be with my back to where she used to sit; but I never faced her seat again.

By the time winter again set in, there was no longer room for hope, it was plain to our aching hearts that Nah was going to leave us. I had for years read much to her. All the MONTHLY PACKETS then published, and 'Heartsease,' 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 'The Daisy Chain,' these all were favourites of Nah's, and I read them to her many times; but during the last three months she wanted simply the Bible, 'The Christian Year,' and 'Lyra Anglicana.' These I read to her daily. She suffered agonies from her throat, but never one murmur, hardly one sigh, did I ever hear. Often, when reading to her, I, knowing the verses or hymn by heart, would watch her dear face, and see tear after tear slowly fall till I could not speak clearly myself. Then, when heart-broken I would kneel by her, longing to relieve the pain I could not touch, she would smile so lovingly upon me, saying, as brightly as she could, 'It's all right, my darling; it's not so *very* bad.'—Not so very bad!—ah! God and herself alone knew how bad it was.

By Christmas she was quite confined to her room, and early in the new year she had an attack of bronchitis, from which there was no strength to rally. During the last two days of her life, the pain in her throat ceased; mercifully and lovingly we were dealt with indeed! Our kind doctor came early in the morning of her death, simply to say good bye to her, and to tell us that the end was near.

When he was gone, she turned to me saying, 'My darlings, do you *know*?—I could only kiss those trembling worn hands, I could not speak. She leant back on her pillows, saying, 'Then I don't mind; if only my children *know*, I don't mind.'

Hour after hour went by with words of hope and comfort from her to 'her children:' loving messages to those away, and joyful looking forward to meeting those already 'at home' before her. And then, later on, intense glowing faith and trust seemed to swallow up her earthly love. Every now and then she would fondly lay her dear

hands on ours, saying 'Don't fret my darlings—don't fret!—I shall soon be asleep—I am very very tired.'

At nine o'clock that evening, my father administered the Holy Communion to her. She gathered up all her remaining strength for the Service she had loved so long, and entered into it with more vigour than we thought was left, either in mind or body. And when the Service was over, she lay very still, only by a slight pressure of her hand, or tender loving look, showing us that she heard each prayer and hymn we said beside her.

Just before eleven o'clock she became a little restless, and asked to be moved to the sofa. We moved her: she lay still for a few minutes: then, looking at me, she suddenly raised herself, and putting her arms round my neck she said, in an intensely yearning voice '*My Darling!*'—I felt her arms relax: I laid her gently back on her pillows: there was one long shivering sigh, and as my sister began the 'Nunc Dimittis,' 'Nah' was at rest!

We laid her to sleep close to our own graves: a white cross marks her resting place: and the inscription tells how dearly loved and loving she was, with the text,

'So He giveth His beloved sleep,' and
'Not as a servant, but as a mother beloved.'

A SKETCH OF B.C. 75.

... 'A wild, childish man,
Who could not write or speak, but only loved.'
—BROWNING.

I.

'LEAVE me, Amyntas. I cannot keep up any more. No, don't stay with me—go on alone; never mind me—I shall die before they come up.'

The words came out with a gasping sob, and the speaker reeled and would have fallen, but for the two strong arms that were round him, and held him up. The two lads were standing in the gathering darkness, on a lonely mountain track among the Apennines. The wind moaned wearily through the chestnuts and larches, driving up great masses of grey cloud from the western sea, and faintly, between the gusts, as Amyntas listened, came the tramp of horses' hoofs, far down on the rocky bridle-path. And his heart died within him as he looked at the slight boyish form, and the curly head leaning heavily on his shoulder.

'See, Glaukon—only a few minutes longer—we will take that path to the left, and let them pass us, if only we can get in before they come in sight.'

It was hardly a path—one could only just discern an opening in the ragged brushwood, the 'macchia' of these days, the tangle of myrtle and lentisk that skirted the track. Half-carrying, half-dragging Glaukon along, Amyntas plunged into it, tearing his hands on the prickly branches as he lifted them away to shield his friend from them. The ground was either bare and rocky, or covered with loose leaves on which their feet left no tracks; but a short time after they had struck into it, the path divided into two.

'That's it!' cried Amyntas; 'we'll be one too many for them now. We'll go this way to the left, leaving them to get farther and farther away from us. And just look here!'

Along the path to the right, the one they were not going to take, lay a patch of soft, clayey soil. Amyntas ran quickly along it, leaving the tracks of his bare feet distinctly enough, and returned backwards, so that all the prints might point in the same direction.

'Now, if they do follow us so far, they will miss us here,' he said, as he returned to Glaukon, who had sunk down on the ground, too tired to stand for even a few minutes. 'Only a little while longer now, and then you shall rest.'

Glaukon rose slowly without a word, and for another hour or more, they struggled on, clinging close together. Amyntas's left arm was round Glaukon's waist, and with his right he pushed aside the branches which made his progress more difficult. His feet were bleeding from the sharp rocks and thorns; he had given his brogues of untanned cowhide to Glaukon, when the Greek boy's thin sandals had dropped to pieces that morning; but he still walked firmly, and would have got on quickly, but for the almost helpless weight he had to support. Meanwhile, he kept his eyes and ears wide open. It was now so dark, that there was not much to be perceived, even by the keen sight of the Illyrian mountaineer, which, with his ready wit, and supple sinews, had stood him in good stead that day; so he listened all the more intently for any sound. The tramp of horse-hoofs seemed to have died away, no sound betokening any human neighbourhood was to be heard; only the fox's bark, the owl's hoot, and now and then the far-off howl of a wolf.

'That's nothing,' he said to himself. 'Even if you met us, I had rather face two or three of you, than those that are riding along the valley. If that were all,' he went on, 'I could save him easily enough then: if they come up, there is only one way;' and he grasped something in his belt—'that must not be, they shall not have him!'

They had now come to an open space, where the brushwood tangle retreated a little, leaving a small grassy glade at the foot of a steep face of the hill that towered up above their heads. And, just then, a streak of moonlight burst through the clouds, and lit up clearly a low, black opening right before them.

'Glaukon, Glaukon, look up, we are safe!'

Glaukon smiled faintly, but did not speak. Amyntas, making a great effort in his weariness, caught him up in his arms as if he had been a child, and carried him into the cave. He had discovered it long ago, when he was out herding sheep on the mountains (though he had forgotten it till now), and knew that a little way in, where it seemed to end, there was a sudden turn to the right; and in that recess, a spring bubbled up and flowed on for a few feet, to lose itself again in the mysterious depths of the limestone caverns. He heard the sound now, and followed it, and presently found the heap of dry moss and fern he remembered gathering to sleep on. He laid Glaukon tenderly down upon it.

'Now you must have a drink from the spring, and you'll be all right. Let me go and fetch it.' For Glaukon still clung with both arms round his neck.

'No, no,—don't leave me, Amyntas. It does not matter now,—only a few minutes—I shall die very soon!'

'Nonsense!' said Amyntas,—but his voice quivered, and he laid the weary head on his shoulder and tried to soothe him, tenderly as a woman. But the boy went on in low, broken murmurs, 'It is well—well to die here in the dark and quiet, with only you

by . . . I could not bear to die away from you, Amyntas . . . you are so good and true . . . It is all over now, and I shall not be a trouble to you any more, and you—you will be able—'

The head dropped more heavily on his shoulder, and the convulsive clasp of the fingers relaxed: Amyntas drew him closer into his arms, kissing the pale forehead again and again, and chafing the cold hands in his.

'Oh Glaukon, Glaukon!' he cried,—'Just as I had saved him! Glaukon!'

He laid him down carefully on the bed of moss and ferns, and, laying over him the sheepskin cloak from his own shoulders, went to fetch water from the spring, in the gourd he carried with him. He bathed his lips and forehead, and tried again to bring some warmth into his limbs, calling him softly by name all the while, but Glaukon did not awake. The night wore slowly on, as he crouched there beside him, in dumb, dog-like grief, holding the lifeless form in his arms, and vainly listening for any signs of returning consciousness. He could not have told afterwards what thoughts were passing through his mind then,—he was only a poor Illyrian slave, lonely and untaught, with nothing to love and look up to, but this beautiful Athenian lad, whom he worshipped with a devotion that was half reverence, half protecting tenderness. But if he had been able to do so, they would have been something like this.

'He cannot die,—surely he cannot die while I love him so!—I will not let him go!—Down in the dim underworld they have so many, many coming down every day,—great consuls and imperators and rich men like Lentulus, and beautiful young maidens . . . Surely they cannot want him,—and I have no other . . . and yet,—they say they are cruel, the great gods down there, whoever they may be, delighting to take the loved from those that love them . . . I remember, when Lentulus lost his only son, what mourning there was . . .

'Yet I wonder if they never have any pity. They are awful, grim, unyielding,—but yet I have heard say that they love the right, and avenge the wrong . . . They take away the rich and great men as often as the slaves, and *they* are unwilling to go, and struggle and cry out against death;—but the slave is often glad when it comes, for in the underworld he suffers no more . . . No more taskmasters,—no more whips, and chains and crosses . . .

'I wonder if they know anything more after their bodies have been burnt on the funeral pile, or cast out to the dogs and unclean birds. Is it like a long, deep sleep without any dreams? . . . Or *do* they have dreams in that sleep, I wonder? Perhaps Lentulus' son has evil dreams now . . . I remember how he prayed his father to have young Magnes done to death,—and how he stood by when they scourged him and poured vinegar on the wounds . . . And perhaps the sorrowful are comforted in their dreams for all the ill they have suffered. I should think so, if these great gods are just . . . I have heard they are, but I do not know' . . .

II.

It was past midnight. The clouds had scattered now, and a stream of moonlight fell into the outer cave, but without illuminating the dark recess where the two lads were hidden.

Suddenly a slight sound startled Amyntas from his weary watch. He listened, every faculty fully roused. It was the sound of footsteps. They came nearer. Then he heard voices in the very mouth of the cave, and presently the red glare of a torch just lit mingled with the cold blue of the moonlight.

'Tracked at last!' he thought, and his heart turned sick within him, at the certainty of doom. But he had scarcely realized it when the feeling was driven out by a rush of joyful relief.

'He is safe, my Glaukon, my beloved, my beautiful one! I do not care what they do to me now.' And he bent down and reverently kissed the cold lips.

Just as he raised his head, the torch-light flashed into his eyes, and he heard a voice asking in the Sabine dialect of the hills,

'Who's here?'

'Two runaway slaves from Capua,' he answered, looking up proudly, 'but one of them is beyond your reach. You cannot hurt him now.'

'Give me the torch, Corfinius,' said he who had first spoken, a tall, powerful man wrapped in a rough herdsman's cloak, with goat-skin brogues on his feet. He took it, and stood for a while looking at the two by its light. They formed a great contrast—Glaukon, slightly but beautifully made, with delicate limbs that Aristophanes would have scorned,—the athletic exercises of old Athens having fallen into disuse with the youths of Glaukon's generation,—fair hair, broad, low brow, and chiselled features;—and Amyntas, tall and slender, but wiry and compact as a greyhound,—hands and feet, small, but sinewed with steel, and a shock of black hair, over a keen, sallow face, with irregular features, and wistful, dog-like dark eyes.

And Amyntas looked up into this man's face, with its broad forehead and powerful jaw, and the deep-set grey eyes with a thoughtful sadness in them, overhung by the bush of tawny curls,—and felt that it could not be the face of an enemy.

He did not speak a word, but gave the torch again to Corfinius, and knelt down besides Glaukon. After a while, he raised his head, and said, 'He is not dead.'

Then he lifted him up and wrapped him in his own rough cloak, laying the sheep-skin over his feet; and taking a little bottle of wine from his wallet, poured some down his throat, while Corfinius, in obedience to some hurried words, brought in dry sticks and brush-wood, and began to kindle a fire.

'When did you eat last?' asked the tall herdsman, looking up at

Amyntas, who could not suppress an involuntary shiver,—the night was cold, and the ragged exomis, or sleeveless tunic was a poor protection.

‘Come, this won’t do!’—and before he knew it, he was sitting at the fire, now blazing up brightly, with Corfinius’s cloak round him, while the two, after giving him a share of their scanty rations of barley bread, goats’ milk cheese, dried figs and olives, returned to Glaukon. He heard whispered snatches of talk, as they knelt one on each side of him..

‘It has been almost too much for him,’ said Corfinius.

‘Yes, poor lad, it would be all over with him soon, if he were left alone. Better so, perhaps,’ he added, softly.

‘Just look at his feet. He’s not used to this.’

‘Capua,’ he said, ‘I wonder whom they belonged to.’

‘Lentulus, perhaps, or Accius. It must have been a rich man that owned this one.’ Corfinius went on, taking hold of the edge of the embroidered tunic, ‘and a hard one too,’ as he pointed to the red half-healed scars on neck and shoulder, ‘I should not wonder if it were Lentulus.’

‘Hush! he’s coming to.’

A slight movement passed across the face,—the great grey eyes opened, and looked round in a helpless, half-bewildered way.

‘Amyntas!’

‘He is here,’ but before the words were out, Amyntas had heard the low cry, and was beside him in an instant, and had him in his arms, laughing and sobbing, and holding him tight as though he would never let him go again. Corfinius, rough and stolid as he was, looked on with a softer light than usual in his small, restless dark eyes, and it was not without a tremble in his voice, that the tall Thracian said, a few minutes after, laying his hand on Amyntas’ shoulder,

‘You had better not talk now, he needs food and rest.’

‘Who is this, Amyntas?’ asked Glaukon, in a low voice, and in Greek. But he had heard, and answered in the same language,

‘I am of Thrace. I was a slave too, once,—and my name is Spartacus.’

III.

‘Now tell me all about it.’

They were sitting together by the fire. Glaukon, having been refreshed with food and drink, was lying quietly asleep under Spartacus’s cloak, forgetful of all cares, fears and dangers,—and Corfinius, after stirring and raking up the burning sticks with his long boar-spear, had gone out to seek fresh fuel. Amyntas had been urged to rest too, but he had insisted on keeping watch with Spartacus, at any rate till Corfinius came back. And when Spartacus said ‘Now tell me all about it,’ he looked up frankly in his face, meeting the full gaze of those earnest grey eyes, and began.

'I was born in the Illyrian mountains. I think it was five years ago, I was taken captive in a fray of the men of Lynkestis, and they sold me to the Corinthian slave-merchants,—and they brought me over here to Capua, and then Lentulus bought me. I had to work on his estate tending stock mostly. It was a hard life, rather. Lentulus is a hard man.'

'I know it,' answered Spartacus, quietly.

Amyntas looked up, perplexed.

'I was at Capua too, for years. I know Lentulus well, and have had plenty of work to do under his eyes, worse work than yours, my lad, though some men think it a noble game. Many's the time I have stood up and fought with brave and comely men who had done me no ill,—ay, and killed them, too, only for the pleasure of the scented fops up above, who would have shrunk and shivered, if one had held a drawn sword before their eyes. Lentulus himself—how pale he turned when the Libyan panther burst his cage! And more than one I remember,—their eyes haunt me still by night—looked up in my face and thanked me, as I gave him his death-blow. And how I longed sometimes for one to give me mine,—and yet always when the time came,—I don't know how it was, but I never could bear to let those cowards up there see me fail in strength or skill . . . Men are strangely made . . . But go on—I know what Lentulus is, and can guess how you fared there.'

'I would have gone on till the end—I suppose I should have died some day, or else they would have sent me to the crows for knocking down the villicus or something. I should not have cared much, if it had not been for him,' and he jerked his head over to where Glaukon was lying.

'Was he a slave of Lentulus?'

'Yes; it is not quite a year since he first came; a bright lad he *had* been, as ever you saw. He used specially to attend on Lentulus's son—the one who died not long ago—and was generally in the town house; but when Lentulus came out to the villa, I used to see him there. He's a Greek, from Athens, and I think he was taken by the pirates going over to Rhodes—he felt it terribly. It's not as if he had been a grown man, you know, or as if he had been taken away so young that he couldn't remember his home; and he was glad to have some one to talk to. Not that we were much together; but sometimes, when he went about after young Lentulus, I used to see him in the fields, and snatch a few minutes' talk. And sometimes in the evenings, when he was not wanted, he would come out to find me, but that was not often. He had been taught all sorts of things about justice, and truth, and right, and wrong, and the gods—I don't understand all these things, you know—but he used to tell me about it, and I liked to hear. And he used to talk about an old man at Athens, who had taught him, and whom he loved almost as much as his father . . .

'You see, he was not used to bear things like me, and Lentulus used to say cruel, cutting things, that hurt more than blows; and when we were alone, he would cling to me and shrink and shudder like a girl, and cry out that he could not bear it—not the suffering alone—but the wickedness in the house. You know what that was.'

Spartacus nodded, but did not speak.

'It is dreadful,' he used to say, 'and I am getting like them all; and oh! what would Athenagoras have said?' And one evening I met him, and he was as white as death, and said, 'Amyntas, I can't bear it any longer. And now they think I want to kill myself, and take care not to give me the chance.' And then he laid his two hands on my arm, so, and looked up in my face with those great eyes of his, and said, with a great sob in his throat, "I can't," and I said, "You shall not. It's my turn to-night to keep guard by the sheep-folds," (I had to speak softly, and to be quick about it, for I thought some one would be on us every minute). "If you come down there, I'll meet you, and we'll run for it." It was dangerous work, but he was desperate, and stole out, I don't quite know how, and we got past the bounds—the watch dogs knew me, and were quiet. We walked all night, and by noon we were pretty high up in the mountains; but in a little while we found they were after us. They would have had us in the end, for Glaukon was too dead-beat to go any further, and I could not have carried him long, only we found a side-path, and struck off to get behind them, and found this cave. When you came, I thought they had us at last.'

Spartacus listened, his head leaning on his hands. He had a great warm heart, this rough Thracian, in an age when men who brought such a commodity into the world with them, found themselves queerly off indeed; and he was deeply moved by the simply told tale. He laid his hard hand on Amyntas' shoulder. Amyntas lifted his head and looked long in his face.

'You saved him,' he said slowly at last. He had hardly thought of the fact at first, so occupied had he been with Glaukon; but now, as he looked into those deep grey eyes, they seemed to draw the very soul out of him, and he caught the hand and kissed it, half-crouching, half-kneeling there in the fire light.

'I will try and get you back to your own country. Poor Glaukon cannot get back to his; perhaps he will go with you.'

'I will not leave you—if only he is safe . . . I am yours—you saved him, and I will follow you to the death. It is nothing to die fighting.'

'It may not be so,' Spartacus said slowly, looking into the embers, 'maybe a slave's death after all—and the worst they know how to give.'

'That, too, for you,' he answered in a low voice.

Spartacus laid his hand on his head, pushed back the rough dark hair, and kissed his forehead.

And what came of it in after years I know not—only that those two were never parted more, save by death.

* * * * *

‘Go and rest now,’ said Spartacus, after awhile.

‘No, let me wait till Corfinius comes back.’

So they sat on together.

‘What are you thinking of, lad?’

‘I wonder—Do you think there are just gods somewhere, that rule the things of men? or do you think that everything happens just by chance—except when it is the will of wicked men?’

Spartacus did not answer awhile, he was looking into the fire, with the strange, far-away look that came sometimes into those deep-set eyes of his. At last he said, shaking back his lion’s mane of brawny curls, ‘I know nothing, lad. It’s a strange world this, and there are many strange things in it. I’ve seen a good deal of it in one country and another, herdsman, outlaw, soldier and gladiator, and I see that everywhere men look up to and worship something higher and stronger than they, sometimes better, but not always. But these gods do not seem to me just gods. They are only good to the rich and great who bring them offerings, sometimes they only favour the one family that knows how to keep up their worship; at any rate they are of no use to any outside their own special tribe or nation. What do the gods of these Romans care for us barbarians? They are like the Romans themselves, who keep faith and truth with each other—used to, at any rate—yet scorn to do so with other nations. And it seems to me that just and true gods would be better and truer and wiser than the best men—and I have seen *some* good men in my life—and that they would care for and rule over the whole race of men, for after all, they have pretty much the same nature, Greeks and Gauls, and Romans and Libyans.

‘And then—I don’t know—I don’t understand these things, but when I have been all alone by night on the mountains, with nothing above me but the stars, I have felt somehow, I can’t tell why, that there is something above and beyond all that shifts and changes, just as the stars and tides keep on in their courses; something great and good and just and everlasting; and that all the wrong that goes on in the world is evil, and not meant to be . . . and that good will come out somehow in the end . . . good for all nations, not only for the ruling one, whether they are Greeks, or Romans, or Persians . . . It seems to me that the Romans would be freer and happier if others were free and happy too, for tyrants are the greatest slaves of all . . . Here is Corfinius back again.’

A little while after, Amyntas was lying fast asleep beside Glaukon. Spartacus stood and looked at the two as they lay, the Greek with a calm smile upon his face, dreaming happy dreams of home, perhaps, the Illyrian with his head resting on one arm, as if ready to start up

any moment, in defence of the loved one, whom his heart watched over sleeping and waking.

There were strange, wild, confused thoughts working in the Thracian's soul as he stood there. He could not well have expressed them, perhaps his answer to Amyntas' question was the clearest utterance he had ever given them, all he said was, 'Poor boys!'

As he looked, Glaukon turned suddenly in his sleep, and throwing back his head, so that the golden curls flashed in the firelight, and the magnificent throat was turned upwards,—murmured, in the low, uncertain voice of the dreamer,

“*αἰλιον, αἰλιον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.*”

A strange, sad, and yet bright smile, broke over the rugged, yearning face. He turned away, and leaned against the rock-wall at the mouth of the cave. The dawn was breaking faintly over the eastern mountains.

* * * *

Well—and what became of them?

I cannot tell. I do not know when or how it was, that those sad young eyes of Glaukon's brightened at last at the sight of the eternal truth and certainty. Perhaps it was on the battle-field by Silarus; perhaps Amyntas, too, fell there, by the side of the Thracian gladiator,—when the great heart, that had yearned and sorrowed in its own wild, rugged, blundering way, over the woes of the children of men, was stilled for ever. Or perhaps he was one of those who, after the battle, by yet crueller sufferings, helped to fill the measure of the oppressor's sin. Only this I know, that however that may have been, he was to the end faithful and true to the best and highest he had known.

Doubts and difficulties are in every age, but surely never was such an age of sorrow and despair, as then. Worse even in some ways than the abyss of corruption under the empire,—for there was not the faintest dawn in them to light up that cruel night of anarchy and oppression,—of lost hope and freedom, and faith; of philosophy blindly blundering in the dark, and society shaken to its foundations. And therefore, I have torn this leaf at random out of the great book which never has come to an end yet; for surely there is hope for the world when such a time is over and past like an evil dream, and our sun, though often obscured by clouds, or earth mists of our own raising, is shining indeed.

A. WERNER.

THREE VIEWS OF FRIENDSHIP.

(*A. and B. in animated conversation. Enter C.*)

C. My dear people, what are you discussing so warmly?

A. We are both enjoying the pleasure of condemning, crushing, and in every possible way sitting upon this story of *Z's* we have just been reading.

C. Oh! the story describing a passionate friendship between two women. Is it the story itself, or the idea of friendship drawn in it that you object to?

B. The idea of a friendship of that sort. It is put forward in the story as a desirable state of things, and *A.* and I both agree on entirely different grounds, in thinking it most undesirable. Don't you?

C. No, I am all on *Z's* side. I see entirely the kind of friendship she wishes to advocate, and though possibly she has failed to make her meaning clear to those who have not the key, I am entirely in sympathy with the spirit of it.

A. My dear *C.*, I should never have thought that of you.

B. Nor I.

C. Let us talk it out, without reference to *Z's* story. The question at issue is, so far as I understand, whether a passionate attachment between two women—one which may be described as being in love with each other, and which is accompanied by the recognised phenomena of being in love as known between lovers, is a wholesome or unwholesome condition, whether it is likely to lower the persons affected, to unfit them for the duties of life, or, according to *Z's* view, to lift and strengthen them.

A. Yes. I think you have put it fairly. Now shall I tell you what I was saying to *B*?

C. Please do.

A. Well, I will try to put my case as moderately as I can. The kind of thing strikes me as supremely silly in the first place. It calls up before one visions of sentimental school-girls vowing eternal friendship in May, and becoming cool in June, and mere acquaintances in July. One forgives that kind of thing to school-girls—it is like the measles, which they must get through—but the thing revolts me when I see it recommended—or at least highly approved of and made out admirable—in grown women.

C. Forgive me for interrupting you, but surely the changeableness you speak of is not an essential part of *Z's* idea of friendship.

A. No, but one knows that it is an essential part of those violent attachments. Violence means weakness, neither more nor less.

C. Then what is your idea of what friendship between women ought to be?

A. Well—I should say that they ought to begin and end with a calm, moderate liking, so that each should feel that she could count on the good offices of the other if they were required; they ought to feel a kindly interest in each other, to be glad, rationally glad, to meet, and rationally sorry to part; but as to pining for each other, or lying awake at night to think of each other, or one getting palpitations if she thought the other was coming round the corner, as the story describes—good heavens! I only hope I may never know what this kind of friendship means if it is to involve all that. But I simply don't believe in its existence outside Z's brain.

B. Now I entirely differ from you there. I know that the thing does exist, and that in certain natures, not at all of the sentimental school-girl order, it does produce physical effects of that kind on the people who suffer from it. But what I think about it is, that as far as it is passionate it is wrong and morbid. I can remember a case now while I am speaking—the case of a woman of thirty, clever and attractive, who neglected her own family and her duties, and lost all her interest in her daily life, and at last became quite ill, all because she had fallen in love with a new female friend. I don't know what would have happened, only happily the female friend married and went to India, and gradually she recovered; but she once told me that that was the most intense suffering of her life.

C. I dare say it was. Did the friendship last?

B. I don't know; my friend became a hospital nurse, and I am sure when I last saw her she had no time to indulge in morbid fancies of any kind. I should think she must have learnt by then to condemn her own past conduct.

C. And you think a passionate affection must be morbid, and lead to neglect of all previous ties?

B. Yes. I think passion must be entirely suppressed, and people must grow absolutely calm, and what religious books call detached, if they are to carry out the Christian ideal. That is why I object to Z's story—not because I think the heroine's passion for her friend silly, but because I think it wrong, and feel sure that she could never have helped her friend, as she is represented as doing, until her passion was entirely conquered and dead.

C. Then would you be disposed to agree with A. in your view of what a desirable friendship ought to be?

B. Yes, I should, I think, on the whole. I suppose it would be a higher thing, would it not, to be in such a condition that your affections went out evenly towards every human being you met, than to feel special interest in one or two who happen particularly to suit you; and I own that if I did feel a special attraction to any one

person, I should be so much afraid of where it would lead me, that I should avoid their society for some time.

A. Please don't feel any special attraction towards me at present, then.

C. I am sure she could not to any one so flippant.

A. No, but seriously, I think my mind revolts against that condition of mind, a dead level of liking everybody—more even than it does against *Z's* morbid friendship. I think I should like to hang the person who liked me exactly as much, and exactly as little, as all the rest of her fellow creatures: you know, *B*, it would come to less rather than more, I am sure of that. Happily you have not yet got to that point as far as I can see.

B. (to *C*.) What do you think? Don't you think that a uniform love for all one's fellow creatures, with no 'particular affections' would be the highest?

C. No, I can't at all say I do. It seems to me an error of the same order as what is committed by those trade unions who make a rule that their clever men and their stupid men shall all work at the same rate. You can't do away with the fact of nature that there are people whose personalities have strong attraction for one another, which other people's don't possess: and I don't think we can be called upon to say that this is wrong, or even undesirable, when we know that our Lord himself felt it towards St. John.

B. Yes, but can we argue from Him to ourselves?

C. I think so, when it is a question of the natural facts common to all human beings.

A. (After a pause.) Well, but come down to my level. You said you disagreed with my view of friendship, or rather that you agreed with *Z*.

C. I don't call yours friendship at all in its real sense. I call it friendly acquaintance: a very delightful thing in its way, and capable of all sorts of development and helpfulness, but to the real thing as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

B. The Blue Ribbon Army would say, therefore better than the real thing.

C. They would: and so would all ascetics, all who hold that there is no security against over-indulgence but total abstinence.

B. Then you do allow that there is a danger in over-indulgence of this passionate friendship?

C. Of course I do. Of course the passion which caused your friend to neglect her home, had, as you say, to be suppressed before anything good could come of it: the divine part of the friendship could never grow while she was neglecting her duty to indulge the lower part.

A. I don't understand: explain.

B. Yes: what do you mean by the divine part of friendship?

C. Well, I think that in friendship there are two sorts of passion, a

lower and a higher one. The lower one craves for the presence of the person loved, tones, touch, kiss—you know what I mean. There is nothing wrong in it, only it belongs to the animal rather than the divine side of our nature: you see it all in an affectionate dog. If you yield to it—if you foster it by sacrificing other people to the need you feel of the other person's presence, you develop it in the animal direction: you make it grasping, and then of course it ought not to be called love in its true sense, since the essence of love is giving and not taking.

A. And what is the higher passion then?

C. It is frightfully hard to describe unless a person knows it by experience, and I don't think every one does, it depends so much upon temperament. But I should say it might be described as a passion of the imagination—or, if you like it better, a passion belonging to that side of us which touches the divine, as the other passion does to the side which touches the animal.

A. That sounds rather a strong statement.

C. I suppose it does, but I believe it is a true one all the same. It is a passion for the ideal in the person who is loved—you could not wish for less than the best good for them, and for that you could even endure to see they were suffering. It is all giving—I don't mean that you don't take, but the giving is the essence of the thing, and the taking is not. And then it is not a thing that passes, or that is dependent upon circumstances, as the lower passion is—it is a thing that has nothing to do with space or time.

A. All this is a long way beyond me. I am simply floundering in a sea of metaphysics, with the water in my nose and mouth, vainly struggling to get my breath.

C. I am very sorry. I'll stop at once.

B. No, don't. You seem to me to hold as fast what I always thought was very lovely, but entirely visionary, in some of the poets.

C. Yes, I always feel that some of the Elizabethans grasped this side more fully than any one else.

A. Quote and explain.

C. Well, I think there is no doubt that they grasped the fact that the essence of love is independent of the presence of the person loved. Take for instance Sidney's lines:—

‘For no dumbness nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody:
Heart and soul do sing in me.’

B. Or Shakespeare's sonnet. ‘When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,’ or that one which says, ‘Love's not time's fool, though rosie lips and cheeks beneath his bending circle's compass come.’

C. And another poem, whose author I forget, of the same date says:—

‘Hearts of truest metal
Absence doth join and time doth settle.’

And Lovelace, too, more perhaps than any :—

Though sea and land's betwixt us both
Our faith and troth
Like separated souls
All time and space controuls :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

B. Yes; I think I see what you mean; the passion described in those poems is a very noble one, and could raise and lift to any extent. But that does not prove to me that the lower passion is good too.

C. I don't think that in itself it is either good or bad. It is natural to want the presence of the person you love, as it is to be hungry for food; and since we are composite beings, I don't think it is possible to reach the higher passion without passing through the lower one also. If you studiously avoid the lower, I don't quite see that you are likely to experience the higher at all. I mean that I can't conceive one person having this noble passion for another without having experienced the physical attraction of their presence, which you think so dangerous.

B. Don't you think the troubadours had it when they fell in love with ladies they had never seen?

C. No, I don't. I can't conceive that they could have been other than ridiculously affected; very much like the man who 'walked down Piccadilly, with a poppy or a lily in his mediæval hand.'

A. A quotation I can understand restores the balance of my brain.

B. And you think people may let themselves go, with a good conscience, when they feel the lower passion?

C. No—most emphatically not. When you desire a person's physical presence so intensely it must always be a time of temptation to grasp; and if you let yourself go, as you say—give up duties you are conscious of to gratify the craving for their presence—well, all I can say is, that just as far as one yields to those temptations, the real true satisfaction of friendship vanishes, and sooner or later one finds one's mouth full of dust and ashes. If one wants to rise to the divine passion of friendship, one must be content to take, sweetly and obediently, just as much and no more of the presence of the person as God gives us, through the circumstances that he has ordained to mould our lives.

A. Would you say the same if you were speaking to lovers, or to a husband and wife?

C. Just the same; only that of course in the case of a husband and wife there is an exclusiveness in the essence of the relation that is not the case in friendship, where exclusiveness is grasping, and becomes morbidity. But of course exactingness *does* creep in sometimes between husband and wife, from the lower passion being yielded to to the exclusion of the higher.

A. Schoolgirls would not think your kind of friendship worth having if you did not allow them to be exclusive.

C. They ought to be taught better, poor little things, not laughed at. Exclusiveness and jealousy entirely kill the higher passion, if their indulgence is allowed. I think myself that this fact is partly what makes a friendship of this kind such a tremendous discipline. For after all, no one has the capacity for passion without the temptation to jealousy.

B. Yes, I think that is true: but then does not that entail such a struggle that you had better avoid the passion for your own peace of mind?

C. I don't think any one who had ever loved truly would say so. But we get to the fringe of the subject which touches on what goes too deep to talk of.

A. A good many writers seem only to recognise the lower passion in their description of wifely love. Thackeray, for instance.

C. Yes, Emmy's affection, in *Vanity Fair*, has exactly the characteristics of a dog's love for its master. I think he has never drawn a woman capable of the higher love. But I will tell you who has—Robert Browning. Even his descriptions of the lower love don't leave the existence of the higher unconfessed.

A. But do you think every one is capable of what you call this passion of the imagination?

C. No, I don't. In the first place, you must have emotional imagination, which every one does not possess; and in the second, according to my theory, you must be capable of what we have called the lower passion—the sensitiveness to the attraction of the other's personality. Many people have neither of these, and I think myself that they miss the greatest joys of life, just as those who cannot bring their emotional imagination into religion miss many experiences which others who have it are capable of. And I cannot think that there can be any reason to be afraid of the closest and most intimate friendship of this kind, if we keep clearly before us that it is not to be exclusive, that it is not to grasp, and that its sweetness, its fulness and its lastingness depend entirely on the lower part not being crushed, but being kept in subjection to the higher.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

Arachne is glad that two spiders have attempted the contrasting the History of the Tower of London with the Bastille. Moonraker's is inserted, Clover's, though very full, being too long. High Principle has been answered by J. M. B., Money Spinner, Oats, Grasshopper, Moonraker, and Nil Desperandum. J. M. B.'s seems most to the purpose, though Arachne is sorry not to take Money Spinner's.

WHAT IS MEANT BY A PERSON OF HIGH PRINCIPLE?

The most beautiful and perfect ideal portrait of a person of high principle is to be found in the fifteenth psalm.

'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.'

The definition of 'principle' which seems most appropriate to our present subject is 'ground of action, or motive.*' It was long ago pointed out† that the difference between opinion and principle is, that while the one may have no effect upon our actions, the other must direct them.

A person of high principle is not necessarily perfect, nor even pleasing; in fact, high principle, if unaccompanied by tact and forbearance, may very probably be exceedingly disagreeable. I do not say that this is at all necessary, on the contrary, people ought to be courteous and considerate on principle.

The principle which makes a person unfailingly courteous, considerate, and forbearing must needs be a high one. High principles cause people to do things which are naturally distasteful to them from a sense of duty; they make people persevere, unheeding opposition or contempt, or the yet more chilling indifference of those around them; and they produce an integrity and uprightness which call forth instinctive and implicit, though sometimes half unconscious, confidence from all who have dealings with them.

Such are some of their results, let us now consider what are 'high principles.' The highest principle of all is the Love of God, which is almost certain to be accompanied by that which is in truth its natural compliment—the Love of Man. Truthfulness, honour and duty in their greatest perfection are but the outcome of these; if they stand alone they will fail of half their efficacy. At the same time, if faithfully followed, they will lead upwards.

I cannot conclude this short sketch better than by quoting Bishop Patrick's definition of faith in that quaint and beautiful book, *The Parable of the Pilgrim*. 'To believe is so heartily to give your assent to the truth of the Gospel that you live according to it.' Is not this the best, and indeed the only true test of a person's principles. What sort of a life do they cause him to lead?

J. M. B. (*Exeter*.)

* Todd's Johnson's Dictionary.

† Aristotle.

THE TOWER AND THE BASTILLE.

It has been well said that the history of the Tower of London is an epitome of the History of England, and the same may be repeated of that of the Bastille and of France. It is very difficult to compare the two; to do so thoroughly would require a full and accurate knowledge of the whole history of the two countries, for though there is such a wide difference in the end, there is much apparent similarity of detail.

The Bastille was destroyed because it was a state fortress and prison, and the people hated the existing system of Government and everything that was connected with it. For instead of being one with the nation at large, it was a power above it and outside of it, regarding the people 'merely' as material for its armies, and as a means of getting money. And as the nation gained in power, the State grew weaker, required more money, became hopelessly entangled in its arrangements of internal finance and of foreign trade. In fact, it went bankrupt, if we may use the expression. The whole system of taxation and of representation was rotten. Ruin and starvation stared the people in the face. The nobility, the clergy, and the people, were distinct orders, separate in their interests and in the whole tenour of their opinions, and could not be united. A Revolution was inevitable. It is this lack of union, this antagonism where there should be identity, the gradual development of which should be traced in the history of the Bastille.

And, in the same way, as we study the history of the Tower of London, we see the vicissitudes which have combined to produce the England of to-day; a country in which, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is much real feeling of national possession in the monuments of Church and State, and much real feeling of shame when 'The Government' gets into difficulties. The distinction is not that the government of England has been always enlightened and constitutional, and that of France always absolute. In its earlier history, the Tower has witnessed as much tyrannical injustice, as much hopeless misery, as much barbarous cruelty, as the Bastille itself. Its dungeons were as foul, as damp, and as much infested with rats; and were equally little used in the interests of the people. It was built by William the Conqueror; a fortress with a palace adjoining, from which he and his successors overawed their city of London, as their baronial vassals overawed the villages around their castles. The Bastille was founded in 1356 as part of the defences of Paris, against the English invaders, but soon was exclusively used as a State Prison.

The Tower, like the Bastille, was employed by whoever held the supreme power, not only for the quelling of insubordinate nobles, though that was its chief use, but also for the silencing of all who, rightly or wrongly, interfered with their plans or differed from their religious opinions. But, unlike the Bastille, the Tower saw too, the imprisonment of foreign and national foes, of Griffith of Wales in 1284, and of the kings of France and of Scotland in the following century. It saw the humiliation, imprisonment and death of English kings and princes; the resignation of Richard II., the imprisonment of Henry VI., the death of Edward V., and his little brother, the execution of Lady Jane Grey. It felt the power of the people, was taken by Wat Tyler, and besieged by Sir Thomas Wyatt. The

citizens of London always regarded the Tower with jealousy, grumbled at each addition to its fortifications, and when Edward IV. erected a scaffold and gallows on Tower Hill, had to be appeased by an express declaration that it was not done to the prejudice of their liberties. The balance of power between crown, nobles, and people was much more even in England than in France.

The 17th century marks the great point of divergence between the two histories. In England the Civil Wars of the 15th century weakened the power of the nobles, and paved the way for the almost absolute power of the crown in the 16th, with its corresponding increase of tragedies connected with the Tower. In France the Civil Wars of the 16th century did the same thing. But there the power thus acquired by the crown was retained by it till the revolution of 1790. A succession of able ministers and kings, with the help of the armies required by constant foreign wars, kept nobles and people alike in a state of complete subjection. Of course there were plots and insurrections, petitions and remonstrances; the Bastille was always receiving prisoners connected, or supposed to be connected, with them. But there was no united effort. The different provinces which composed the French kingdom had never been compressed into one by foreign conquest, as the Saxon English were; and the nobles never joined heartily together amongst themselves, or with the people. The revolution, which in England led to such widely increased activity and freedom of thought, had been crushed in France. The Bastille can show no counterpart to the execution of Strafford on Tower Hill. The worst exercises of arbitrary power of which we read in the history of the Bastille, the wanton imprisonment of schoolboys, of authors and religious teachers, of the enemies of court favourites, of all whom anyone with power or influence wished to be rid of, are all to be found in the 17th and 18th centuries. In England the people had power to shake off the yoke; with a struggle indeed, but still without the convulsions that attended the revolution in France. And they settled down again in old ways, with old forms of government widened and purified to suit present needs. There have been rebellions since, for which prisoners have been committed to the Tower, but the English Government has never been in real danger.

Paris destroyed the Bastille, and gave a grand ball on its levelled site. An attempt has recently been made to destroy the Tower; but there was no rejoicing in London. It is a result which the history of the two countries would lead us to expect.

MOONRAKER.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

What are the Septuagint and the Vulgate?

Relate the Myth of Perseus and any resemblances to it.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I have been pleased to receive eighteen good contributions this month, with a few apologies besides for not sending. I have no general remarks to make, beyond the few which will appear as the parcel goes round.

Notices to Correspondents.

THE Home for G. F. S. Incurable Members, will now soon be opened, and is to be called 'The Brabazon Home of Comfort.' Any-one interested in it must write to Miss Annie Cazenove, Betchworth, Surrey, by whom the smallest contributions will be gratefully received.

Books are much needed for a Parish Library in a Canadian settlement, where the church is struggling against a strongly rooted Dissenting element. Books are a necessity during the long winters, and the Dissenting hook is baited by a good library, by means of which many young churchpeople are caught. Please send parcels (carriage paid) to Rev. Rupert Cochrane, 14 Somerset Street, Portman Square, London.

The Rev. C. W. Holdich doubts if 'Hilda,' in March number of *Monthly Packet*, has correctly quoted the line from Tennyson. In the 'Princess,' part vii. page 166 of original edition, are the lines,

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk,
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.'

M. S. R.—'Prase.' A leek-green massive quartz, resembling some shades of beryl in tint, but easily distinguished by the absence of cleavage and its infusibility. It is supposed to be coloured by a trace of iron.—From Dana's *Manual of Mineralogy*.

The spelling 'praise' is a mistake; for the word comes from *πράσιος*, a leek. Compare *chrysoprase*, Rev. xxi. 20. S. S. G., also answered by Rev. E. Marshal.

'A little more and how much it is,' is in Robert Browning's poem, 'By the Fireside.' Several correspondents.

Mrs. Mather.—*Reverses, or the Fairfax Family*, one of the prettiest of children's books, was by Mrs. Whately, wife of the Archbishop. It was published in 1833 by Fellowes, Ludgate Hill. Perhaps an advertisement in the Book Circular might find it.

Sorcio.—*The Pride of the Mess*, a naval novel of the Crimean War. By the author of 'Cavendish,' published by G. Routledge & Son, Farringdon St., London, 1855. G. R.

M. W. wants to find the lines beginning.

'We know not what lies before us
In the months which are to run.'

In which of the illustrated magazines last spring was a drawing given of Tinworth's Preparations for the Crucifixion, now in the South Kensington Museum. B. A.

Frank asks for—

'They had been much together, and one for ever bears
A name upon the loyal heart, and in the daily prayers:'

Also, what is meant by the term 'Ancient Plain Song,' as applied to a hymn tone? [One written in one of the old modes, which are not the same as the modern scales.]

Medusa wants a poem upon Hadad the Edomite?

M. H.— 'And friendship soon passed as like a ship at sea.'

Also the following:

'Were every man's internal care
But written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who share our envy now.'

The Monthly Packet.

MAY, 1885.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SADDER AND A WISER AUTHORESS.

COLONEL MOHUN took Wilfred to his school, which began its term earlier than did Jasper's, and Silverfold was wonderfully quiet. The elder Mrs. Merrifield was not to come for nearly a week, so that it would have been possible for her daughter-in-law to go to the Rotherwood festivities without interfering with her visit, but this no one except Gillian and Mysie knew, and they kept the secret well.

The departure of the boys was a great relief to Dolores. Her aunt did not rank her with Valetta and Fergus, but let her consort with herself and Gillian, and this suited her much better. Even Gillian allowed that she was ever so much nicer when there was no one to molest her. It was true that Jasper certainly, and perhaps Wilfred, would not have become obnoxious to her if she had not offended the latter, and offered herself as fair game; but Gillian, who had to forestall and prevent their pranks, could not feel their absence quite the privation her sisterly spirit usually did!

Valetta and Fergus were harmless without them, but they were forlorn, being so much used to having their sports led by their two seniors that they hardly knew what to do without them, and the entreaty, or rather the whine, 'I want something to do' was heard unusually often. This led to Gillian's being often called off to attend to them during the course of wet days that ensued, and thus Dolores was a good deal alone with her aunt, who was superintending her knitting a pair of silk stockings to send out to her father, it was hoped in time for his next birthday.

At the first proposal, Dolores looked dull and unwilling, and at last she squeezed out, 'I don't think father will ever want me to do anything for him again.'

'My poor child, do you think a father does not forgive and love all the more one who is in deep sorrow for a fault?'

'I don't think my letter seemed sorry! I was not half so sorry then as I am now,' then at a kind word from her aunt her eyes overflowed, and she said, 'No, I wasn't, I didn't know how good you were, or how bad I was!'

And when Aunt Lily kissed her, she put her arms round the kind neck that bent down to her, and laid her head against it, as if it was quite a rest to feel that love. Her aunt encouraged her to write again to her father, and to try to express something of her grief and entreaty for forgiveness, and she cheered somewhat after this, as though something of the load on her mind was removed. One day she brought down all the books in her room and said, 'Please, Aunt Lily, look at them, and let them be with the rest in the school room, I want to be just like the others.'

Lady Merrifield was much pleased with this surrender. Some of the books were really well worth having and reading, indeed the best of them she knew, but there were eight or ten which she suspected of being what Mysie called silly stories, and she kept them back to look over. She had been trying in this quiet interval to get Dolly to read something besides mere childish stories for recreation; and when she saw how well worn the story books were, and how untouched the 'easy history,' and the books about animals and foreign countries were, she saw why so clever a girl as Dolores seemed so stupid about everything she had not learnt as a lesson, and entirely ignorant of English poetry.

Lady Merrifield read to her and Gillian in the evenings, and how they did enjoy it, and bemoaned the coming of grandmamma, to spoil their snugness and occupy 'Mamma.' For Dolores began so to call Lady Merrifield. She had never so termed her own mother, and it seemed to her that with the words 'Aunt Lily' she put away all sorts of foolish sinister feelings.

Mrs. Merrifield was a wonderful old lady, brisk of mind and body, though of a great age. She had been spending Christmas with her eldest son, the Admiral, at Stokesley, and was going to take on her way the daughter-in-law, of whom she knew but little in comparison; and with her she brought the granddaughter, Elizabeth Merrifield, who—since her own daughter had died—generally lived with her in London, to take care of her.

'It will be all company and horrid, and nobody will be allowed to make a noise!' sighed Valetta to Fergus, as the waggonet, well shut up, drove to the door.

'There's cousin Bessie,' said Fergus.

'Oh! cousin Bessie is thirty-four, and that is as bad as being as old as grandmamma!'

And they hung back while the old lady was helped out, and brought across the hall into the warm drawing-room before her fur

cloak was taken off. There was a quiet little person with her, and Val whispered, 'She'll be just like Aunt Jane.'

But the eyes that Bessie turned on her cousins were not at all like Aunt Jane's little searching black ones. They were of a dark shade of grey, and had a wonderful softness and sweetness in them. Gillian knew her a little already, but very little, for the elder sisters had always been at their former short meetings. Mamma lamented that there should be so few grandchildren at home to be shown, though, as she said, 'the full number might have been too noisy.'

Grandmamma shook her head. 'I like the house full,' she said, 'I'm all right, but it is a pity to see the nest emptied, like Stokesley, now. Nobody left at home but Susan and little Sally! Make the most of them while you have them about you!'

The old lady was quite delighted to find Primrose so nearly a baby, and to have one grandchild still quite as small or smaller than some of her great grandchildren. Her great pleasure, however, soon proved to be in talking about her son Jasper, and hearing all his wife could tell her about his life in India; and as Lady Merrifield liked no other subject so well, they were very happy together, and quite absorbed.

Meanwhile Bessie made herself a companion to Gillian and Dolores, and though so much older, seemed to consider herself as a girl like them. Then, living for the most part in town, she could talk about London matters to Dolly, and this was a great treat, while yet she had country tastes enough to suit Gillian, and was not in the least afraid of a long walk to the fir plantations to pick up Weymouth pine cones, and the still more precious pinaster ones.

For the first time Gillian began to see Dolores as Uncle Reginald used to know her, free from that heavy mist of sullen dislike to everything and everybody. It seemed to bring them together, that in spite of Bessie's charms, they both continually missed Mysie, out of doors and in, in school-room and drawing-room, and above all, in Dolly's bedroom. She seemed to be, as Gillian told Bessie, 'a sort of family cement, holding the two ends, big and little, together'; and Bessie responded that her elder sister Susan was one of that sort.

The evenings now were quite unlike the usual ones. Dinner was late, and the two girls came down to it. Afterwards the young ones sat round the fire in the hall, where Bessie, who was a wonderful story-teller, kept Fergus and Valetta quiet and delighted, either with invented tales or histories of the feats of her own brothers and sisters, who were so much older than their Silverfold first cousins as to be like an elder generation.

When the two young ones were gone to bed, the others came into the drawing-room, where mamma and grandmamma were to be found, either going over papa's letters, or else Mrs. Merrifield talking about her Stokesley grandchildren, the same whose pranks Bessie had just been telling, so that it was not easy to believe in Sam, a captain in the

navy, Harry and John farming in Canada, David working as a clergyman in the Black Country, George in a government office, Anne a clergyman's wife, and mother to the great grandchildren who were always being compared to Primrose, Susan keeping her father's house, and Sarah, though as old as Alethea, still treated as the youngest—the child of the family.

The bits of conversation came to the girls as they sat over their work, and Bessie would join in, and tell interesting things, till she saw that grandmamma was ready for her nap, and then one or other gave a little music, during which Dolly's bed-time generally came.

'You can't think how grateful I am to you for helping to brighten up that poor child in a wholesome way!' said Lady Merrifield to Bessie, under cover of Gillian's performance.

'One can't help being very sorry for her,' said Elizabeth, who knew what was hanging over Dolly.

'Yes, it is a terrible punishment, especially as she has a certain affection for her step uncle, or whatever he should be called, for her mother's sake. It really was a perplexed situation.'

'But why did she not consult you?'

'Do you know, I think I have found out. She held aloof from us all, and treated us—especially me—as if we were her natural enemies, and I never could guess what was the reason till the other day; she voluntarily gave me up all her books to be looked over and put into the common stock, which you saw in the school-room.'

'You look over all the children's books?'

'Yes. While we were wandering, they did not get books enough to make it a very arduous task, but now I find the numbers want weeding. If children read nothing but a multitude of stories rather beneath their capacity, they are likely never to exert themselves to anything beyond novel reading.'

'That is quite true, I believe.'

'Well, among this literature of Dolly's I found no less than four stories based on the cruelty and injustice suffered by orphans from their aunts. The wicked step-mothers are gone out, and the barbarous aunts are come in. It is the stock subject. I really think it is cruel, considering that there are many children who have to be adopted into uncles' families, to add to their distress and terror, by raising this prejudice. Just look at this one'—taking up Dolly's favourite, 'Minnie; or no home'—'it is not at all badly written, which makes it all the worse.'

'Oh! Aunt Lillas,' cried Bessie, whose colour had been rising all this time. 'How shall I tell you? I wrote it!'

'You! I never guessed you did anything in that line.'

'We don't talk about it. My father knows, and so does grandmamma, in a way; but I never bring it before her if I can help it, for she does not half like the notion. But indeed, they arn't all as bad as that! I know now there is a great deal of silly imitation in it; but

I never thought of doing harm in this way. It is a punishment for thoughtlessness,' cried poor Bessie, reddening desperately, and with tears in her eyes.

'My dear, I am so sorry I said it! If I were not one of these aunts, I should think it a very effective story.'

'I'm afraid that's so much the worse! Let me tell you about it, Aunt Lillas. At home, they always laughed at me for my turn for dismalities.'

'I believe one always has such a turn when one is young.'

'Well, when I went to live with grandmamma it was very different from the housefull at home, I had so much time on my hands, and I took to dreaming and writing because I could not help it, and all my stories were fearfully doleful. I did not think of publishing them for ever so long, but at last, when David terribly wanted some money for his mission church, I thought I would try, and this Minnie was about the best. They took it, and gave me £5 for it, and I was so pleased and never thought of its doing harm, and now I don't know how much more mischief it may have done!'

'You only thought of piling up the agony! But don't be unhappy about it. You don't know how many aunts it may have warned.'

'I'm afraid aunts are not so impressionable as nieces. And indeed, among ourselves, story books seemed quite outside from life, we never thought of getting any ideas from them any more than from Blue-beard.'

'So it has been with some of my young ones, while, on the other hand, Dolores in real life seemed to Mysie an interesting story book heroine—which indeed she is, rather too much so. But you have not stopped short with Minnie.'

'No, but I hope I have grown rather more sensible. David set me to do stories for his lads, and as he is dreadfully critical, it was very improving.'

'Did you write Kate's Jewel? That is delightful. Aunt Jane gave it to Val this Christmas, and all of us have enjoyed it! We shall be quite proud of it—that is—may I tell the children.'

'Oh! aunt, you are very good to try to make me forget that miserable Minnie. I wonder whether it will do any good to tell Dolores all about it. Only I can't get at all the other girls I may have hurt.'

'Nay, Bessie, I think it most likely that Dolores would have been an uncomfortable damsel, even if Minnie had remained in your brain. There were other causes, at any rate, here are three more persecuted nieces in her library. Besides, you observed, everybody does not go to story books for views of human nature, and happily also, homeless children are commoner in books than out of them, so I don't think the damage can be very extensive.'

'One such case is quite enough! Indeed, it is a great lesson to think whether what one writes can give any wrong notion.'

'I believe one always does begin with imitation.'

'Yes, it is extraordinary how little originality there is in the world. In the literature of my time, everybody had small hands and high foreheads, the girls wanted to do great things, and did or did not do little ones, and the boys all took first classes, and the fashion was to have violet eyes, so dark you could not tell their colour, and golden hair.'

'Whereas now the hair is apt to be bronze, whatever that may be like.'

'And all the dresses, and all the complexions, and all the lace and all the roses are creamy. Bessie, I hope you don't deal in creaminess!'

'I'm afraid skim milk is more like me, and that you would say I had taken to the goody line. I never thought of the responsibility then, only when I wrote for David's classes.'

'It is a responsibility, I suppose, in the way in which every word one speaks and every letter one writes is so. And now—here is Gillian finishing her piece. How far is it a secret, my dear.'

'It need not be so here, Aunt Lillas. Only my people are rather old-fashioned, you know, and are inclined to think it rather shocking of me, so it ought not to go beyond the family, and especially don't let *her*,' indicating her grandmother, 'hear about it. She knows I do such things—it would not be honest not to tell her—but it goes against the grain, and she has never heard one word of it all.'

It appeared that Bessie daily read the psalms and lessons to grandmamma, followed up by a sermon. Then, with her wonderful eyes, Mrs. Merrifield read the newspaper from end to end, which lasted her till luncheon, then came a drive in the brougham, followed by a rest in her own room, dinner, and then Bessie read her to sleep with a book of travels or biography, of the old book-club class of her youth. Her principles were against novels, and the tale she viewed as only fit for children.

Lady Merrifield could not help thinking what a dull life it must be for Bessie, a woman full of natural gifts and of great powers of enjoyment, accustomed to a country home and a large family, and she said something of the kind. 'I did not like it at first,' said Bessie, 'but I have plenty of occupations now, besides all these companions that I've made for myself, or that came to me, for I think they come of themselves.'

'But what time have you to yourself?'

'Grandmamma does not want me till half-past ten in the morning, except for a little visit. And she does not mind my writing letters while she is reading the paper, provided I am ready to answer anything remarkable. I am quite the family newsmonger! Then there's always from four to half-past six when I can go out if I like. There's a dear old governess of ours living not far off, and we have nice little expeditions together. And you know it is nice to be at the family headquarters in London, and have everyone dropping in.'

'Oh! dear! how good you are to like going on like that,' said Gillian, who had come up while this was passing; 'I should eat my heart out; you must be made up of contentment.'

Elisabeth held up her hand in warning, lest her grandmother should be awakened, but she laughed and said, 'My brothers would tell you I used to be Pipy Bet. But that dear old governess, Miss Fosbrook, was the making of me, and taught me how to be jolly like Mark Tapley among the rattlesnakes,' she finished, looking drolly up to Gillian.

'And Gill, you don't know what Bessie has made her companions instead of the rattlesnakes,' said Lady Merrifield. 'What do you think of "Kate's Jewel"?''

Gillian's astonishment and rapture actually woke grandmamma—not that she made much noise, but there was a disturbing force about her excitement—and the subject had to be abandoned.

As the great secret might be shared with Dolores, though not with the younger ones, whose discretion could not be depended upon, Gillian could enter upon it the more freely, though she was rather disappointed that an author was not such an extraordinary sight to Dolly as to herself. But it was charming to both that Bessie let them look at the proofs of the story she was publishing in a magazine; and allowed them as well as mamma, to read the MS. of the tale, romance, or novel, whichever it was to be called, on which she wished for her aunt's opinion.

Bessie took care when complying with the girls' entreaty, that she would tell them all she had written, to observe that she thought 'Minnie' a very foolish book indeed, and that she wished heartily she had never written it. Gillian asked why she had done so?

'Oh!' said Dolores, 'things aren't interesting unless something horrid happens, or some one is frightened, or very miserable.'

'I like things best just and exactly as they really are—or were,' said Gillian.

'The question between sensation and character,' said Bessie to her aunt. 'I suppose that on the whole, it is the few who are palpably affected by the mass of fiction in the world, but that it is needful to take good care that those few gather at least no harm from one's work—to be faithful in it, in fact, like other things.'

And there was no doubt that Bessie had been faithful in her work ever since she had realised her vocation. Her lending library books, written with a purpose, were excellent, and were already so much valued by Miss Hacket, that Gillian thought how once she should have felt it a privation not to be allowed to tell her whence they came; but to her surprise, on the Sunday, instead of the constraint with which of late she had been treated at tea-time, the eager inquiry was made whether this was really the authoress, Miss Merrifield?

Secrets are not kept as well as people think. The Hackets' married sister was a neighbour of Bessie's married sister, and through these

ladies it had just come round, not only who was the author of 'Charlie's Whistle,' &c., but that she wrote in the — Magazine, and was in the neighbourhood.

All offences seemed to be forgotten in the burning desire for an introduction to this marvel of success. Constance had made the most of her opportunities in gazing at church ; but if she called, would she be introduced ?

'Of course,' said Gillian, 'if my cousin is in the room.' She spoke rather coldly and gravely, and Miss Hacket exclaimed—

'I know we have been a little remiss, my dear, I hope Lady Merrifield was not offended.'

'Mamma is never offended,' said Gillian—'but, I do think, and so would she and all of us, that if Constance comes, she ought to treat Dolores Mohun—as—as usual.'

The two sisters were silent, perhaps from sheer amazement at this outbreak of Gillian's, who had never seemed particularly fond of her cousin. Gillian was quite as much surprised at herself, but something seemed to drive her on, with flaming cheeks. 'Dolores is half broken-hearted about it all. She did not thoroughly know how wrong it was ; and it does make her miserable that the one who went along with her in it should turn against her, and cut her and all.'

'Connie never meant to keep it up, I'm sure,' said Miss Hacket ; 'but she was very much hurt.'

'So was Dolly,' said Gillian.

'Is she so fond of me?' said Constance, in a softened tone.

'She was,' replied Gillian.

'I'm sure,' said Miss Hacket, 'our only wish is to forget and forgive as Christians. Lady Merrifield has behaved most handsomely, and it is our most earnest wish that this unfortunate transaction should be forgotten.'

'And I'm sure I'm willing to overlook it all,' said Constance. 'One must have scrapes, you know ; but friendship will triumph over all.'

Gillian did not exactly wish to unravel this fine sentiment, and was glad that the little G. F. S. maid came in with the tea.

Lady Merrifield was a good deal diverted with Gillian's report, and invited the two sisters to luncheon on the plea of their slight acquaintance with Anne—otherwise Mrs. Daventry—with a hint in the note not to compliment Mrs. Merrifield on Elizabeth's productions.

Then Dolores had to be prepared to receive any advance from Constance. She looked disgusted at first, and then, when she heard that Gillian had spoken her mind, said, 'I can't think why you should care.'

'Of course I care, to have Constance behaving so ill to one of us.'

'Do you think me one of you, Gillian ?'

'Why, what else are you ?'

And Dolores held up her face for a kiss, a heartier one than had ever passed between the cousins.

There was no kiss between the quondam friends, but they shook hands with perfect civility, and no stranger would have guessed their former or their present terms from their manner. In fact, Constance was perfectly absorbed in the contemplation of the successful authoress, the object of her envy and veneration, and only wanted to forget all the unpleasantness connected with the dark head on the opposite side of the table.

'Oh! Miss Merrifield,' she asked, in an interval afterwards, when hats were being put on, 'how do you make *them* take your things?'

'I don't know,' said Bessie, smiling. 'I take all the pains I can, and try to make them useful.'

'Useful, but that's so dull—and the critics always laugh at things with a purpose.'

'But I don't think that is a reason for not trying to do good, even in this very small and uncertain way. Indeed,' she added, earnestly. 'I have no right to speak, for I have made great mistakes; but I wanted to tell you that the one thing I did get published, that was not written conscientiously—as I may say—but only to work out a silly, sentimental fancy, has brought me pain and punishment by the harm I know it did.'

This was a very new idea to Constance, and she actually carried it away with her. The visit had restored the usual terms of intercourse with the Hackets, though there was no resumption of intimacy such as there had been between Constance and Dolores. It had, however, done much to make the latter feel that the others considered themselves one with her, and there was something that drew them together in the universal missing of Mysie, and eagerness for her letters.

These were, however, rather disappointing. Mysie had not a genius for correspondence, and dealt in very bare facts. There was an enclosure which made Lady Merrifield somewhat anxious:

'My dear Mamma,

'This is for you *all by yourself*. I have been in sad mischief, for I broke the conservatory and a palm-tree with my umbrella; and I did still worse, for I broke my promise and told all about what you told me never to. I will tell you all when I come home, and I hope you will forgive me. I wish I was at home. It is very horrid when they say one is good and one knows one is not; but I am very happy, and Lord Rotherwood is nicer than ever, and so is Fly.

I am your affectionate and penitent and dutiful little daughter,

MARIA MILLCENT MERRIFIELD.

With all mamma's intuitive knowledge of her little daughter's mind and forms of expression, she was puzzled by this note and the various fractures it described. She obeyed its injunctions of secrecy, even with regard to Gillian and Bessie, though she could not help wishing that the latter could have seen and judged of her Mysie.

Grandmamma was somewhat disappointed to have missed her eldest grandson, but she was obliged to leave Silverfold two days before his return with his little sister. She had certainly escaped the full tumult of the entire household, but Bessie observed that she suspected that it might have been preferred to the general quiescence.

With all the regrets that Bessie's more coeval cousins, Althea and Phyllis, were not at home, she and her aunt each felt that a new friendship had been made, and that they understood each other, and Bessie had uttered her resolution henceforth always to think of the impression for good or evil produced on the readers, as well as of the effectiveness of her story. 'Little did I suppose that "Minnie" would add to anyone's difficulties,' she said, 'still less to yours, Aunt Lilia.'

(To be continued.)

A LOT WITH A CROOK IN IT.

BY CHRISTABEL B. COLBRIDGE

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BROTHERS AFTER ALL.

'And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away.'

By the time this arrangement was made public, Dulcie had gone with her mother to Yorkshire, Alick had returned to his work at Fordham, and very shortly afterwards, Geoffrey, having recovered from his accident, began to work at his profession, and found, in the constant change that it involved, some relief from his depression.

Frank Osgood's health improved more rapidly than had been expected, and early in Lent, Arthur received a letter from Dr. Osgood, containing a definite proposal from himself and his brother to undertake the education of little Minnie at a certain school which he indicated, of known Church principles, where she would be well prepared to earn her own living; whilst he also stated, that Miss Macdonald, his future wife, had authorized him to promise that the little great-niece should find a home in his house for the holidays, and should not want the care and superintendence of a lady. If her father accepted the proposal, still made to him by the Spencers, of a situation in Calcutta, he would be able to earn his own livelihood, and when Minnie was grown up, and able to join him, there was educational work in India for which she might be fitted. At present her health would not stand the climate, and his might be the better for it. The passage-money would be provided.

Dr. Osgood said that he made this proposal to Arthur in the first place, because he thought that it would be received with less prejudice from his lips, than from those of himself or his brother. While it was far better that the Leightons should not be concerned in it.

Arthur thought the plan excellent in every respect. Minnie would get the thorough training that she so much needed, and as for the parting, other fathers with far more claim than Frank Osgood to have their own way, had to endure it. Moreover, it lifted a burden off Geoffrey and Alick; which they could do no possible good by carrying, but of which they must constantly have felt the weight.

Arthur therefore enclosed Dr. Osgood's kindly letter in a note from himself strongly enforcing it, and went down to Laurel Villa the next morning to hear the result.

Arthur did not find his old protégé nearly such good company as Frank Osgood as he had been as Frederick Oakenshaw. With the old associations there revived what was evidently an old manner, sarcastic and difficult to deal with.

There was at once more equality and less ease; and when he came in on this occasion, there was a kind of defiance in Frank's manner, which had never been seen at Calcutta.

'Well,' he said, without giving Arthur time to speak. 'This is well meant, and carefully planned out, and you and my uncles have considered my interest to the best of your power. But I have made up my mind. I don't feel myself at home as Frank Osgood—in disgrace or forgiven. I have been Frederick Oakenshaw for four-and-twenty years, and I find it suits me best. My child shall be Minnie Oakenshaw too. I won't give her up to be taught all the advantages of being Miss Marian Osgood, nor all the disadvantages of being my daughter. I shall take her back to her mother's relations in Melbourne, I can find occupation there—such as it is—and she will learn to fend for herself too.'

'No one wants to loosen the tie between you,' said Arthur. 'Are you justified in resigning for her the chance of such a training. Suppose your health failed again—what would become of her?'

'Most likely she will marry in her own sphere.'

'Yes,' answered Arthur; 'but excuse me, if her mother had known of this chance for her, what would she have thought of it?'

'Oh!' said Frank, with a visible effort. 'I daresay, like all women, she would have thought it her duty to make herself miserable, and leave the girl at home.'

'And Minnie herself—when she grows up? What will she think of your decision?'

'I can't say. What would she think if she grew up here and contrasted my position with that of her relations. No, Spencer,' he cried, suddenly starting up. 'Of course I know what I might have been. I might have been an English gentleman—I might have had a son such as—such as those lads, my young cousins. I threw that chance away, and I made myself a tolerable alternative, and to that I'll stick. I'll take my own child and I'll keep her to myself. Do you think the agony on that boy's face was lost on me? No! If she —'

'The whole thing is not to my taste,' he added, after a moment, in a different tone. 'I don't like my relations, and I don't wish my girl to be brought up under their influence. Depend upon it, they'll not be sorry when they hear of my choice. Neither she nor I will ever trouble them any more.'

Was it perversity or generosity? Angry dislike to restraint and disapproval, or right self respect? Arthur could not tell; but perhaps a willing acceptance of the terms proposed might have indicated either an indifference to dependence, and a wish to get what he could out of

his relations, to which Frank Osgood was superior; or a recognition of his past sin, and a determination to save his daughter from its results, which would have required a kind of repentance which Alick had rightly perceived was beyond him.

And yet Arthur could not say that a man ought not to provide for his own child. But could he? What risk was he running?

'Excuse me once more,' he said; 'but how do you propose to take yourself and Minnie to Melbourne?'

'Well, that weighed on my mind much, and in fact has hitherto prevented me from making known my intentions. But this morning, I received, forwarded from Calcutta, a letter from my brother-in-law, Tom Bateman, he's a store keeper in the outskirts of Melbourne, and he tells me that when his mother died and her little savings came to be divided, my share in right of my wife came to seventy pounds. So you see, that difficulty is provided for. It comes in the form of an order on the Calcutta Bank. I did intend to be so far beholden to you as to ask you to negotiate it for me.'

'Of course I can do that.'

'I'm not ungrateful to you,' said Frank, more softly; 'but you were Fred Oakenshaw's friend. I was very comfortable too under the Local Board here; but—when the old life woke up—you saw how it threw me off my balance. Of course I meant then—if I meant anything—to come back and fetch Minnie away.'

'But,' said Arthur, 'you choose to annihilate yourself in this way now. Are you sure that a day will not come when you will repent of your decision?'

'Could I make any decision of which I should not repent?' said Frank, suddenly. 'But whatever I may do, I don't think my relations will regret this one. I will answer Dr. Osgood's letter myself if you will allow me.'

'Well, Oakenshaw,' said Arthur, and Frank smiled at his unconscious use of the name; which he had of late avoided. 'Of course you have every right to decide for yourself, and you have your own reasons. But I don't think I should like to throw away so much kindness.'

'No!' said Frank. 'Perhaps not. But I don't forget kindness either, and if you will let me, I should like to send my thanks to Miss Florence Venning for her care of Minnie when I was ill, and for the books she lent her.'

'She takes a great interest in her.'

'Ah! yes, like you,' said Frank, with a little smile. 'I will be liberal enough to own that I am glad Minnie should know what an English lady is like.'

But neither for the sake of such an influence for his daughter, nor for any other consideration, would Frank Osgood alter his purpose; nor can it be denied that, whether his relations approved it or not, they heard it with some relief. The charge of Minnie would have

been no sinecure to the Osgoods, and none of the Leightons could wish for any intercourse with her; while she expressed her own opinion with great decision.

'I said I wouldn't be educated, and I sha'n't be.'

Perhaps nothing ever made her father so doubtful of his own wisdom as her vehement enforcements of it. The general opinion was, that she would be utterly ruined, only Florence remarking, that she really thought Frank Osgood's daughter would have trials enough to discipline any one.

They were to sail in April, and Geoffrey heard the news with the humiliating thought that the trial which had proved too hard for him had only lasted three months in all. He liked his new work; but he pined for news of Dulcie with a feeling such as he had never experienced since his first homesickness when he went to school.

For all the others, events were to draw to a point at Easter. By that time Frank Osgood and his daughter were to be on the high seas, Arthur and Florence were to be married in the week after Easter, and Annie's wedding was to be in Easter week itself. There had been a question whether Dulcie should stay in the north till afterwards, and so avoid the need of fulfilling her old promise to be Annie's bridesmaid; but she wrote to say that she should be sorry to stay away, and as the Leighton family had no special call to either wedding, she need not meet them there, and could be one of the many maidens of every degree that must share in the rejoicings for Miss Florence's wedding.

Arthur asked how many dozen lockets would be required for the bridesmaids; and indeed choice was so difficult, that Florence ended by confining herself to her young nieces, though every girl within reach who had ever been at the Manor, to say nothing of all whom Flossy had taught in classes or helped in societies, were ready to provide bright faces and loving hearts for the occasion. Her wedding could not fail to be an exciting interest in Oxley, and Arthur, always simple and genial, was pleased, and did not guess how much was also owing to his own popularity in the place. Annie's wedding could only be of the simplest, and was intended to take place very early in Bridgehurst Church, without any breakfast afterwards, and would owe its only distinction to the rank of her young cousin, Lord Glenthorne, who was to give her away. It would all be over, and Alick's mind would, or should, be free to prepare for the Whitsuntide Ordination, when Mr. Blandford had offered him a title for orders. Alick, mindful of all the talk that had preceded Miss Venning's engagement, used to look sometimes at his vigorous, hard-working vicar, and wonder whether he found it so hard to give his mind to all the press of parochial business that Lent brought with it, as he did himself in the face of these Easter weddings.

He had been so far infected by Geoffrey's feelings, as to entertain a great additional reluctance to tell his father of the extent of his

Oxford debts, and yet, if he entered on his profession with such a load hanging round his neck, he knew that his usefulness would be clogged for life. For as to paying them off out of his present allowance or his future salary; if the man existed who would be able to do it, the man who had incurred them could not. And even now, with the best intentions, Alick was so careless, and such a bad manager, that he was obliged to spend twice as much as his brothers on his various needs, in spite of all the socks and pocket-handkerchiefs with which his mother always supplied his deficiencies whenever he went home. Lent, he thought, would be a good time to be self-denying in all respects; but Alick sometimes forgot his intended self-denials; while more often the state of his pocket rendered them quite involuntary. All this time the training that he was receiving for his profession raised his standard, and made him more dissatisfied with himself; while yet he had flashes of a sense of power to approach this high ideal, if only fate in all respects were not so much against him.

He was sitting in his room one bright cold afternoon some three weeks before Easter, meditating on his misfortunes and shortcomings, instead of working at the papers set him by Mr. Blandford, when there was a hasty knock and ring, and to his great surprise Geoffrey burst into the room—with a pale face and excited manner.

'Geoff! where did you spring from? What's the matter?'

'Alick, have you heard? She's ill—don't you know of it? But I thought at least you could find out.'

'Ill, who—Dulcie? Is she? What makes you think so?'

'It's quite true,' said Geoffrey, trying to steady his voice. 'I was at Matching to-day, inspecting the school, with Mr. Allan, and when we went up to lunch at the Rectory afterwards, the Miss Brownlows were talking of a letter that they had from some cousins in Yorkshire, and they spoke of her by name—Dulcie Fordham—who was staying there. She had been too ill for some scheme that was on foot—she had caught cold, I believe; the letter said they were anxious at having her there in that cold climate—and spoke of the responsibility. It might mean anything! So I caught the train and rushed off here. Don't you ever hear about her?'

'Oh! yes, sometimes, if I see Miss Venning. But, Geoff, I don't see anything to be so upset about. Dulcie had a bad cold one day when I went over there last winter, and it didn't hurt her.'

'Yes, but she hadn't suffered then; is there no means of finding out? If you knew the misery of going on day after day and never hearing of her.'

'Yes,' said Alick, 'I know. But suppose we go and see Miss Florence, she would be sure to know if Dulcie was really ill.'

'Yes; at least I needn't show, but I'll walk with you.'

'Can you walk so far? How's the ankle?'

'Oh! quite well; yes, I can walk anywhere.'

Accordingly they started by the path across the fields to Oxley.

Geoffrey tried to control himself, and talk about his new occupation, till they heard laughing voices in front of them, and turning into a wooded lane beheld Arthur and Florence picking primroses in the teeth of a driving east wind.

'Hollo!' said Arthur, 'I did not know you were in these parts, Geoffrey,' while Florence ran down the bank and held out a set of very cold fingers.

'We were coming, that is—my brother was coming to see you, Miss Venning, to ask a question,' said Geoffrey, trying to be polite and formal, but feeling awkward, in spite of his anxiety, at the double encounter; Alick, however, said straightforwardly, 'Geoffrey has heard that Dulcie is ill, and he thought that Miss Florence would be sure to know about her.'

'Oh!' said Florence, 'she has had a very bad cough and cold. I think, as she wasn't feeling very strong, this bleak Spring has been bad for her. But she is better, and she is coming home next week. They were afraid one day it might turn to bronchitis; but that was averted, and there's nothing to be alarmed at.'

'Didn't you have a letter from her, Flossy?' said Arthur, noticing poor Geoffrey's wistful face, though he drew a long breath of relief.

Flossy put her hand into her pocket, and with rather a doubtful look, drew out a letter, on which Geoffrey's eyes fastened with such a hungry look, that Arthur took it from her hand, and said—

'Come, don't have any scruples. We won't tell, and if we did, Miss Fordham would forgive us. Suppose you pass it on.'

The kind bright smile with which he put the little letter into Geoffrey's hand, relieved the embarrassed pride which was even yet contending with eager anxiety.

'She doesn't want it back,' said Arthur, 'and when Miss Fordham comes home, I'll look you up, Alick, and relieve your anxiety.'

The brothers were glad to turn back with thanks, which Geoffrey was half ashamed to utter.

'It's more than he deserves,' said Flossy, 'if she is ill it is his fault.'

'Oh! my dear,' said Arthur, 'I couldn't say that any one deserved such pain as that poor boy suffered just now!'

'Well, I must not tell Dulcie of the encounter.'

'That's for the feminine conscience to decide,' said Arthur. 'But I expect I should.'

Geoffrey meanwhile was devouring the letter as he walked along, dwelling on the pretty twirls and twists at which May always laughed in Dulcie's writing, and making the most of the few lines about her health, and the cold weather, and her approaching return. It was a cheerful little note, but very matter of fact, and had not, so Geoffrey thought, half as much of Dulcie in it as was the wont of her letters. But it was a great deal better than nothing, and it was long before he looked up from the study of it, to see Alick looking

at him with such melancholy eyes, as recalled him to a sense of sympathy never before experienced.

'I hope she's better,' said Geoffrey, 'I think so.'

'Then, if she isn't ill,' replied Alick, 'there's nothing else much to mind. For you know that she would be as glad to see your writing as you are to see hers. I should think that would make one happy if she was in California!'

Geoffrey put the letter in his pocket and turned round. 'Alick,' he said, 'I'm always a selfish fellow, but I can feel now that you must have gone through a great deal. I never took the trouble to listen to you, but I know that Fred—'

'Oh! Fred!' interrupted Alick, with a little shrug; 'Fred was very kind, but you know, he has had three of what he calls disappointments already, so I don't think he knows much about it, and Jem Fordham told me it was my own fault, which is true.'

'Nobody ever says quite the thing one wants,' said Geoffrey, 'but certainly being one's own fault doesn't mend matters. Perhaps when the wedding is over—'

'Yes, it isn't only that, Geoff, but you know pretty well how my hands were tied—always. That's what held me back with Annie. There was a time when I thought, when I am almost sure that if I could have asked her, she would have had me. But there was no chance, and I knew it and she knew it. I don't mean that she cared very much, but she would have liked me best if—if there had been any use in it.'

'Well, yes,' said Geoffrey, 'I certainly thought so.'

'But that's all over now,' said Alick, with a deep sigh; 'and if there was a chance, I didn't take it, and I shall never have another. But I've handicapped myself from having any chance with anything. How can I go up for ordination, with all these debts behind me? How can I ever hope to be free of them?'

'Should you mind telling me a few particulars?' said Geoffrey, with a deference of manner that was entirely new.

Alick was very open to sympathy, and, spite of all that had passed, had a considerable belief in Geoffrey's wisdom; and he began a long, rambling account of himself and his difficulties, which Geoffrey, spite of some previous knowledge, did not find it easy to follow; for evidently Alick himself had no clear idea of particulars. He related with the utmost honesty his various efforts at retrenchment, and the mismanagement and want of resolution which had often caused them to fail. With equal simplicity and unreserve he revealed his repentance, and the high aspirations that showed him so forcibly his own shortcomings, deep religious feelings, an earnest desire to devote himself to his sacred calling, and a recurring conviction that he had gifts that fitted him for it—breaks in the clouds that flashed a new light into Geoffrey's eyes, and he had not lived for four-and-twenty years with Alick without knowing him to be perfectly genuine.

The point to which he recurred again and again was the sense of a want of honour and honesty in presenting himself for ordination with this drag round his neck; and, moreover, the fear he felt of being openly unworthy of his vocation. 'Unworthy in the world's sight,' he said, 'not only in reality.'

'After the way in which you have acted lately, I don't see how you can fear that,' said Geoffrey.

'But even lately,' said Alick, 'I've wasted a great many odd half-crewns.'

'I meant—about Frank Osgood.'

'Oh!' said Alick, 'I don't see how I could have acted differently. It was very miserable; but there was nothing else to do, and I didn't mind it then as you did. But I think I mind more about telling father after all. I don't want him to be ashamed of me.' There were tears in Alick's eyes. The wrench and shock that the home ties had sustained had made them painfully tender.

'There's no fear of that,' said Geoffrey. 'Alick, I think he would help you, and I think you ought to tell him. Perhaps I could help you.'

'No, no!' said Alick. 'You haven't got Fortunatus' purse, and everything you have belongs to Dulcie. Besides, Fred left off long ago.'

'Well, then,' said Geoffrey, 'why don't you make out a clear statement of all this that you have told me, and write it all in a letter to father.'

Making a clear statement was not much in Alick's line, and hardly in his power, and probably it cost him more resolution to face the trouble than the humiliation of such a confession.

But he had not only asked advice, he took it, and Geoffrey offering rather diffidently to help him, they spent the evening in preparing the way for the proposed statement, the clearness of which was certainly due to Geoffrey, however much credit Alick might deserve for its honesty.

Geoffrey could hardly rein in his contempt for the unmitigated muddle; but he held his tongue; and when poor Alick was in the thick of the worst perplexities, he was interrupted by the clock striking eight.

'There,' said Alick, 'I must go; my class will be waiting. There are eighteen of them—lads and young men,' he added, proudly. 'They'll come in all weathers. The Vicar says they never took as kindly to any curate. They have so many temptations in beginning life, and sometimes they will talk of them, and one can say a word.'

He paused, and a slow flush came over his face as Geoff could not help a glance at the papers.

'I never thought before of putting this and that together,' he said, slowly.

Necessity and habitual instinct sent him out to the class, though

with the bitterest sense of the difference between his profession and his practice that he had ever experienced ; but Geoffrey did not judge him as he would have done a few months before. He had seen the same sort of contrast too plainly in himself.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MASTER AND HIS MISTRESS.

‘ And just because I was thrice as old ?
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told,
We were fellow mortals, nought beside ? ’

ALL the events and complications which centred in the identity of Frederick Oakenshaw and Frank Osgood had afforded a great deal of conversation for Oxley and its neighbourhood. The Osgoods were exclusive, and led a retired life, therefore, of course, it was a new pleasure to have anything to say about them ; the Crichtons were very popular, and everybody wanted to know their opinions on the matter ; while the two weddings that were to take place were only rivalled in interest by the engagement that was, at any rate, nominally broken off.

Mrs. Stafford’s public position, and her connection with the parties concerned, gave her every opportunity of discussing the matter, and her kind interest would have earned her a double share of Geoffrey’s detestation could he have heard it ; while her tender and impressive congratulations annoyed Arthur so much that he ever after avoided her.

Much did she long for some excuse for ‘ taking notice ’ of the central figure in the play ; but none such offered, and she could only write affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, offering them any amount of accommodation, if they wished to see their poor cousin before he sailed. The Leightons, to whom she was still only a lively little Rosie, were by no means troubled by the chance of her comments, and for various reasons decided to accept her invitation for three nights. They did wish to see Frank, and to meet Dr. Osgood, and Aliok’s letter might be answered in person. There had been too much former uneasiness about him for it to come as a surprise ; but much as they rejoiced at the efforts he was making, they could not but be anxious about his future, and would gladly discuss it with Mr. Blandford. A perverse fate regulating the arrangements of the Education Department, kept Geoffrey circulating in all the villages round Oxley, and Mr. Stafford arranged for him to meet them much against his will. Perhaps Mrs. Leighton’s strongest reason, however, was a desire to go to Fairfield in Dulcie’s absence and see Mrs. Fordham.

All these reasons brought them to Oxley in the week before Holy Week, and on their first evening Dr. Osgood came to meet them at

dinner, and Frank's affairs received a final discussion. When his mind had been made up, he had written with propriety to his relations, and nothing remained to be done but to wish him farewell, and hope that health and fortune would justify his refusal of any protection for his child. He made one request, that he might see Mrs. Leighton, and she went with her husband to Laurel Villa on the last day of Frank Osgood's stay there. He showed much more gentleness of manner than had appeared to any one else, and gave her a parcel, asking her to keep it unopened till she heard of his death, and then to give it to the person whose name she would find inside.

'When I was an ungrateful boy I owed you much, Marion,' he said, 'and for all that long-past kindness I thank you now. And James—I hope—I hope *all* your sons may be such as you are. Allick has been very kind to me, and the other—did his best. I am glad Minnie has seen you. I wish her to remember *your* face, and to know that she is your namesake.'

Mrs. Leighton drew the child toward her, and gave her a handsomely bound Prayer-book, in which she had written, 'For my little cousin Marion, who will always find a friend in Mrs. Leighton, of Sloane House, Chelsea, London.'

It was too handsome a book not to be taken care of, and Mrs. Leighton, when she thought of all the changes and chances of life which this poor child might encounter, was determined that one English name and address should be indelibly impressed on her memory.

Minnie stared as if she did not mean to forget the face either. She looked much subdued, and in spite of her triumph at going off alone with her daddy, had secretly cried much over the parting with kind Mrs. Jones, who had supplemented all other gifts and arrangements for her with many little comforts, and to whom she would owe for life a six months' training 'in the way a young lady ought to behave herself,' and a perfect knowledge of the Church Catechism, which, as Mrs. Jones observed, 'might stand by her anywhere.'

Poor little creature! She might need support, as the kind cousins felt as they kissed her and blessed her and bid her father farewell, before, in the twilight of the spring evening, as unobtrusively as they had arrived, Frank Osgood and his child turned their backs on name, home, and kindred, and went up to London by the evening train with 'Oakenshaw' on their luggage, and not even Mrs. Jones to see them off, all farewells having taken place at Laurel Villa.

The sun was setting over the peaceful fields in a long line of yellow light. The train spun past the little unpretending terrace where they had lived, Minnie, watching with all her eyes for Mrs. Jones' white handkerchief to be waved to her at the crossing of the line, burst out crying when its last glimpse had disappeared, and said,

'Oh! Daddy, Oxley's a very pretty place, and I think I should like to come back again some day!'

Their departure left an undeniable sense of relief with those who had in one way or another been constantly conscious of their presence and existence.

The worst had come and gone. No thunderbolt could fall again on Geoffrey and Alick. The storm had passed and left them standing, themselves still, and in their old positions. Perhaps their parents had never felt them so entirely their own before, and all the anxieties now caused by their conduct and fortunes were embittered by no confusing under-current of feeling.

Alick's interview with Mr. Leighton was neither more nor less painful than such an interview must have been between a father and son. Mr. Leighton forgave him, and promised to help him, but only on one condition. If he could not live within his income he was not fit to take Holy Orders, and his ordination must be delayed for a year, at the end of which time, if he could give his word and honour that he had learned to manage his money matters, Mr. Leighton would consent to the carrying out of his purpose. In the meanwhile, Mr. Blandford recommended his working as a lay helper in a certain East-end parish, where he would receive a small salary, and where he would be acquiring useful experience. Alick was terribly cast down and disappointed. The fervour of his desire to dedicate himself was quite as strong as if he had been more worthy of the offering, and he felt, perhaps not untruly, that his vows would have been a safe-guard. It was hard to be left to himself with nothing to make his task easier.

'I shall never be fit,' he said to Geoffrey, in his first despondency. 'Father had better make me give it up, and put me into some office at once.'

'You would not let me despair when I was put on probation,' said Geoffrey, more gently than Alick had ever heard him speak before.

'Ah, but you *can*!' said Alick, as he glanced at Geoffrey's slender, nervous fingers and firm set lips. 'You're a strong man, Geoff.'

'But there came a stronger,' said Geoffrey. 'And you won't fall through self-confidence. I expect we both needed the same lesson.'

Alick sat for a few minutes, with his head on his hands in silence.

'Well, I'll try,' he said, presently, 'and if—if I do get through, I shall never let any one despair of finding a Hand to help them.'

Alick had always been a person of strong religious feeling, Geoffrey one of distinct opinions, and loyal and enthusiastic profession. Both had had to find the need of personal self-conquest, which lay behind it all, and to learn, not the uselessness of feeling or of conviction, but the right way to use them.

With the experience came the sympathy that united their very different natures, and the brotherly feeling which, at least on Geoffrey's side, had never existed before, came to help them in a time of great trial for each.

Neither of them much relished the idea of the dinner and bed at

the School House to which they had been invited to meet their parents; but Geoffrey persuaded Alick to come and face the new state of things, not minding if they were 'interesting objects,' on this occasion, the first day after their near relation had left Oxley.

His new courage was infectious, Alick cheered up, and as they set off to walk into Oxley, sending their things by the train, he revived sufficiently to remark, that after all cousin Rose was good-natured enough, and meant no harm by her gossip.

'She's a mischievous woman all the same,' said Geoffrey. Alick might have fully endorsed this sentiment if he had been present the day before at a tête-à-tête between Mrs. Stafford and the Master of S. Jude's. While the Head Master after dinner was showing Mr. and Mrs. Leighton some photographs, the lady could not resist the opportunity of discussing their affairs with all the affectionate interest of a cousin, and the discriminating criticism of a sincere friend.

'So sad it had been for poor dear Geoffrey, and yet she couldn't but feel that that sweet little Dulcie was running a great risk. Perhaps it might be better for her in the end. Geoffrey was so impetuous—so uncertain——'

'I have known a great many young men,' said the Master; 'I wish I thought as well of most of them as I do of Geoffrey Leighton.'

'Ah, yes,' said Mrs. Stafford, fixing her soft brown eyes upon him. 'There's a great deal that's *charming* in Geoffrey. He has all the Leighton talent, and for my part I have never had a doubt as to his identity. But poor Alick, don't you see in him the sad hereditary weakness! Extravagant and careless like the father?'

'It is not a subject on which I should feel called upon to express an opinion,' said the Master, with politeness, that veiled the severe rebuke.

'Very wise! But I do feel thankful that nothing came of his boyish fancy. It would have been a sad prospect for *any* girl.'

'He has met with a disappointment?' asked the Master.

'Why—hardly—he could never have had much expectation; but we *were* at one time a little afraid that your dear Annie might have been touched by his devotion. So young, and it began quite in their school days! But she has been reserved for a happier fate. How sweet she will look, like a flower blooming in your grey old college!'

The Master made a little bow, and then walked over to look at the Italian photographs.

But the words did not fall unheeded. He had fancied at times that Annie's manner to him was constrained. What more natural than that some old preference for one of her own age and kind should be lurking in her breast. The Master did not take her quite so much for granted as in the first days of their engagement. He was beginning to find out how little he knew of the nature of a girl of twenty—how unexpected her ideas were, how unaccountable her opinions. Was he after all, trying a dangerous experiment? Had he taken the girl's feelings too much for granted?

As Annie had learned the Latin ode to gratify the Master, so he had of late made excursions into the realms of lighter literature; and at Annie's request had victimised himself by reading several novels which she much admired.

He had aggravated her by minute criticisms on the formation of the sentences, and by a little lecture on the importance of form and style; but she had her revenge, for she caught him decidedly moved by the death of the hero; with more tears in his kind and pitiful eyes, than she had ever shed for any sorrows but her own, real or fictitious.

Now, as he lay awake in his bed, he recalled these works to himself. They were written, he believed, by young women, and from them he might learn the feminine view of life. The lovers in these pages all lived in the golden land of youth together. And when he recalled his own young days, and putting himself in Alick Leighton's place, thought how he would have felt, if the girl he loved had married the Master of his college, a pang shot through his heart. Well, if more than thirty years put him at a sad disadvantage with the younger lover, at least he had had all those years more practice in unselfish consideration. He said a prayer for the happiness of his young bright Annie, and made a resolution to himself, and the next morning rode away to Bridgehurst for what was intended for the last meeting before the marriage day. As he rode into the village he saw Annie standing in the sunny road talking to Miss Royland. Her slim young figure was erect and full of life, the sun was shining on her bright face and hair, and she held a bunch of daffodils in her hands. He heard her laughing; she turned, and came running down the hill with a light, springing step, which she moderated as she saw her betrothed, and came up to him, dignified and quiet, but with a bright welcoming smile. He dismounted as he saw her, and asked her if she would let him put up his horse at the inn, and then walk with him in the wood, before going into the cottage.

'Oh! yes, I was just going to church; but if you excuse me——'

'Nay,' said the Master, 'if you will, we will go to church together.'

Annie did not feel quite inclined to show herself by the Master's side as part of the very scanty congregation; but she liked still less to refuse him, and so they went to church, and as they knelt side by side, the poor Master felt how peaceful and blissful his thoughts would have been but for those hints last night. Annie was not more attentive than a girl with her head full of wedding clothes, and very undeveloped devotional feelings, was likely to be at a chance week day service; but she stole a glance at the Master's face, so good and calm, and felt awed and rebuked.

They came out under the low porch together, and almost in silence went into the wood, now gay with spring flowers.

Then the Master took her young pink fingers into his clasp, and said, gently,

'Annie, very soon we shall kneel together in that church again. But first, I have a word to say, and you must believe me, my darling, as you believe in the prayers we have been saying together. Annie, I know that Alick Leighton loved you, that if he could he would have been beforehand with me, and that this love of his has been of long standing. You have tried now what it is like to have a lover much more than twice your age. Will you believe me when I tell you that I want you to be sure of your own self, to have no misgivings, before you marry me. I have learned something, my dear, from intercourse with your young fresh mind, and I think I hardly knew what I asked of you.'

Annie stood still, a deep flush on her face.

'I always meant to marry for money!' she said, then, as the Master looked too much surprised to speak, she released her hand, and went on with gathering vehemence,

'But I've learned something, too—and I couldn't marry you either—till you know! But I'll tell you the truth—the very truth. I never would let myself think about Alick. I always knew it was of no use. It used to come upon me; but I *did* stop myself. I never, never, meant to marry him. But I used to waver about, between being a governess, like Flossy Venning, and making a good match. I knew it was one or the other! But I never, never did think of you to try to please you. Indeed, I didn't! And when you came and spoke to Aunt Anne, I thought it was such a wonderful chance that anyone so nice should be the good match—and I was so glad to be settled! But——'

'Go on, my dear,' said the Master, quietly, as she paused for breath.

'Afterwards I didn't feel so happy; I felt in a cage; I thought I had better have been a teacher! Because I began to find out that you were so good; I saw what a selfish, worldly girl I was. I did not know what a very good man was like, and, then, to think that I should have married you from mean motives! And it seemed a great deal of trouble to change for your sake.'

'And shall I open the cage door and set you free?' said the Master, still quietly.

Then Annie suddenly burst into tears, and running to him, seized both his hands in hers.

'No, no!' she cried, 'I want to stay. I love you now, and I will try and be good. It was not that I found I didn't like you, but that I did—I did! And it's what I don't deserve for being so double-minded. I thought I should have ever so much to put up with, and there was nothing at all.'

The Master drew her close to him, and she threw her arms round his neck, with a vehement, girlish embrace, such as she had never given him before.

'My beautiful darling!' he said, 'I think it would have broken my heart to let you go; but I would, Annie, for your sake.'

'No, no! but I wish you were *ruined* that I might show that I'm honest now.'

'My dear,' said the Master, with a return to his natural, shrewd, gentle manner, 'I *am* too old to find the idea of ruin at all pleasant. Please God, we'll be very happy without that.'

And so ended Annie Macdonald's determination to marry for money, with far better fortune than she deserved. But the good Master, who had done his duty and kept his heart pure all his life, won the heart of the girl whom he loved by his own exceptional merits, and certainly was worthy of all the happiness that a loving wife could bring him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

'Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.'

THE year of probation, like all other years, went on its course, and the months ran on till the bright autumn days came back, that last year had seen Geoffrey and Dulcie's open betrothal, days that Geoffrey found very hard to bear. He had undergone much anxiety in the spring on her account; for she had been delicate and out of health for some time after her return from Yorkshire, and after Florence was married and away on her wedding trip he had no dependable means of hearing of her. How grateful he had felt to Mr. Spencer Crichton, for writing him a long and altogether unnecessary letter about the dimensions of a new class-room in Redhurst School, and for putting in at the end that his wife had seen Miss Fordham, and thought her looking much better. Poor Geoffrey felt as if no one had ever done him such a favour. But even when he heard of her again as looking bright and well, and as taking upon herself some of the little pieces of usefulness which Florence had been obliged to drop, Geoffrey found it hard to be cheerful.

Every one could see that Alick was working hard and steadily, and he could say truly that he was economical, and win credit for his efforts.

But no one ever expected Geoffrey to be idle and extravagant; no one was surprised that he was devoted to his profession, and as he despairingly put it to himself, 'How could he show that he was not a scoundrel?' He felt differently on many points, but he thought to himself that he had no chance of showing it. But Alick, when he wrote to him freely of his efforts and difficulties, would have told a very different story, and perhaps, even, the professional work would not have gone so smoothly, if he had been quite so sure of his own merits as had been the case formerly.

He did not know whether to be glad or not, when at the end of

that bright September he was obliged to come back to Oxley. The district assigned to him would have been so delightful once, and even now he thought that on the whole he was glad of it, for he could find a moment for calling at the Bank House, and though it would be a breach of trust to walk towards Fairfield, the pretty fields towards Redhurst were open to anyone.

Perhaps Dulcie's earnest efforts at submission and endurance had met with their reward, for the recurrence of these sunny, autumn days did not make her miserable. Rather each month seemed to her a month off the time of probation. Keeping Florence at Oxley had been a great delight to her, and she was allowed to be often with her, Flossy being resolutely faithful to the implied trust, and never mentioning Geoffrey's name, though Arthur had once been guilty of so leading the conversation as to induce the Vicar of Oxley to inform him on the stairs (when the drawing-room door was open) how excellently the young Government Inspector had acquitted himself in his school.

Dulcie, when she grew strong again, tried dutifully to find new occupations for herself, began to imitate Flossy in various little ways of usefulness, and sang and sketched and worked with more energy than usual. But though she kept herself tolerably happy, she felt somehow small and stupid, as if her spirit had no space to expand itself, but had its wings clipped at every turn. What could she think of as she strolled along the lanes and fields? Did she ever think of anything but Geoffrey? She never would have been surprised to see him, never would his face have been incongruous with her feelings, and when she knelt at her prayers, thoughts of Geoffrey, more or less submissive, were all the offering that she had to make.

But she did offer them, with all her hopes and fears for him, and so she could look at the blue sky and the gay hedgerows, alone, when last year he had been beside her, with a sad heart indeed, but not with a hopeless one.

She could not but especially think of him, one sunny afternoon, as she walked along towards Oxley by the very path which she and Geoffrey had taken when their betrothal was new. She could find the very rosebushes off which he had pulled bright berries and leaves to give her. Here, at this stile, they had paused together, and Geoffrey with the hips and haws in his buttonhole, had talked about elementary education. Dulcie sat down on the broad top of the stile, tenderly holding this year's berries in her hand, and gazing with wide half seeing eyes over the golden landscape. So much had happened in this year. Last autumn Annie had been a discontented girl, instead of a most contented and prosperous young wife. Arthur Spencer's return had been spoken of by Flossy with interest, the extent of which she was forced to conceal. Time brought so many changes. There was not much in Dulcie's circumstances to make this

thought a happy one, and yet as she sat there in the sunshine, there fell upon her soul a sense of peace.

'Heavenly peace!' she said to herself as she lifted her eyes to the blue sky, and felt for the moment what it was to be at rest, even when her little world was all going wrong.

Peace touched her spirit with a feeling which she never forgot, and for the moment her face, as she looked up with yearning eyes, caught indeed 'a touch of pure angelic light.'

One mortal saw it, for along the soft turf at the side of the lane came Geoffrey himself, and stopped short with almost an outcry of surprise, as the turn of the hedge brought her in sight. She was looking away from him, and he shrank back behind a roadside tree and looked at her.

There was his sweet Dulcie, alone, and within his reach, lovelier than ever in his eyes, more womanly, more entirely fair. One step—one word—and the rapt look would pass, and the flood of joy would come into her eyes, and she would speak. He should hear her voice, he might touch her hand again. And oh! even if she sent him away from her, even if she dared not, would not linger, there would have been one word, one mutual look, and both would be happier through the months to come.

If ever faith and a pledged word were severely tested, they were tested then. Geoffrey grasped the tree trunk to hold himself back. Dulcie moved a little, the dreamy look went out of her face, and she put up her hand and passed it over her brow and eyes, with a certain weariness of gesture, which told of a burden patiently borne. Geoffrey fairly fell on his knees by the roadside and covered his face. Then looking up again, he saw her get over the stile on the opposite side, and with light unconscious step pass down the field path out of his sight. Then Geoffrey rushed forward to the stile, and leaned against it almost overcome with the agitation of his struggle. It was too soon to feel thankful for the self-conquest. It seemed to him but a barren honour—no one would ever know that he had kept his word! A hand was laid on his shoulder he turned with a start, to meet the eyes of Captain Fordham.

'I kept my word!' he cried out fiercely.

'I saw you,' said Captain Fordham. His face relaxed into a smile. 'You did keep your word,' he said, 'suppose I told you to go after her!'

The words were hardly out of his lips, when Geoffrey, like an arrow from a bow, was over the stile, across the field, and out of sight.

'Good heavens!' ejaculated Captain Fordham, 'and I had so much to say to him!'

'Another time would be more appropriate,' said a laughing voice, as Arthur Spencer emerged from behind the tree. 'You did not expect to be taken so quickly at your word.'

'As impetuous as ever,' said Captain Fordham, 'but I could not but

be touched with all you have told me, of the poor lad's misery. I don't often act on impulse, but after the scene we accidentally witnessed, I could not but remember my own young days—and perhaps some shortening of the time of probation—Dulcie has been a very good girl.'

'And if he has been faulty, he has shown full capability of repenting of it. But what are you going to do now? Go after them in your turn? I think I shall make myself scarce, for I should only be in the way of your meeting,' said Arthur, rejoicing that his desire to find an opportunity of saying a good word for Geoffrey had induced him to offer to stroll back through the fields with Captain Fordham. He it was, whose sharp eyes had caught sight of Geoffrey as he came up by the tree, and of Dulcie beyond in the sunlight, and with bold and intentional eavesdropping had held the Captain back to watch what followed.

He had felt that the test was cruel in another moment, and would have shown himself; but this time Captain Fordham detained him till the unconscious Dulcie moved and walked away.

She had not gone far, for even as Arthur spoke, the young pair came in sight on the hedge-side path.

Hand in hand, with eager steps and wistful faces, they came up the field, and Arthur turned away with a nod and a smile as Captain Fordham crossed the stile and went forward to meet them.

That same evening Alick and his mother were alone in the drawing-room at Sloane House. The others had gone out to a concert; but she had preferred a chat with the son who could only pay her flying visits.

Alick was very full of his work at the East-end, and of its various developments. He told her that he was glad that he had been obliged to go there, and that since he had missed the chance of the Fordham curacy, he hoped to get one under his present vicar as soon as his father thought his character had been sufficiently tested.

'You know, mother,' he said. 'It's much easier for a fellow like me to be saving out there, than in a country place where I know everyone, and where there are all sorts of things going on. Besides, such work as ours doesn't leave much room for thinking of anything else.'

'My boy, I can't tell you how glad I am to find your heart so much in it. I wish your other hopes could have been fulfilled.'

'There never was a chance of it,' said Alick, with a sigh; 'for she never had any feeling for me, and—mother—I'm afraid I'm not the sort of fellow who could stand poverty if I was married and had all sorts of social difficulties to contend with. A man must be a hero to do that and go thoroughly in for such work as mine at the same time. The other way is much easier.'

It was an odd thing to say in the face of such a hard, uncomfortable life of self-devotion as Alick was proposing to lead, and perhaps his

naturally humble opinion of himself prompted the remark; but his mother was glad to find that he could look at his disappointment in a way that made it tolerable to him, and thoroughly believed that in the exercise of the higher parts of his character lay the best hope of overcoming its weakness.

As he spoke there was a sudden loud ring at the bell.

'There is no end to our notes and parcels,' said Mrs. Leighton, but the next moment the drawing-room door opened and Geoffrey burst in.

'Mother!' he cried, 'it is over, and I have her again. I have come from Fairfield; but I couldn't rest without telling you at once.'

Geoffrey's eyes were sparkling, and he looked quite transfigured with happiness.

'Alick! oh! that is lucky!' he said, as he turned from his vehement embrace of his mother to grasp Alick's hand.

He was not very lucid as to the circumstances that had brought about this happy result; but he said that Captain Fordham had been very kind to him, and that he thought that Dulcie's mother had been very glad to put an end to the estrangement.

'And Dulcie? Mother, you will write and ask her here directly; she sent more love, she said, than I could carry to you and May. She is longing to be among us again. She is sweeter and lovelier than ever!'

'Dear child, I shall be too thankful to have her,' said Mrs. Leighton.

She looked at the two young men standing together before her, both turning to her eagerly for sympathy alike in joy and in sorrow; both dear to her with a love that could make no distinction between them.

She thought of the day so long ago, when the two babies had been laid on her lap, and she had tried so hard to choose her own son.

'You will not have unhappy lives, my boys,' she said, with an earnestness that they could not mistake.

'No, mother,' said Geoffrey, his sensitive face reflecting her thought in a moment; 'but if the crook in our lot has been straightened, we both of us know very well to whom we owe it. If, when we were little babies you had felt and acted as I have done since, you would have lost us both, and we should have been wretched. As it is, you never lost *him*, and I—if double love—if double duty—dear mother, then I am indeed your son!'

And so the brave mother met her reward.

FINIS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE
CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

CHAPTER IX.

Now, before I continue mine own personal adventures, I will, albeit I yet shrink from the pain of reopening that terrible wound, narrate all that I learnt from Mistress Dawtrey of the last hours of mine honoured grandmother's life, and of the cruel manner of its ending.

Many times over in after years did mine ancient friend tell me that most rueful history, every detail of which, even unto the words spoken, seemed stamp'd on her memory as with hot branding irons, so faithfully did it keep each particular; and I be the more careful to do this, seeing that various false reports were spread abroad at the time, and be currently reported unto this day.

When Sir Edmund entered the countess's chamber early in the morning of that day, to tell her that it was the King's will she should die at noon, she received him with a smile.

'Thou bringest me a joyful message,' she said, 'but I being untried and uncondemned, thou doubtless meanest it be His Grace's will I should this day be brought before my peers, who will, seeing what obedient servants they be unto his Highness, fail not to pass such judgment as he may approve.'

'Not so, madam,' he answered, 'I meaneth that that I have said. The King holdeth thy guilt so assured, that he deemeth farther trial needless.'

'Thou liest, sir governor,' she cried, rising from her chair as was her wont when she was angered. 'Thou liest! thou shouldest say the King holdeth thine innocence so assured, he dareth not set thee before thy peers, lest all men should perceive how false be the charge. I do demand to be tried ere I be executed.'

'Ye are but seeking by so vain a plea,' he answered scornfully, 'to avoid thy fate, as many others have done, by falling at my feet and confessing their guilt with piteous cries for mercy. An ye could bring your stubborn spirit down to such submission, perchance I might do somewhat, late though it be, to serve ye.'

She was old, and weakened by long imprisonment and scanty fare, but her great soul gave her strength. Her eyes blazed as she listened, and her very nostrils seemed to quiver with her rage.

'Poor craven wretches,' she retorted, 'to what piteous baseness

must they have sank ere they could crouch at thy feet, and seek mercy from *thee*! Hope not to carry unto the King any such tale of Margaret Plantagenet! An she needed pardon she would scorn to ask it. *Her demand is justice.*'

'Justice ye shall have, madam,' he angrily replied, 'ye stand attainted of treason, wherefore it be just that ye should die. Waste not in angry words the minutes that be left, for at noon ye must surely suffer.'

'Doubtless,' she said, 'since such be the King's pleasure, he can take away my life. Bring me poison and I will drink it, or stab me as I stand, my death will be nought but murder, however wrought, but rest assured I will die no traitor's death. I will not, by laying mine own head on the block, give to his shameful deed a show of justice.'

He would have spoken, but with a gesture of imperious command, she checked his speech and continued herself. 'Traitor I am not, and no acceptance of a traitor's doom, no mean acknowledgement, no tame submission, so help me God, shall hide the foul infamy of my death from the eyes of men. Go, ye will find us ready when the hour shall strike.'

'May God give you better counsel, madam,' he said, as he retired, awe-struck at so strange a defiance; 'and show you how futile resistance must needs be.'

When he was gone, she sat a few minutes silent, but presently she turned to Mistress Dawtrey and bade her take comfort. 'My good and faithful old friend,' she said, 'dry thine eyes, and go and fetch us a manchet or two, and a flask of wine, for it is ill going through that which awaiteth us on empty stomachs.'

And when Mistress Dawtrey brought them to her, she ate and drank herself, and made her do likewise, not suffering her to decline.

'It be worse for thee,' she said, 'than it be for me; thy courage must not fail thee; an it be more than thou canst bear, tarry not I pray thee to the end.'

Then, after a long pause, wherein with claspt hands she silently commended her soul into God's merciful keeping, she made her stoop down, and kissed her cheek many times over, and said, 'I thank and bless thee with all mine heart for thy faithful and true service, and take my blessing unto my sons and daughters, and unto my dear Moll, who truly hath been the child of mine old age. It gladdens me to think that thine evil days of captivity be well nigh gone. An I could ask anything of his Highness, it would be that thou shouldest be paid thy wages. Alas, I have nought to leave thee but my Psalter.'

And then she sat silent again, but just at last added a tender message unto my father, praying him, as he valued her blessing, to keep out of all plots and conspiracies, and to guard the little lad from the same. She knew how easily he was led and how lightly he would embark in most dangerous ventures.

The summons came as she was still speaking of him, and she arose instantly, and rejecting Sir Edmund's arm, as if she would not do him the honour of taking it, she walked out of the room before him with an unflinching step.

Unsupported she crossed the green and mounted the two or three steps to the scaffold where she was to die. She paused beside the block and then looked around on the crowd of spectators, guards and attendants gathered together, and said, 'Good people, ye know that his Highness be my near kinsman, that as an infant I held him in these arms,' stretching them out, 'and he was dear to me as a son. To these same arms he confided the Princess Mary, whom I pray God to bless, as well as her brother the Prince of Wales. All my days I have faithfully served him and his, and so well he knoweth that he hath nought worthy of death against me that he dareth not bring me to trial. Unsentence wherefore I be come here to die, such being his pleasure. To Him who is the King of kings and Judge of all men, in full trust in His mercy I commend my soul.'

'I be thankful, madam,' Sir Edmund said when she paused, 'ye have concluded your speech with words so befitting your condition, and now I pray you to allow Mistress Dawtrey to remove your hood.'

'And wherefore should she remove it?' she replied, 'I stand here to be slaughtered, but not executed, I trow ye can do your butchery as well with it on as off.'

Her scornful and opprobrious words stung him to the quick, and in his rage he put out his hand and seized her hood and tore it off her head so roughly that all her silver hair fell down about her shoulders. 'Kneel down, madam,' he exclaimed with an oath, pointing to the spot in front of the block, 'kneel down! a few minutes will be allowed thee for thy last prayers;' and then more gently, 'Thou needs must die,—suffer thy waiting-woman to cover thine eyes with thy kerchief.'

'I will not be blinded,' she answered, 'I can look death in the face as lightly as any man. I will not kneel down, neither will I lay mine head on that block. I will do nought, God helping me, that can ease to thee thy foul task, and enable thee to tell his Highness I accepted his sentence with submission. With my last breath I will protest mine innocency, and will refuse to acknowledge his right, untried and uncondemned as I be, to have me slaughtered.'

'Slaughtered!' he cried, in an accent of mingled indignation and distress. 'We be no butchers! I verily believe ye wish to shame us all by compelling us to use force! once more I bid thee kneel.'

'And once more,' she retorted, with undaunted air, 'I tell thee I will not kneel, but stand here stedfastly refusing to die the death of a traitor.'

They were her last words. As she was speaking Sir Edmund made a sign to the headsman to cut her down. The stroke, owing to her uplifted hand, partly failed, and stung by the cruel smart she ran

some steps round the scaffold, not, I be sure, to avoid death, but in the madness of the pain, not knowing what she did. Stepping quickly after her, the executioner, by a second blow, brought her to the ground, and then, with many another, finished his hideous work. But when at last he had hacked off that noble head, he held it up for the spectators to see in shame-faced silence, not daring to call it that of a traitor.

When poor Mistress Dawtrey saw the first blow struck she screamed aloud and had tried to reach her, but Lieutenant Cufau de, who was present with his troop, with kindly roughness, seeing her desire, caught hold of her and perforce held her back. 'Thou canst not help her, poor soul,' he whispered; 'muffle thy face in thy kerchief, and stop thine ears. Thank God that second blow hath done its work, and she be past pain; and in another few minutes he continued, 'It be all over now, and may all the saints forbid that I should ever see such another sight,' and he released his hold.

Trembling in every limb, and her face convulsed with horror, she followed him to the spot where they were already laying the 'disfigured corpse in its coffin, and placing the head on the still bleeding neck.

Restraining herself with a mighty effort, and gathering up all her courage, Mistress Dawtrey knelt down, and decently composed the garments, and folded the withered hands on the breast, and covered with her kerchief the poor bloodstained face, and the ghastly wounds.

As soon as the piteous task was done they carried the coffin into St. Peter's Church, where the grave was already open, and the priest waiting. Then, whilst he was reciting the prayers, a stream of tears rushed from her eyes, and relieved the tightness about her heart, which seemed as if but for that it must have burst. As they were leaving the church, she still leaning on Lieutenant Cufau de's arm, one of the jailors put mine order into Sir Edmund's hand, and he at once turned to her and told her her niece was waiting to see her.

'And I be glad for thy sake, mistress,' he said, 'she be here, and shouldst thou like to leave the Tower with her, I will immediately make out thy discharge. Thou must need somewhat to comfort thee after this morning's work. I trow it hath been such a bloody business, as the like of which I never saw before, and I take thee to witness that I would have saved so scandalous an outrage an I could. But so proud and masterful a woman was never surely known. She hath shamed the King, and given him the lie to the last, and hath carried out her own will in spite of his, for in truth, albeit he hath slain, he hath not *executed* her, and he hath been unable to compel her either to confess her guilt, or to die the death of a traitor. Those who shall hear the tale of this morning's work will not only hold her innocent, but will be moved to admiration at her indomptable spirit, and be filled with ruth, that so great and noble a princess should come to such an end.'

Truly those who told his Grace thereof would fain have hidden from him the tragical particulars of her death, not knowing how he would take it. But he, in his thirst for revenge on the Cardinal, so straitly questioned them that they were compelled to confess how she had declared her innocency unto the last, and had refused to lay her head on the block and so die as a traitor.

When he heard how she had spoken unto the people, and had died defying him, he turned not red but pale, with astonishment, and burst out with two or three oaths as if in a rage, and then checked himself, and seemed to swallow down his wrath, moved by the respect which one proud and brave spirit cannot but feel for another.

No one ventured to speak, doubting what his unusual self-restraint might portend, but after a minute or two of silent consideration, he said, 'She hath died unconquered, and I cannot but be moved at the masterful strength of her will. Truly I think she had the heart rather of a man than of a woman. She hath more than any other defied us living, and she hath defied us even in death.'

It was my Lord Audley who told Master Willynger how his Grace had taken it, and how he had walked up and down the hall in silence, looking shamed and baffled, and was heard more than once to mutter that 'she was in truth a marvellous woman.'

My lord seeing him thus softened, prayed him of his clemency that he would order that Mistress Dawtreys should have her wages paid her, to which his Grace agreed. But I be digressing. When Sir Edmund told her that her niece was waiting to see her, she hardly understood what he said, and it was young Cufaude who dragged her away and brought her up to the room where I had been left. The sight of me lying like one dead on the floor, in giving her another shock, roused her out of her horror, and gave her strength not only to overcome her own faintness but to aid me. My swoon was so deep that they verily thought I had died. I had fallen face downwards, and therefore getting but little air, I had remained thus long insensible.

They carried me out of the Tower and laid me in the barge, and it was not until we had gone some way up the river that I revived; but I was quite distraught, and in my frenzy struggled to throw myself into the water.

It seemed hard on poor Mistress Dawtreys, that no sooner was she out of prison than she had to shut herself up in a sick-room and wait on me, and yet perchance it was just this daily and hourly care and anxiety which, by carrying her out of herself, enabled her in a measure to blot out, as it were for a time, the horrible scene she had witnessed. For many days it seemed I was like to die, and methinks but for the loving tendance both she and mine husband gave me, I should have done so. But at last I was well enough to return home, taking with us our faithful and kind old friend, whose services my continued weakness rendered needful.

Mine honoured grandmother's dreadful end had given me such a horror of the King and the court, and the city, that I pined to return unto Cufau de long ere I was able; but when once more at home, the pleasant summer weather, the cool shades of our green bowers and boquets, in which we often sat and wandered about for hours, brought back to me health and strength, and to her something of cheerfulness.

We talked much of former days, and of her I learnt much I should not otherwise have known. She never left us, and I loved to requite all her loving service and fidelity to my grandmother by taking all possible care of her as long as she lived. She died the same year as the King, having survived the countess six years.

To the last the look of horror which that rueful day had stamp'd on her face never quite left it, and the people in the village were more than half afraid of her, she had so scared a look; and as she liked to keep herself retired, and spoke not much with strangers, and had a habit, doubtless acquired in the Tower, of walking up and down, either in her chamber or in one of the short paths of the garden, had she been living alone they would have deemed her a witch, but in our house none dared molest her, though we knew there were many simple bodies who loved not to meet her in the dusk.

Now it may perchance be thought that there can be nought more in my life worthy of record, having told to the best of my power the tragical end of that most noble Princess, Margaret Plantagenet, not only the last of the white roses, but the last of her father's race and name. I have endeavoured to show her such as she was, garnished with many noble and excellent qualities and of a most rare wit, strong and faithful in love, of a high and royal courage, preferring even a cruel death before dishonour, and yet tenderhearted and indulgent to the young and such as needed her help. Albeit in her youth of a somewhat heady and passionate humour, such as few of that kingly race escaped, and which would have led her doubtless into many indiscretions and dangers had she been less happily mated; or had not her mate been of such near kinship unto his highness, and so discreet and wise a man, yet when left a widow, time had so tempered her spirit and her natural ambition, that she never involved herself in any one of the many plots that disturbed the country, but ever looked on his Grace as rightfully uniting in his own person all the claims of both Roses.

So having finished this my poor portraiture of one unto whom I owe all the honour, love, and veneration which my heart can pay, I would close my books, but that I have still somewhat more to relate as to her who was once my friend and playmate, the Princess Mary.

I will say but few words of the years which passed between the death of my dear grandmother, and that of the poor young King. In the course of them, several children were born unto me, but only my two younger boys survive, and one daughter, the other, whom we had called Margaret, and who was much such another as I had been

myself, and the very joy of her father's heart, died when she was six years of age, of a kind of ague. My life was very quiet and retired, but I heard enough of the doings at Court to be content to lay aside all dreams of ambition or to have any desire to return thither.

The one ambition I had left was to ennoble mine husband, and I would fain have persuaded him to take up the knighthood which his Highness ordered all to do whose estates were worth more than forty pounds yearly, thinking by the fees to fill his empty exchequer. But although Squire Cufaude's lands were worth more than eight times that amount, beside the tenements he held in the town of Basingstoke, he would not obey the order.

He said 'had he earned the gilded spurs in a field of battle he would have worn them proudly, but he should not care to wear such as were bought, and unless he had the chance of honourably winning his knighthood he would remain Squire Cufaude all the days of his life.'

In this resolution he was upheld by our near neighbour and kinsman, Squire Brocas of Beaurepaire, who thought as much scorn of such purchased spurs as did mine husband. But I confess it irked me to see men of far less ancient lineage and estate, having obeyed the King's command, thrust themselves before him when they met at the same board, and swagger up to me as if the gilt on their heels entitled them to approach me without ceremony, and often when, being thereby angered, I came the Princess over them, and constrained them to a more humble demeanour, I caught mine husband watching mine haughty bearing with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, which minded me of how he had looked as a lad. Before I narrate what more I have to tell of Queen Mary, I must mind those who perchance in future days may peruse these my pages, that most people saw not at first any great difference between the old religion and the new. Many liked the King's book, and many more used it, rather than embroil themselves, and few who could read, read not Master Tyndal's English Bible. But when the old King died, and the young King Edward succeeded to the throne, instead of leaving things as he found them, his uncle the Duke of Somerset, using his Grace's authority, caused the images and crucifixes to be taken out of the churches, and altered many of the old services and customs, everywhere endeavouring to bring about a closer conformity with the Huguenots, as people were now beginning to call those of the reformed religion in France and elsewhere. These changes drove apart, in all our towns and villages, those who had hitherto worshipped together in the same church. Some left it because the images were taken away, and some because they liked not that anything should be left of Romish practise or doctrine. So everywhere there were disturbances, and tumults, and much persecution, and fines, and imprisonments, and cruel beatings, and hangings, and killings, wherefore, when the poor young King died, six years after his father, we, who liked the old

faith best, knowing that Princess Mary had ever remained steadfast unto his Holiness and the Catholic religion, rejoiced when she became Queen.

As for me, I, remembering her gentle and tender nature, looked forward to her binding up all the wounds of the country, by so tempering justice with mercy, that even such evil doers and lewd people as must needs suffer punishments, should be dealt with with the least possible severity. Therefore, when I heard of her crowning, I was truly glad for the sake of our poor country, for I hoped with Queen Mary would come days when the axe would become rusty from lack of work, and the burnings and hangings would cease, and the prisons be emptied.

For myself also, mine heart bounded with joy, nothing doubting but that I should soon see her again, and that both I and mine husband would be given some office in her own household. 'How,' I said to myself 'could she forget me, seeing that I was the Cardinal's niece. Surely she would lose no time in recalling *him*, and rewarding his faithful love and his devotion to her service. Often when sitting at my broi'dery frame with my maidens, albeit my gentlewoman, Mistress Trower, was reading aloud, yet were my thoughts far away, recalling that day at Richmond, when she and he had taken that tender leave of each other, with the sweet look in her eyes, and the maidenly blush on her cheek. I saw it and heard it all again, and smiled as I said to myself, 'At last it will surely come to pass,' and then I looked at mine own little lads playing at the other end of the chamber, and wondered what their uncle would do for them when he came to be the Queen's husband and King of England.

But days and weeks past, first there was that terrible story of Lady Jane Grey, who had, as I have been told, the crown thrust on her head, and was compelled to be a usurper, and when that sad business had come to a bloody end, and the Queen was everywhere acknowledged, there reached us a report that she would marry her cousin, young Courtenay.

Just then mine husband had occasion to go unto London, and when he returned he told me all the talk was of her marrying either him or the Spanish King, and that there was no news of mine uncle's recall.

'Oh,' I cried; 'wherefore waits he to be recalled? Instead of lingering at Rome, he should, with lover-like impatience, fly home unsummoned, and throw himself at her Grace's feet.'

Whereat mine husband laughed aloud, having, as it so chanced, seen the Queen whilst away. 'Thou forgettest, sweetheart,' he answered, 'it be more than twenty years since they parted, and time hath not passed over her Grace's head as over thine, leaving thee as fair a matron as thou wast a maid. Truly, methinks that every one of the score hath left its mark on her Highness's face, the lines be so deep and so many.'

'She hath had a hard life,' I replied.

'And she hath grown hard and bitter beneath it,' he said. 'To look at, she be one a man would be more apt to fly from than to fly to. Trust me, an she wed, as doubtless she will, the impatiencè will be all on her side, an there be any on either.'

It was soon known that it was his Highness, Philip of Spain, that she meant to wed, a match so displeasing to her subjects that she had to send about the country a manifestò containing the articles of marriage, that all men might perceive that no injury was intended to the ancient liberties and privileges of the realm; but nevertheless, alas! there were many disturbances, and much bloodshed.

It was in July, 1554, that the Queen went unto Southampton to meet the King, and on the 25th, the day after he landed, they were married at Winchester Cathedral by Bishop Gardiner, who, indeed, was her Grace's cousin, after a sort, and also mine own; for his father, William Gardiner, was the bastard son of Edmund Woodville, sometime Bishop of Salisbury, and brother-in-law to Edward IV., and his mother was the bastard daughter of Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke and Duke of Bedford. Some of our neighbours, to show their zeal, went unto Winchester to meet their Graces, and amongst these were the old Marchioness of Exeter, and Master Wareham, she being, as she often was, staying with him at Malshanger. She had lived in the Tower with her young son, from the day she was put into it until the accession of Queen Mary, a period of more than thirteen years, and her health was much broken. She would have had us accompany them, but mine husband could not go, he had so much on his hands. For the day after the wedding their Highnesses were to pass through Basingstoke on their way to Basing Castle, where they were to abide two or three days with my Lord Winchester, and mine own dear Esquire and Lord Sandys had much work in seeing they were met with fitting rejoicings and demonstrations of loyalty.

Truly, they had no small difficulty in the matter; for very many, not only of the lewd and rascal sort, with which all our towns be well furnished, but of the creditable and responsible burghers, did so mislike the match, that to get any show of welcome out of them was like striking sparks out of wet tinder.

My Lord Sandys, who first addressed the meeting, was in despair, so niggardly were the contributions, after all his persuasions and assurances as to the excellent policy of the Queen's choice.

But mine husband understood better how to deal with them.

'My good neighbours, and worthy fellow-citizens,' he said, 'I trust ye will have a care of what ye do this day; for sure I am, an ye will be persuaded to make such a fair show of welcome as shall please her Highness, and if ye will but give one hearty cheer for King Philip, we shall be able to recover for ye all the lands and tenements pertaining unto the free school and guild of the Holy Ghost, which were seized and held by the late King, and well ye wot, unless ye get them

back from the Crown, such of ye as may wish your sons to read and write will have themselves to pay for their schooling. So judge ye, an it be wise to displeasure her Grace by stinting your welcome.'

This consideration so weighed with the burghers, that few towns of the same size made so gallant a show, or erected so noble a triumphal arch, neither did they forget to give one especial cheer for King Philip, for mine husband, who was there at the head of his tenantry, called out his name, and was answered by such a thundering shout that his Highness, not being well used to such strength of lungs, quite started, and her Grace, seeing his surprise, laughed aloud, and in a right gallant and loyal voice thanked the people herself.

I went not myself unto the town, for at my Lord Winchester's request, I had betaken me unto Basing Castle, and my two eldest little lads also, who my Lord, to pleasure me, had appointed to be two of his extra pages for that extraordinary occasion, albeit the eldest was but thirteen years old.

And truly, in their new jerkins and hose of crimson velvet and white satin and golden embroidery, with their bold blue eyes and ruddy hair, two more gallant little men were not to be found in all that company.

As I had had no especial message from her Grace, much to my grief and mortification, I stood apart whilst the Marquis received her, and I had time therefore to mark the changes years had wrought, and truly they were many and grievous. Her eyes were indeed bright, and her face flushed with the joy of her espousals, but her skin was sallow and sickly looking, and when she smiled, her broken and discoloured teeth were a great disfigurement. She was, in fact, a middle aged woman, hard featured and thin, and the splendour of her garments seemed somehow to misbecome her person.

When I came forward and made my reverence, and knelt to kiss her hand, a look of pleased surprise came into her face, and she bade me arise, and kissed me on the cheek, and called me her 'dear cousin, whom it was a joy to her to see again,' and then presented me especially unto his Highness, graciously saying she desired to commend me unto his majesty as one of her nearest kinswomen and best loved friends.

So I knelt again, as in duty bound, to kiss his hand, and he made me a fine bow, and after looking at me until I felt the blood mounting into my cheek, as I had still been a maiden, he saluted me and said, 'and if all the cousins of your most excellent majesty and my very good spouse, be of such resplendent beauty, the greater the number the higher will be our felicity in receiving them' and he spake with a foreign accent, as was natural.

King Henry would have said, 'and by my troth, sweetheart, an all thy cousins be as fair, the more there are the better we shall be pleased.' But King Philip had no tender word for his wife, even on that day, and his eyes lingered not with her as he spoke.

When I arose, I asked the Queen's leave to present unto her my two sons, and she most graciously acceding, I took one in each hand and brought them up to her, and having well taught them how to behave, they comported themselves most prettily, and she kissed them both, and said they minded her of what I had been when she first saw me.

After their majesties had dined, the Queen retired to repose herself, and presently sent an equerry to desire me to come unto her.

I found her quite alone, and as I entered she arose from the velvet couch on which she was sitting, and ere I could kneel, she had put her arms around me and kissed me heartily on the cheek.

'Ah! cousin' she said, 'the twenty years that have passed since thou and I parted with so many tears, have not gone so heavily with thee as they have with me, or thou couldst not be still so fair. Come, sit here beside me, and let us talk of those old times.' As she spoke the old love seemed to return unto me, and I kissed her hand with a warmth which made her smile, and then we looked at each other in silence a moment, and then all the sweet companionship of those early days, the joys, the sorrows, the studies, the pastimes, her very looks,—ah me, how sadly changed!—my grandmother's love and care, rewarded by so terrible a death, mine uncle still an exile, and she the wife of King Philip—in an instant all seemed to rush through mine heart, and so overpowered me that I sank again on my knees and wept over the hand I still held.

She also had no doubt been looking back during that same silence, and though I knew it not, mine eyes had, I suppose, spoken the tender reproaches I was hardly aware of feeling, for her own filled to overflowing, and she said in an unsteady voice with a quivering smile, 'Thou hast not lost thy tell-tale face, cousin, but until now I have had no power to aid or to save any; trust me, I have not forgotten thee, or'—and she hesitated—'others either; but I cannot talk to mine old playmate and bed-fellow on her knees, sit here beside me as thou usest to do.'

I arose at her bidding, but still remained standing.

'I must not,' I said, 'let your Highness's graciousness and condescension make me forget that I be now in the presence of my Queen.'

'Nay, an I be Queen I will be obeyed,' she exclaimed in playful anger, 'let me be thine own dear Princess again for half an hour. Have we not eaten out of the same plate and drunk from the same cup. Oh! Moll, the sight of thy loving face hath made me feel as if I must have sorely missed thee all these years, that have been to me well nigh all years of bitter struggle and care, aye, and of danger also.'

'I know well, madam,' I replied, 'that your Grace for the most part can have had but a sad and troubled life,' but smiling and kissing her hand, 'all the happiness that should have been the

Princess's has been reserved I trust to be enjoyed by the Queen, and I would fain hope it began yesterday in the Cathedral.'

'I hope so cousin,' she said smiling, 'and thank thee for thy sweet words. His Highness hath given me all possible tokens of his regard and love, and to him mine heart is truly devoted, for I could not love him better an I were eighteen. I cannot tell thee with what impatience I have awaited his coming,' and her words minded me of how mine husband had said that all the love would be on her side were there any.

'When I looked on thy two noble sons' she continued, 'mine heart swelled with envy. Would that it may please God to grant me but one such, for this I crave and hunger day and night, not for our own sake, but as that on which the welfare of our kingdom dependeth. An it were seemly, I would have prayers put up in all the churches that the Holy Virgin would be gracious unto me and bless this our union. Pray for me as thou would'st pray for thine own life, for if I be childless God knoweth what will become of this our poor realm.

As she spoke, so passionate was the longing that possessed her, that tears stood in her burning eyes, and every line in her face seemed to bear witness to her desire.

Mine heart was filled with ruth for her, she was in her fortieth year, and she looked five years older, yet I promised, with a voice that compassion rendered unsteady, to pray daily thrice that God would grant her desire, a promise I failed not to keep until I knew it was a mockery.

Their Highnesses stayed two or three nights at Basing Castle and we remained until after they had departed. She was as kind to me as had we never been separated, giving me all the precedence, and showing me all the favour my blood royal and my past companionship demanded. More than once she sent all her ladies away, to talk to me without restraint. She would tell me with overflowing gladness of some high compliment or gracious act of her royal bridegroom, albeit in mine ears they sounded somewhat perfunctory, and praised his looks and his many noble and excellent qualities, and how sure she was she could not have done better by her people than marry him, though well she knew the evil disposed had much disliked the match. Her kindness made me love her again as much as ever. When I took my leave of her, which I did in private, I said with a full heart, she need not doubt but that I should ever pray that every blessing and joy might attend her, and she replied as she kissed me, 'there be but one that I crave, that of living to be a mother,' and she left me with the promise that we should soon meet again.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXIX.

1639—1640.

THE SHORT PARLIAMENT.

BRITAIN, which had been tranquil for nearly a century, while the nations around her had been rent by wars of religion, was to have her share of the strife. Catholicity and its opponents were here likewise to struggle for the mastery, though in general with less bitterness than on the Continent, since English Catholicism was not, like Romanism, blindly and conscientiously intolerant.

The first blow was struck by one who was to become a noted champion on the side contrary to that which he began by espousing, James Graham, Earl of Montrose. He was born in 1612, his mother being Lady Lilius Ruthven, a sister of that Earl of Gowrie, who gave name to the strange conspiracy against James I. He succeeded early to his title, was married, after the fashion of noble wards, while a mere boy, and at twenty was a widower, and the father of three sons. He was sent to travel abroad, especially in Italy, and returned after several years, so highly cultivated and brilliant a gentleman, that when he appeared at Court, the Marquess of Hamilton and the other gentlemen, who dreaded lest the King should throw himself into the arms of another Buckingham, held him aloof, influenced Charles to receive him coolly, and then increased his mortification by neglect.

Going back to Scotland, his national feelings were at once enlisted against English dictation, and thus he was one of the foremost in promoting the Covenant, and in the General Assembly of Glasgow. The refusal of Aberdeen to accept the Covenant was greatly resented, and was held to be partly the work of the Gordons, whose chief, the Marquess of Huntly, was devoted to the King. The Scots who had returned from Germany were collected into a little army of 3,000 or 4,000 men, who were put under the command of Montrose, with Alexander Leslie, an experienced old officer, as his lieutenant. In February 1639, Montrose heard that the few Aberdeenshire men favourable to the Covenant were to meet at Turriff in Banffshire; and that the Gordons meant to assemble in force to disperse them. He thereupon took with him nearly 200 men across moorland paths, over the Grampians, descended into Turriff, and placed himself in ambush behind the kirkyard wall. Down came the Gordons, under Huntly himself, their hats adorned with red ribbons, 2,000 strong,

out leaped the Covenanters, and Huntly knew not how to act, for though Lieutenant of the North by the King's appointment, the Scottish Government would not seal his commission, and he was besides instructed to abstain from any acts of aggression, until the King's forces should be ready to enter Scotland.

So he could only lead off his 2000 Gordons from the delighted Covenanters. The rebels now mustered in force, 9000 strong, each wearing a blue ribbon, and marched into Aberdeen, all in excellent discipline and order, with five banners before them, one of which bore the motto 'For Religion, the Covenant and the Country.' The Bishop, the clergy, and all who were resolved against the Covenant, fled from the city; and the Covenanting ministers preached to their hearts' content in the pulpits from which they had been excluded, and had the satisfaction of preventing the observance of Good Friday—a heavy fine was required from the citizens, but they were not otherwise plundered, and provisions were paid for. A considerable present of French crowns was moreover sent to the Covenanting chiefs from the crown of France, Richelieu thus paying off his score against the English for assisting the Rochellois. Only when Hamilton had returned, had the King laid the matter before his Privy Council. The Archbishop strongly advised that no warlike measures should be used in a matter of conscience. Wentworth wrote his advice that strong garrisons should be placed in Edinburgh Castle, and the other royal fortresses, and the Scots saddled with their maintenance, but Charles's dignity had been offended, and he felt the contempt for his authority shown at Glasgow too strongly not to resolve on reducing the rebels. But the army, as an institution, did not exist as yet. The King had his Yeomen of the Guard and Gentlemen Pensioners, that was all—the feudal machinery was supposed to continue, also the militia, to which each parish, at the summons of the High Sheriff through the Justices of the Peace, was bound to contribute men in proportion to the inhabitants, but on the few occasions, since the Wars of the Roses, when this method had been tried, the results had been such as Shakespeare showed in Falstaff's ragged regiment. The well fed and able bodied bought themselves off, and the Captains sent to collect men, preferred bribes to efficiency. Even with the Armada of 1588 in the Channel, hardly a respectable regiment could be levied. There was likewise the usual lack of money, which Charles tried to supply by calling on the Bishops, Judges and other non-combatants to give money instead of personal service. A considerable sum was thus collected, and the nobles and gentry were summoned according to their tenures. Charles thought the former hatred of Englishman against Scot would have prevailed; but the old days of galloping about in full armour as a lively sport had passed away; those who had a taste for fighting could get enough in Germany; and the others had begun to consider about the cause in which they were called from home. And the Puritan spirit

sympathised with the Scots. Some—those indeed only a few—hated the English Prayer-book in any form at all—and others, who loved much of it, but were used to lax practices, were in their first spirit of opposition to the improvements made by Laud, and had heard that the Scottish Prayer-book went further than their own. There was a general impression that they were to be used to force Popery on the Scots, and then that the Scots would be used to force Popery on them. Even the loyal Churchmen were many of them annoyed at Hamilton's management of the affair, and it was very slowly that an unwilling, disorderly army was collected at York.

Meantime the Covenanting army was continually gathering strength, and the Marquess of Huntly felt obliged to come to terms with them. He met Montrose for the purpose, each bringing eleven followers, and he there offered to sign the original Covenant, and to bind himself to maintain the laws and liberties of the state. This answer Montrose carried back to Aberdeen, and an invitation was sent to the Marquess to come into the city, a safe conduct being signed by Montrose and others. After two or three days, Huntly found that he was watched and guarded, and appealing to Montrose, discovered that he was indeed a captive, and as such was taken to Edinburgh, where Leslie had seized the castle. It is not known how far Montrose was a consenting party to this breach of faith, but the Gordons never forgave him for it, nor trusted him when they were fighting in the same cause. Huntly's son, Lord Aboyne, took his place by the King's command, and Hamilton, who was with a squadron of ships in the Firth of Forth, was ordered to supply him with reinforcements, but would not do so—only giving him four brass cannon, and a few officers, especially Colonel Gunn, a Caithness man, who had served in Germany.

With these, the Gordons made an attack on the Covenanters on the 13th of May, once again at Turriff. The first shots of the civil war were there fired, the first blood shed, two Covenanters dying and one Gordon, before the rebels ran off, so fast that the fight was called 'the Trot of Turriff.' Young Lord Lewis Gordon, the next brother, a mere boy at school, living at Strathbogie with his grandmother, was so delighted at the news, that he scaled the walls and ran away to the hills, whence he came back with a troop of 1000 Highlanders, wearing their dress, with bagpipes playing in the van. Thus he joined his brother, and they marched towards the great castle of Dunottar, but durst not besiege it. The Aberdeen loyalists triumphed for the moment, and even tied blue ribbons round their dogs' necks in derision of the Covenanters, but Montrose marched back again to attack the Gordons, and as his troops passed through Aberdeen, the poor dogs suffered for their adornment. Dogs were playing a certain part in the movement, for in contempt, black dogs with white legs or breasts were called Bishops! The Highlanders hastened to their fastnesses, and Montrose began besieging them. He came back,

however, towards Edinburgh, on hearing that Aboyne had marched in that direction, and there was an encounter at Stonehaven, wherein the Highlanders for the first time heard the roar of the muskets' mother, as they termed cannon. It excited their superstitious terror to such a degree that almost the whole of them ran off headlong back to their mountains.

The more regular force, for a whole day held the Brigg of Dee, a high, steep narrow bridge of seven arches, but the Covenanters pretended to march up the stream to a ford, the Gordons hurried to guard it, leaving only fifty men to protect the bridge, and these were easily overpowered. It was suspected that the removal of the forces was partly due to treachery on Gunn's part.

Charles had advanced to York. Archbishop Spottiswoode had given him two pieces of advice, not to have Scotchmen in his army, nor among his personal attendants, and to attempt no conciliation. Charles, however, though sure that his counsels were betrayed, could not believe any individual Scot capable of such an act, and he kept them about him as before, thus exciting a good deal of jealousy. However, he required of every noble who accompanied him an oath of personal allegiance, binding them to oppose all seditions, conspiracies and covenants against him, even if they came veiled under pretence of religion.

Two Puritans, Fiennes, Lord Say, and Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, refused the oath, saying, that being ignorant of the laws of Scotland, they could not undertake to say that the Covenanters were rebels, or the war against them just. Charles, in much anger, put them under arrest, but consulting his lawyers, found there was no legal ground for proceeding against them, and therefore released them. The Earl of Essex, a grave, melancholy man, who had never recovered the disaster of his youth, was Lieutenant-General of the army, the Earl of Holland commander of the cavalry, the Marquess of Hamilton of the fleet, with Sir John Pennington to supply naval knowledge. It was said that of all the men taken on board, 5,000 in number, there were not 200 who knew how to fire a musket, which was some excuse for the small help afforded to Aboyne.

The Scottish army mustered on the links at Leith, with Leslie as their commander, a little crooked old man, scarcely able to read or write, but to whose military experience all the gentlemen gave way; almost all the Colonels, or as the Scots called them, Crowners, were noblemen, the officers lairds, the staple of the army stout farmers, or peasants armed with muskets, pikes, or broadswords. Argyle kept a body of his Highlanders in the rear, for the Lowlanders had no affection for such company, nor would they have submitted to the discipline of Gustavus Adolphus, which was rigorously enforced. They were well supplied with provisions, partly through the sympathising cities, partly because 'one of their ordinances was to seize on the rents of non-Covenanters.' Over every captain's tent was a

banner with the Scottish arms and the motto, 'For Christ's crown and the Covenant.' With 22,000 foot, and 500 horse, they marched towards the Border, and were met by a proclamation from the King, who had reached Newcastle, and announced that he should treat them as rebels and invaders, if they came within ten miles of the Border.

They advanced, however, and Lord Holland came in sight of a body of them near Kelso, but with the reluctance of men to shed the first blood in a Civil war, he did not attack them. Leslie entrenched himself on Dunse Law, a round hill above the town, Charles's camp was at the Birks on the other side of the Tweed. It was only too plain which army consisted of the superior materials, and would be certain of victory. Defeat for the King would be most mischievous. Treaty alone was possible. So a page named Robert Leslie, was permitted to visit his kinsfolk in the Scottish camp, and was instructed to suggest, as if from himself, that it might be as well to offer a humble supplication before going further.

The hint was taken, and a letter was sent requesting his Majesty to appoint some persons favourable to the true religion and the common peace to hear the humble desires of the Scots. Sir Edmund Verney was sent to arrange matters, a safe conduct was given, and on the 10th of June a conference took place in the tent of the Earl of Arundel. The Scots were represented by Rothes, Loudon, the Sheriff of Teviotdale, Warriston and Henderson. Suspecting Arundel of Popish inclinations, these gentlemen chose to address themselves to Lord Holland, but presently the King entered the tent, so quietly that at first the Scots did not perceive that he was there till he seated himself at the table. Day by day he attended the conference and talked over the questions, listening so patiently that the Scots complacently thought 'his Majesty's ears had never been tickled with such discourses' and considered themselves to have purchased 'a great deal of reputation for wisdom, eloquence, gravity, loyalty, and all other good parts.' They expected the King to sign a resolution for abolishing Episcopacy, but he put this aside, nor would he acknowledge the acts of the General Assembly. Everything was to be fixed at a new General Assembly and a new Parliament, which Charles intended to attend at Edinburgh. The armies on either side were disbanded just in time to save Aberdeen from another inroad of Covenanters, the royal castles given up by the rebels and Huntly set at liberty.

Matters were however far from secure. The mob of Edinburgh, especially the godly women, or the apprentices in their likeness, hooted and pelted the Marquess of Hamilton and Earl of Traquair, and behaved in such an outrageous manner that Lord Loudon went to Berwick to excuse them to the King. Charles then requested thirteen more of the other distinguished Covenanters to come and advise with him on the expediency of venturing himself to hold a Parliament among these fanatics. Some fancied that he meant to

seize and keep them, others that it was a scheme for talking them over, as indeed it was. Only three Lords and three Commons came, Montrose, Loudon and Lothian, and on the minds of these Charles made a considerable impression.

The Scottish commissioners at the same time put forth their own version of the conferences at Dunse, a document which in the eyes of all the English who had been present was so scurrilous and scandalous that they petitioned the King to have it burnt by the common hangman. It was the worst thing they could have done, for all the Scottish pulpits rang with the allegation that the King had burnt the treaty of Berwick and was not to be trusted.

In the temper of the Scots, Charles decided not to meet them at an Assembly which was resolved to make him renounce all that he and his father had done for the restoration of the Church. He therefore returned southwards, and at first chose Hamilton as his commissioner, but the Marquess refused to encounter the Assembly again, and the Earl of Traquair was appointed in his stead, receiving instructions that though he must consent to the abolition of Episcopacy in Scotland, he was by no means to let it be authoritatively condemned or abused as a principle of Church Government.

Accordingly the Assembly met at Edinburgh on the 12th of August, 1639, carefully constituted like the last. There were a few old ministers who had been in office before the articles of Perth, and these were full of joy, Mr. John Wemys could scarcely speak, 'for tears trickling down along his grey hairs like drops of rain or dew upon the top of the tender grass, and yet withal smiling for joy.' He said, 'he remembered when this Kirk of Scotland had a beautiful face,' and gave earnest thanks for her restoration, and old Mr. John Bell added, 'my voice, nor my tongue cannot express the joy of my heart to see the torn-down Kirk restored to her beauty.' And yet what was the restoration of beauty in which these pious men rejoiced, but the plunging back their so-called Kirk into the nakedness of spoliation, and rending away the links by which there had been an attempt to renew her unity with the Church of the Apostles?

The King and Archbishop Spottiswoode meanwhile corresponded on the means of preventing the miserable work of the Assembly from becoming permanent. It was devised that all the fugitive Scottish Bishops should sign a protestation against the Assembly, where constitutionally they had a right to sit. This was to be delivered to Lord Traquair, the Royal Commissioner, by some mean unexpected person, and would be held, in case opportunity should offer, to have invalidated all acts there passed. It would have been fair and open had this protest been openly made; but the political tactics of the time were apt to make men consider that a protest secretly made might avail, and the habit was not unfrequent.

Two declarations had been published by Charles on his Northern

journey, against the Covenant, one brief, the other, 'the Large Declaration' written very ably by a Scottish clergyman, Walter Balcanquhall, Dean of Durham, explaining the King's dealing with the Scottish Church, building on what every other country in Europe then acknowledged, the King's perfect right to deal with such matters, to maintain due order, and to put down such proceedings as those of the viragos of Edinburgh, or the ravings of the prophetess Margaret Nicholson. This Large Declaration being by no means to the taste of the Assembly, it was voted to be an offence against the King who had sanctioned it, and he was requested in a supplication to send Mr. Walter Balcanquhall to Scotland to take his trial for it, that others might be deterred from such dangerous courses. Mr. Andrew Cant observed, 'It is so full of gross absurdities that I think hanging of the author should prevent all other censures.' Being answered that hanging was not within the power of Kirkmen, the Sheriff of Teviotdale rejoined that he was well acquainted with hanging! Next the Assembly insisted on a still more universal signature of the Covenant, emanating from themselves, and to all this, though exceeding his commission, Traquair gave consent.

Parliament met at the end of August, riding in great state to the handsome new Parliament House just completed, and which now serves for Law Courts. There was a good deal of wrangling over detail, chiefly with a view to preventing the employment of Englishmen in Scotland. Among other things it was proposed that the custody of the royal Castles of Edinburgh, Dumbarton and Stirling should only be committed to Scotsmen born, and with consent of their Parliament. Also there were proposals to limit the power of the crown in pardoning criminals, and its dues on imports. Lord Traquair sent to consult the King, who returned answer that it was plain that the Parliament was not legislating for the sake of its own peculiar religion but to overthrow the power of the crown, and he therefore adjourned it till the 2nd of June 1640, the next year. The estates broke up for the present, not without protest that they were not bound to do so.

There was on each side a sense that there would soon be an absolute war. Wentworth was called to London for consultation, with the Archbishop, Bishop Juxon, Hamilton, Sir Harry Vane, Secretary Windebank, Lord Northumberland and Cottington. The Prelates spoke against a religious war; but Wentworth was for decisive measures, and undertook to obtain men and means from Ireland, whither he returned as Earl of Strafford, and Lord Lieutenant instead of Lord Deputy. Writs were issued for ship money to the amount of £200,000; it was resolved that a Parliament should be called to assemble in April; and the council promised that if this should, as the King said, 'prove untoward' they would assist him by extraordinary means.

The Scots meanwhile were endeavouring to strengthen themselves

by alliances with France. They viewed the French as their old allies in all their discords with England, and though their more strict and honest ministers would have been horrified at the idea of assistance from a Roman Catholic power, their statesmen, considering the affair as national, Scotch against English, thought no shame of writing to ask the support of Richelieu, who on his side regarded England as an ally of Spain and Austria, and therefore was willing to offer it on the old instinct of weakening England by intrigues in Scotland. Several letters were written, signed by Montrose, Rothes, Loudon, Mar, Montgomery and Alexander Leslie. One was lost out of the pocket of Johnstone of Warriston, and conveyed to Traquair, who sent it to the King, another was carried by one Colville, who was entrusted with the negociation, and was arrested on his way through England, and the Earl of Loudon, who had brought the supplication to court, was sent to the Tower for what, in English eyes, was rank treason. The Parliament of Ireland voted plentiful supplies, and it was hoped that this would be an example to the English, which met on the 13th of April 1640.

The King represented that Scotland was in a state of rebellion, and shewed the letter inviting a French invasion, demanding supplies in order to defend the honour of his kingdom, and to defend his coasts against the Algerine pirates.

Of all this the Commons took no notice. All that they thought of was, that this was an occasion of insisting on the redress of the grievances that had been festering for eleven years, numerous petitions were sent up, and Pym was appointed chairman of a committee for examining into them. A remonstrance was drawn up, which by Pym's advice was divided into three heads, religious, pecuniary, and parliamentary. The decrees of the Archbishop and the powers of Convocation, the substitution of catechising for sermons and the publication of non-Puritan books came under the first. Under the second, the monopolies, the ship money, the enlargement of the royal forests, the forced loans, and the prosecutions of which Hampden's was the type. Under the third, the command to adjourn the House of Commons without its own consent, and the prosecution of members, such as Eliot, for what had taken place there; they demanded the co-operation of the Lords, who answered that the question of granting supplies ought to come first. The Commons said this was an infringement of their privileges. The Lords replied again that they had nothing to do with granting supplies, but that they could advise the House on the mischief they were doing the country by the delay.

The King also sent a message to demand whether they meant to go on with the grant or not, and there were two days of debates, then Sir Harry Vane, the Secretary, brought an offer from the King to abandon ship money altogether, provided the Commons would grant him twelve subsidies amounting to £850,000 to be paid within

three years. Over this there was a debate of nine hours, whether any supply should be granted and the amount then fixed, or whether the whole should be passed. Vane assured the King of his own opinion that there was not a chance of their granting him a penny against the Scots, and Charles, in great indignation, at once dissolved the Parliament, which, having only sat six weeks, is known as the Short Parliament.

It was a great mistake, for the issue of the matter was still extremely doubtful; and there is every reason to believe that Sir Harry Vane gave his advice in a treacherous spirit, meaning to do harm to the King's cause, and to benefit that of the Scots. All the council, however, voted for the dissolution except the Earls of Northumberland and Holland. Laud came in too late to hear the discussion, but he voted for the dissolution, and in the mood of the people the obloquy of the whole fell on the Archbishop. A placard was set up on the old Exchange, inviting the London prentices to join in 'hunting' William the Fox for breaking the Parliament, and a mob of 500 rabble attacked Lambeth palace, threatening to tear the Archbishop to pieces. The house was strong enough to resist the attack, but the King insisted on the Archbishop's taking refuge at Whitehall. Papers were affixed to the walls, calling on the people to burn the Popish chapels, root out episcopacy, and bring to punishment Laud, Strafford, and Hamilton, as authors of all the grievances. Happily, there were heavy rains, and in the days when umbrellas were not, these were doubly efficacious in preventing tumultuous assemblages, so that no very violent disturbance happened, though houses of obnoxious persons were set fire to, and the flames could be seen from Whitehall. At last, six thousand men, who had been collected against the Scots, were brought up, the Queen was sent to Greenwich with a strong guard, and the rioters were put down. Two only were detained in prison, and examined, it may be feared by torture, as to the names of the ringleaders, but they either did not know, or would not disclose them, and they suffered as traitors.

Convocation naturally breaks up at the same time as Parliament, but the clergy had promised six subsidies to the King, and the grant had to be completed. Moreover, a number of canons had been prepared, some against the Arian doctrine of the Italian Socini, others chiefly connected with the discipline of the Church, where more definite rules were wanted. And as a sort of antidote to the Solemn League and Covenant, an oath was drawn up to be taken by the clergy and all laymen of position, never to consent to any alteration in the government of the Church of England, by Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, *et cetera*.

The *et cetera* was only meant to avoid the repetition of a catalogue of minor ecclesiastical officials, but in the temper of the times, it was taken for a subterfuge for bringing in the Pope and all his Cardinals, and there was a great disturbance, both on this subject and on the

lawfulness of imposing such an oath, although there was no lack of precedents for it. It has been since known as the *et cetera* oath. It was also proposed to publish with authority a Pontifical, containing the specially episcopal services. Besides Confirmation, and the three Ordination services, it was to contain three for coronations, and for the consecration of churches, but the troubles of the time prevented the design from being carried out. This Convocation having continued after the dissolution of Parliament, its proceedings did not become law. There were signs that Laud's life was no longer secure. The Scottish Covenanters held assassination of the enemies of their faith to be lawful, and Laud received a letter from a gentleman, who said that while travelling in the north of England, he had heard hopes expressed that the fate of Buckingham was in store for Laud.

Dreading the attacks of the rabble, the High Commission met at Lambeth, and it was well they did so, for a mob broke into their court and tore down the benches, swearing they would have no Bishops and no Consistory.

Meantime the Bishops, who were of one mind with Laud, attempted to administer the oath, but such clergy as most needed to be restrained by it refused. Petitions poured in on the King from the counties against it, and the *et cetera*, a mere oversight, became another element in the general mistrust. Some Bishops did not mend the matter by trying to make their clergy take it on their knees; others did not venture to administer it at all, and finally it was decided to defer it till the next Convocation. The loyal Bishops and clergy were so unpopular, and so much suspected of the bugbear of Popery, that the sums they contributed to the war with the Scots only made it more unpopular. And the ship money and all other dues that could be collected without Parliament, were called in rigidly, although with increasing difficulty, and more and more resistance, people expecting by force of numbers to elude the prosecution that Hampden had undergone. The militia was called out, but the amount raised for pay was insufficient, and there was a stubborn resistance on the part of the men enrolled, who were said to be as dangerous (or more so) to their own officers than to the enemy.

Some of the Dorsetshire men actually murdered their lieutenant, and threatened the other officers till they were allowed to disband themselves. A captain was also killed by the Devon contingent, on the suspicion of his being a Papist. Some could only bring their soldiers along by singing psalms with them 'for all their religion lies in a psalm,' and others were compelled by the soldiers' clamours to receive the Holy Communion as a test of their conformity. Where these disorderly men halted, they went into the churches, pulled up the altar rails, and burnt them before the clergyman's door, being in fact maddened by the persuasion that reducing the Scots simply meant bringing in Popery.

There was reason to suspect that the heads of the Puritans were all the time in communication with the Scots, but this failed of proof. At any rate the Scottish army quickly reassembled under Leslie at Dunglas, 20,000 foot, and 2,500 horse. The Scots Parliament voted supplies, and till those could be raised, contributions of money, plate, and provisions were volunteered. It was resolved not to give offence to the English by doing them any damage, and the gudewives of Edinburgh supplied quantities of material for tents from the stores of home-spun drapery which were accumulating for their daughters' weddings, being thereto moved by a sermon 'sweetly spoken' by Mr. Rollock. Cannon were made of tin, coated with leather, and corded round, two of which could be carried on a horse, and which could be fired four or five times before they came to pieces.

Thus equipped, the army passed the Tweed on the 20th of August, with Montrose leading the vanguard. All drew up on Newcastle Moor.

Lord Conway, whom Charles had made General of the Horse, was on the south side of the Tyne with 3000 foot, and 1500 horse. The two armies were opposite to one another, with the ford of Newburn between them, five miles from Newcastle. Leslie had made this move with great prudence. The possession of Newcastle was most important to him, but he preferred fighting a battle for it to taking it by storm, and thus awakening English dread and hatred of the Scots. On the English side the bank of the river was flat, on the Scottish it was steep, covered with rough scrubby bushes, and the village and church were on their side, a stout square short Norman tower where Leslie placed some musketeers, and he also concealed his leathern guns in the brushwood; but for many hours there was no attack on either side, and the Scots and English watered their horses on the opposite sides without doing one another any harm.

At last a Scottish gentleman with a black feather rode down, and while his horse was drinking fixed his eye critically upon the English entrenchments. Either in anger or merely to scare him away, someone fired, the black plume fell, and not only the musketeers began instantly to avenge his wound, but the roar of artillery burst forth from the copsewood, to the surprise and dismay of the English, who had flattered themselves that the enemy were destitute of ordnance.

The Scots began to cross the river, Lord Conway's foot fled in confusion. Only a troop of gentlemen, well mounted and wearing breast-plates, held out, and they fought gallantly until they were overpowered and made prisoners with their captain, Lord Wilmot. It was the first skirmish of the Rebellion, fought on the 28th of August, 1640. Only sixty were slain.

The people of Newcastle were terrified to the last degree when the army fell back and left them to the mercy of the Scots. Great numbers fled, leaving their houses open, but the Scots were very

forbearing, and though they quartered the men in the houses, and used the corn, cheese and beer, they paid for some, and gave bonds for the rest, nor was there any violence, though a heavy contribution was laid on the Mayor and corporation, and of course the royal stores of provisions and ammunition were seized without scruple.

Conway knew that he could not hold Durham, and fell back on Darlington where he met Strafford, and they joined the King at Northallerton, whence the whole army retreated to York. There the Covenanters, still advancing, sent him a petition humbly worded, but intimating that they relied on the support of the English Parliament when their grievances were considered. The King on this asked for a statement of their demands, promising to lay it before the great council of peers, which he summoned to meet him at York on the 26th of September. Such a council was not without precedent, though only of many centuries back, and he hoped by this means to avert the assembly of the Commons, but in vain. The demands of the Scots were the same as ever, and twelve of the English peers, Bedford, Essex, Hertford, Warwick, Bristol, Mulgrave, Say and Sele, Howard, Bolingbroke, Mandeville, Brook and Paget presented a petition, strongly objecting to the Scottish war, to the *et cetera* oath, the employment of Roman Catholic officers, the bringing over of Irish soldiers, the ship money, the Star Chamber, the tonnage and poundage, the intermission of parliaments. The like petition was sent up from the citizens of London, although the Privy Council did their best to hinder it. The Yorkshire gentry, who had to contribute to the support of the army, followed suit; Strafford declared privately that loyal support could not be brought together under two months, and the King found there was no other alternative than to appoint a commission to examine into the Scottish grievances at Ripon, and at the same time to issue writs for the election of a new House of Commons to meet on the 3rd of November 1640.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XV.

PRAYERS AND THANKSGIVINGS.

Susan. You called the remaining prayers not occasional.

Aunt Anne. No, for their use is regular, not called forth by special events.

S. The prayers of the Ember weeks come first. Of course I know they are used at the Ordination times, but I don't know the meaning of the name, nor how to find when those weeks come round.

A. That last you will find in the list of vigils and fasts among the tables at the beginning of the Prayer-book.

S. I see, the Ember days are the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after the First Sunday in Lent, the Feast of Pentecost, Sept. 14th, or Holy Cross day, and Dec. 13th, which always comes about the 3rd Sunday in Advent, suiting exactly with the Collect. Has the name anything to do with sitting in ashes?

A. Nothing at all. Embers are hot, the smouldering remnants of a fire, ashes are the grey cold powder which was the emblem of repentance, or of sorrow for a calamity, and the Ember fasts are not of repentance. The name is best explained by Dr. Evan Daniel. *Ymbren* was the old Anglo Saxon for a cycle or anniversary. *Ymb* was a prefix used in old English as *circum* is now—*Ren* was a course.

S. As the German *rem* around.

A. Exactly—Thus the English called these weeks *Ymb-ren-woce*, the-coming-round-in-course weeks. The Council of Placentia in 1095 fixed the four Ordination days, and the Latin name of the weeks preceding them is *Jefunia quatuor temporum*, whence the Germans call quarter days *quatember*, but our term comes from our older word.

S. But Anglo Saxon times were over before 1095.

A. True, but many pious observances have begun before they were made general by authority.

S. What did you mean by saying that the Ember fast is not of repentance?

A. Look at Luke vi. 12, 13.

S. I see; our Blessed Lord prayed alone all night before appointing the Apostles.

A. Acts vi. 6.

S. Special prayers before choosing the deacons.

A. Acts xiii. 3.

S. Fasting and prayer before ordaining SS. Paul and Barnabas.

Then the days are fixed in order that the entire Church may pray, while strengthening prayer by fasting, for the candidates for ordination.

A. There were masses on the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, which continue to be marked as the special fast days of the Ember weeks. Luke xiii. 6. began one of the Gospels used in the Autumnal preparation week fast. I should say that the Ordination day itself is the ensuing Sunday.

S. Do our Ember collects come from those services.

A. No; there is no trace of anything like them in the old services, and they were introduced by good Bishop Cosin at the revision at the Restoration. The second is taken from the collect in the Ordination services, with very little alteration, and seems to be intended for use at the close of the week, as the first is at the beginning.

S. I see, it is almost the same, omitting the special reference to St. Stephen in the collect for the deacons. Is it not ancient?

A. There is a parallel to it in the Greek Ordinal, but we cannot carry it further back than the committee of Six Bishops who revised the Ordinal between the publication of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. and the Second.

S. And where did the first come from?

A. It seems to have been an original composition of Bishop Cosin, for it first appeared in his hand writing.

S. I suppose I ought to explain these carefully to my girls.

A. Certainly; both because they should be taught to join in the entreaty, and because there is thus an opportunity of inculcating Church doctrine.

S. I remember once hearing in a sermon, that we may well put our heart into the Ember prayers, for most likely the future pastors of some of us may be ordained at that very time.

A. Yes, and for further encouragement, I am sure there is evidence of answers to those prayers. They used to be sadly neglected. Old people remember growing up without ever hearing them, or knowing what they meant. Those were the days when examinations were *nil*. They were dispensed with entirely with fellows of colleges, and there are almost incredible stories of the carelessness of the admission. One clergyman's so called examination took place in a cricket-field. Henry Martyn was appalled at the language, and whole tone of men who went up with him from Cambridge for Ordination. The Ember prayers were revived, and therewith the weeks were made times of examination, which required long and serious study, while the standard of life, conduct, piety, and soundness was raised. And now in many dioceses, a further step has been taken. It has been felt that the agitation and anxiety of an examination in technical knowledge is not good for the candidates, and this, therefore, is all done at stated times beforehand, and the Ember days are made times of prayer, meditation, private interviews with the Bishop, and instruction or exhortation in lectures from some experienced Priest.

S. That is a fulfilment indeed.

A. And it has borne fruit, for the utterly careless fox-hunting parson is almost extinct in this generation: and for the most part our clergy are earnest, zealous, and devoted priests, sensible of their high calling.

S. What reference shall I give for the preface of the First Collect—the purchase of the Universal Church by the precious Blood?

A. Either 1 Peter i., 18, 19, or the thanksgiving in Rev. v. 9, expresses it exactly.

S. Then of course the expression ‘lay hands suddenly on no man,’ which you say has been so remarkably fulfilled, comes from St. Paul’s warning to St. Timothy. 1 Tim. v. 22.

A. It requires more explanation than one would suppose, for many unintelligent people have been known to fancy that it forbids violence, instead of referring to the act of Ordination, so that you had better shew your pupils the ordination of SS. Paul and Barnabas in Acts xiii. 3.

S. Holy function.—That includes all that the clergy have to do. Function means an office, something to be done.

A. Yes, from the Latin *fungor* to perform, and in Italy the word *funzione* has come to mean any great ecclesiastical ceremony. Bishop Cosin no doubt meant the word to stand for all the special duties of each order of the ministry.

S. Then follows the prayer that they may shew forth God’s glory both by example and teaching; and thus set forward or promote the salvation of all men. Does pastor here stand for the priests who assist in the ordination?

A. Mr. Blunt’s note says it does not mean that, but is rather reduplication of the Bishop’s title. He says ‘Bishop and Pastor is the expression used in all documents connected with the election and confirmation of a Bishop.’

S. But Bishop does mean overseeing shepherd, in Greek, does it not?

A. Or rather *Episcopos* does, but as that meaning has become obscured, the term pastor is added to prevent the idea of the shepherd’s office from being lost. We may pass on to the other prayer.

S. ‘Appointed divers orders in thy church.’ Of course it is easy to refer to the Divine Appointment of the Apostles (Luke vi. 12, 13), and to that of the seven deacons (Acts vi. 1, 2, 3), but it is more difficult to trace the beginning of the second order. It was not the seventy whom our Lord sent out, was it?

A. No. That was rather a foreshadowing of the priests who were yet to be appointed. Priest, you remember, is a contraction of presbyter or elder, and St. Paul certainly appointed elders in each city to carry on the work. There were elders under St. James at Jerusalem, Acts xxi. 18; elders came from Ephesus to meet St. Paul at Miletus, Acts xx. 17; and he bade Titus to ordain elders (Titus 1-5) besides giving rules for

their conduct to both him and Timothy. I must tell you, however, that while the New Testament was in course of growing up, the titles of these orders are not always definitely divided. St. John calls himself 'the Elder' at the beginning of his Epistle, and on the other hand the Bishops, about whom directions are given to St. Timothy, appear from the context to have been really presbyters or priests.

S. And in the Revelations, the Bishop of each of the seven Churches is called the Angel.

A. So that it is from the universal adoption of the three orders of the ministry in every branch of the Church that we perceive that these allusions are really the scriptural testimony to them.

S. Then comes the prayer. What is the distinction between office and administration?

A. Office would stand for position or rank, whether as priest or deacon, and administration for the form of work to be done in the ministry, which, you remember, means the service of God, and to His people.

S. Such as dispensing the Sacraments, praying, preaching, exhorting, teaching, visiting the sick.

A. There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord (1. Cor. xii. 5). And again, you may see the different offices and administrations in Eph. iv., 11, 12.

S. And so replenish them with the truth of thy doctrine,—that is, fill them fully—and endue them with innocency. That is like the versicle taken from Psalm cxxxii.: 'Her priests shall be clothed with righteousness.'

A. The conclusion, the benefit of the Holy Church, carries us to the reference to the Epistle to the Ephesians. For the edifying or building up the body of Christ. If we make these petitions faithfully, while the ordinations are in progress, surely we may hope to be bringing blessings on the Church.

S. Then follows the beautiful nameless collect, 'To be said after any of the former.'

A. It is one of our very oldest. It came to England with Augustine from St. Gregory's Sacramentary, where it was one of a set of 'Prayers against Sin.' It was in the Litany of the Use of Sarum, and all the other 'us s.' There is a very old English version of it in Dr. Dugdale's book. 'God, to whom it is propre to be merciful and to spare evermore, undirfonge oure preieris, and the mercifulnesse of Thi pitie assaile hem that the chaine of tresspass binditti.'

S. Is 'undirfonge' receive?

A. Yes.

S. How much more beautiful and dignified the present form is! Are there special times for using it?

A. Generally at fast and supplication times, and when there is special need of humiliation. It used to form part of the Litany, but

was left out in the second Prayer-Book of Edward, restored by Elizabeth, and placed where it is now at the Restoration.

S. 'Whose nature and property.' Does that mean His nature and property?

A. *Proprium*, yes; from *proprius* own. Our words properly have drifted out of the force of their old meaning. Yet in heraldry, when a bearing is described as proper, it means its true and real colour. So when we say it is God's property to forgive sinners, it is equivalent to the confession in the Communion — 'To Thee only it appertaineth to forgive sin.'

S. 'Forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin.' That was of the awful proclamation before Moses (Ex. xxxiv. 7).

A. You remember that the Jews understood the power of authority to forgive sins, as especially the Divine prerogative. They stumbled at our Lord's doing so when He made the healing of the paralytic the outward and visible sign of His forgiveness (Matt. ix.).

S. Tied and bound with the chain of our sins.

A. 'Hairs turn to cords, and cords to cables strong.'

The evil habit, once like a thread, becomes stronger and stronger till it becomes a rope in the hands of Satan to drag us down. Once we are bound in the fetters once broken, and nothing but the pitifulness of God's great mercy can loose us, by the remission of sins.

S. I see it says 'for the honour' of our blessed Lord. I suppose that is that His sacrifice may not be in vain, so far as we are concerned.

A. Do you know who is almost certainly the author of the prayer for the Court of Parliament? It was Archbishop Laud, when Bishop of St. David's. It was in a Fast Day Service issued by him in 1625, and afterwards in a service which he put forth on the meeting of the Long Parliament. Bishop Cosin brought it into the Prayer book in 1661, and thus was crystallized the form in which Laud prayed for his murderers.

S. But was it a prayer granted?

A. Certainly not immediately, nor according to the Archbishop's own views; but in the long run, I think we see, that with many failures and errors, the general object of the Court of Parliament has been what we there entreat for. And if we have fears of its deviation from those courses, here is still the prayer — our mighty engine. Who knows how much of England's past glory and prosperity may not have been in answer to these prayers.

S. I did not know it dated before the Restoration. Some have seen the word 'religious,' sneered at as a fulsome compound of Charles II.

A. That is quite a mistake. The word refers to the old King, rather than to his private character, and was used in the original prayer, as well as in other earlier ones. I think we may pass on to the 'Prayer for all conditions of men.'

S. Who composed that?

A. Dr. Peter Gunning, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, who assisted the Bishops in 1662, in their revision, and afterwards became a Bishop himself. The Puritans had a strong objection to the Litany, and all short collects, preferring long prayers without response, and he is said to have drawn up both to please them, embodying the five prayers in one, as a substitute for the Litany. It was at first longer, but was shortened. He would not have it read in his own chapel in the afternoon, as he meant it only to be instead of the Litany. It is said to be taken in great measure from the nine collects formerly used on Good Friday.

S. It is almost Scriptural in language too, 'So make thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations,' comes direct from Psalm lxvii. 2.

A. Again we may remark an actual historical proof of the power of prayer. Missionary enterprise had altogether slept in our Church since the days of St. Boniface. This prayer for the showing saving health to all nations was introduced, and in 39 years (in 1701) the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had begun its work.

S. The good estate—that means the good condition.

A. Observe the signs of the time when it was composed, how—vexed by strife and divisions,—the good man has learnt to pray for unity and peace among all who call themselves by the name of Christians.

S. He begins with prayers for all nations, and then for all Christians, then for the sick and suffering. His 'finally' comes very soon.

A. Because his other petitions have been left out.

S. The prayer is for the afflicted in mind, body or estate. I suppose that is to include the distressed?

A. It gathers together those who are in conscious sorrow, or in insanity, as well as the sick and those in poverty or trouble about their worldly goods.

S. Then comes the opportunity of being prayed for by name in the church.

A. In teaching, you should take pains to guard your pupils from the common mistake which prevents people from taking advantage of the opportunity of being commended to the prayers of the Church. I mean, that a happy issue out of their afflictions only means death.

S. I know some poor people think that to be prayed for in church, is a sort of announcement that they are 'taken for death.'

A. Whereas the meaning certainly is, that there may be a release from the trouble, in whatever way the Heavenly Father sees best. The final pleading is a curious bit of language, marking the date.

S. I have often remarked the '*His sake*,' and supposed that the ordinary apostrophe of our genitive case marked the contraction of his.

A. Whereas the fact is, that the original genitive added s or es.

S. Oh yes, I know it is so in Chaucer—

‘ Full worthy was he in his lordes warre.’

A. The apostrophe was first used as an abbreviation for the e, and in the time of James I. an idea came in that it was the contraction of his, and Dr. Gunning meant to be more correct and dignified by thus concluding the prayer.

S. And it certainly sounds better. Is the General Thanksgiving old?

A. No, it was added in 1681, and was written by Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, or perhaps compiled, for the beginning is the same as a thanksgiving of Queen Elizabeth's after one of her progresses. It must have been inserted from the feeling that so much supplication ought to close with thanks.

S. ‘In everything with supplication and thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God’ (Phil. iv. 6).

A. This, too, affords the opportunity for special thanksgiving after sickness, danger, or the like. It always seems to me a very perfect thing.

S. I have heard the whole congregation join in it.

A. It is the custom in some places, but some think it unrubrical, as there is no direction, and the sentences seem to me too long for it to be likely they were meant for general repetition. I think we may be content to join in it with the Amen.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XL

THE MANY BELTED KING.

'Roll, planets, on your dazzling road,
 For ever sweeping round the sun;
 What eye beheld when first ye glowed?
 What eye shall see your courses done?
 Roll in your solemn majesty
 Ye deathless splendours of the skies,
 High altars from which Angels see
 The incense of Creation rise.'

Quoted in Knowledge.

FAR beyond the orbit of Mars there journeys a star of yellowish light, a star which, as it approaches with slow and stately progress, the more brilliant of the heavenly host lying in its path, causes their lustre to pale before its own. This kingly orb is the planet Jupiter, a globe so mighty in its size and strength as to bear some faint comparison with the sun. For if he is more than 1000 times smaller than the sun, the earth is more than 1000 times smaller than Jupiter, so that he might better regard himself as a brother of the sun, than of the four inner planets. And neglecting for the moment all planets beyond himself, he might without great vanity, compare the four moons (one of them as large as Mercury,) which obey his attraction, with the four globes which he would perceive circling round the sun.

The weight of Jupiter is not so great, only 308 times that of the earth, and very little heavier than if all were of water. The great bulk and small comparative weight are accounted for by one of two theories. Either its apparent size is its real size, in which case the globe must be liquid, or else what we see and measure is a cloudy envelope with a more solid bulk far within. There are objections to both these ideas. With regard to the former we are told that the enormous pressure caused by gravity would solidify such a huge globe, even if it began by being fluid, unless it were highly heated. We shall see presently this may be so, though it is difficult to suppose it is heated up to the amount required. On the other hand, if there were a solid core and a cloudy envelope, the dark belts cannot be the planet's body seen between the bright bands of clouds. The behaviour of the belts hardly answers to this, the changes in the dark parts being most unlike the stability expected from solids.

Though the mass of Jupiter is small, relatively to his volume, it is enormous compared to the other planets. If every other planet, including the three giants, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, were swept from the solar system, there is material enough in Jupiter to reconstruct them all of their present weights, and yet leave enough of himself to make a Jupiter which still would be greater than all of them put together.

Jupiter is more flattened at the poles than any other Planet, his equatorial diameter exceeding his polar axis by 5000 miles. A curious twofold action of gravity results from this. To persons or objects on the surface of Jupiter, gravity is weakened at the equator by the greater distance from the centre. So that an object at Jupiter's pole would weigh more than at the equator, because it is nearer the centre. It might be a good plan to send frivolous people on a polar expedition in Jupiter, as their increased weight might tend to steady them! But for any object at a distance the effect is the other way; thus the bulging equator of Jupiter attracts distant bodies more strongly than its poles do, because the bulge shortens the distance between them, especially when in the direct line of attraction, and this is the case with its moons, which revolve very nearly in the plane of the equator.

This enormous globe turns on its axis in 5 minutes less than ten hours, which is the shortest period of any planet whose rotation has been calculated. Just imagine a little day not five hours long, the sun, moons and stars having an apparent motion nearly twice and a half as fast as when seen from the earth.

And here I wish to caution those who teach children, never to simplify the science of astronomy (or indeed any science), by well-known illustrations involving a false idea. For instance, when trying to explain the double motions of rotation and revolution, most familiar illustrations are delusive. If we say that a planet spins, 'like a top,' we should be careful to explain it is like the old humming top, for the desire of a child is that a peg-top should spin in one place, and any top's course is unlike a planet's. So are the rotating and onward movements of hoop or wheel—for if a wheel one yard in circumference makes 3 rotations, it has proceeded 3 yards on its course, and it does this quite evenly, however many times it turns, which is not the case with a planet.

And while we are on this topic let us note by the way, that it has been found difficult to give one absolute incontrovertible proof that the earth rotates on her axis daily, and that the firmament does not revolve about the earth. The proof depends on the collection and balancing of numerous evidences which, taken together, make such an overwhelming case for our rotation, that we may justly say it is absolutely proved beyond a shadow of doubt, to any one who has not a crook in their minds. Now one of the best evidences that we rotate is, that we know from direct observation that the planets all do so.

When we watch their daily rotation, and find that a similar motion on our part would account for every apparent movement, and that no other theory will so account for them all—we are inclined to believe in it; and when we find seven or eight evidences all nearly as strong, we feel that taken altogether they form a certainty. The very best of all is thus stated by Mr. Proctor in some papers on 'The Earth's shape and motions.' He says: 'I have often been asked what is the most striking and convincing proof of the earth's rotation. My answer has always been—the earth's revolution. The fact that the earth revolves round the sun, is founded on much stronger evidence than any we have respecting the earth's rotation . . . Now accepting that fact, we are forced to accept with it the earth's rotation, because it is obviously absurd to suppose that while the earth revolves in an enormous orbit around the sun once in every year, the whole solar system, including the sun himself, revolves round the earth once in every day.'

And yet, though the sun does not revolve round the earth or any other planet, each planet in its small degree affects the sun, and to be correct we should say the sun and each planet revolve round their common centre of gravity. But for all the planets hitherto considered, that common centre lies such a short way from the sun's centre as to be within his bulk, so that we do revolve around the sun, if not around his centre. But so great is the pull of Jupiter on the sun, that their common centre of gravity, the point around which they both revolve, lies outside the sun, at about 6000 miles from his surface, and round that centre the sun revolves once in a Jovian year, i.e. nearly 11 years, 215 days of our time.

When Jupiter is examined through a telescope, the most striking feature is certainly his belts. The normal appearance of these is: 1st, a light pearly white belt across his equatorial regions; 2nd, a dark belt on each side of this, described variously as copper-coloured, rose-coloured, or purplish; 3rd, beyond these are a series of narrower light-yellowish, and dark-greyish belts up to the poles, and they are bluish. But these appearances are sometimes so altered as to make it difficult to believe there is, as yet, any stability in the belts. For example, the equatorial belt has been seen of a red colour, which may have been caused by its temporary disappearance, showing a real surface of the planet beneath; and now and then a whole dark belt has vanished.

Spots and rifts appear in all the belts, and some of these are curiously persistent, so as to suggest a permanent feature come to view, till they alter and disappear. Of this nature was the appearance known as the 'Great Red Spot.' It appeared in 1878, was oblong in shape, and lay in the latitude Natal occupies on our globe, and of course in an astronomical telescope, and in drawings, it was above the equator, for an astronomical telescope inverts the image. This spot stretched across a third of the disc, and remained visible some

six years; it could still be seen in very large telescopes early in 1894. Strangely enough, a white equatorial spot, which was visible during part of the same time, rotated not merely at a faster rate, as objects on any planet's equator do, but literally went round the planet oftener. It rotated once more than the Red Spot in $44\frac{1}{2}$ days. But some black spots north of the equator went round oftener still. Now we have nothing to compare to this on earth, and we are driven to the conclusion that these spots really drift among themselves, another mark of the instability of Jupiter's visible surface.

On the whole the best account of the belts is that they are cloud-belts of a totally different character to anything we see on earth. To begin with, they must be caused differently. For the disturbance of our atmosphere is chiefly due to the action of the sun's heat, which causes the winds to blow, just as it raises the vapour into the air which falls as rain. Now as Jupiter receives only a twenty-fifth part of our light and heat, it is plain that all solar forces there must be immensely less than on earth. The sun would in fact leave all the water in Jupiter frozen, and would not raise vapour. We should therefore expect a comparatively still atmosphere with no violent changes. But when the telescope reveals to us cyclones blowing 'over a region exceeding the whole surface of the Earth in extent, the velocity of the wind being twice as great as the most tremendous and destructive hurricanes known on our Earth.' When we see that far from a freezing temperature, vapour is formed in immense persistent belts, and that these belts vary in colour, and in shape at the borders; that spots appear and are driven along in a direction contrary to our trade winds—and so cannot be accounted for in the same way—when we see all this we are sure that we are observing a globe utterly unlike our earth, and affording in his visible phenomena greater resemblance to the sun than to anything else with which we can compare him. His specific gravity is much the same as the sun's, and as all the heat needed to raise vapour cannot come from the sun, whence comes it? There seems no alternative, but the answer,—*from within himself*. The very light we receive from this glorious planet is far beyond what the best reflecting surface would give back from so feeble a sunlight; so that it seems more than probable that his huge globe is still red hot, at least at the equator, which accounts for the formation of the masses of vapour known as belts.

And what of the system of which Jupiter is the centre?

On the 7th of January 1610, Galileo Galilei turned his telescope on this planet, and beheld a miniature solar system, of four bright points nearly in a straight line with the planet's equator. Next night, behold, they had all shifted their places, and in time there could be no doubt of it—the four satellites were revolving round their primary. These he named the 'Medicean stars,' in honour of his patron, Cosmo de Medici, though Henri IV. was exceedingly anxious to have them called after him. They are however now known by their numbers,

Satellite I. being the nearest to Jupiter. An attempt was made to name them separately, but as it was by a man who tried to rob Galileo of the honour of his discovery, the names are not used by astronomers, and neither their namer's name nor theirs should be remembered. With the exception of Satellite II, they are all larger than the moon, while Satellite III, is 3,550 miles in diameter, i.e. 550 miles more than Mercury. But owing to their great distance from the sun, if all were full together (which cannot happen) their combined light would be but 1-12th of our moon's.

They revolve round the planet with wonderful speed, as follows:—

Satellite I.	in 1 day	18 hr.	28½ m.,	at a distance of	262,000 miles
„ II.	„ 3 „	13 „	18 „	„ „	„ 417,000 „
„ III.	„ 7 „	3 „	59½ „	„ „	„ 666,000 „
„ IV.	„ 16 „	18 „	5½ „	„ „	„ 1,171,000 „

These are the figures given in Ledger's Gresham Lectures.

It will be observed that the three inner satellites bear this relation to each other; the revolution period of II. is about double that of I.; that of III. is double II. And they are so placed in their orbits that all three cannot be in conjunction. Thus if the two outer are, e.g. full moon, the innermost must be a new moon, and so on the opposite side of its orbit. By the time Sat. I. has come round a second time to New Moon, its neighbour II. has moved through half its orbit, from full to new, and so I. and II. are now together, while III. has only moved through a quarter of its orbit, and is a half-moon. When Sat. I. has a third time revolved, and is a third time new, Sat. III. has come up with it, and is new too—but meantime Sat. II. has moved off to its opposite place as full moon. The fourth or outer satellite has no such connection with the others, and whereas they move nearly in the plane of Jupiter's equator, its orbit is rather more tilted.

Now Jupiter's shadow is far longer than the orbits of the satellites, so that the three inner ones are eclipsed at every full moon, while at every new moon they cause an eclipse on the planet, and we can see the circular shadow of the satellite moving across the planet's disc. And thus between eclipses and new moons all four may be invisible to the planet at the same time. Besides these two true phenomena, the satellites show two others due to the earth's position with regard to them. As seen from our globe they may either transit over the planet's face, or be hidden by passing behind it. The fourth satellite, whose path lies less in the plane of the planet's equator, escapes eclipse or transit about half its time.

Let us now examine these four phenomena,—Eclipses, Occultations, Transit of Planet, Transit of Planet's shadow.

1. *Eclipse*.—This consists in the passage of a satellite through Jupiter's shadow.

2. *Occultation* consists in a satellite disappearing behind the planet

to reappear on the opposite side. But Satellites I. and II. are so very near the planet, that the former always, and the latter generally passes from eclipse to occultation without egress. Thus, a satellite approaching the planet is suddenly plunged in its shadow, and before it emerges it has passed behind the planet's body, so that we do not see the end of the eclipse, but it reappears from occultation on the other side of the planet. It does this from Jupiter's conjunction to his opposition, and *vice versa* after opposition. It is said that the planet's outer edge is sometimes so rapidly agitated that a satellite when occulted, has for an instant reappeared as if the cloudy edge had blown aside.

The velocity of light was determined by noticing that Jupiter's satellites were eclipsed $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes sooner or later than the predicted time, according as we were on the near or far side of our orbit, showing that light crosses the earth's orbit in $16\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and comes from the sun in $8\frac{1}{2}$.

3. *Transit of Satellite* occurs whenever a satellite comes between us and Jupiter, and this occurs at every new moon for the three inner satellites. Sooner or later the satellite is accompanied by (4), the *Transit of its shadow*, which transits behind it after opposition, and before it after conjunction. Eclipses must be frequent indeed on Jupiter, for Sat. I. casts a shadow 2000 miles wide, which may last ten minutes in one place, every 42 hours. Sat. II. transits every 85 hours, casting a shadow 1450 miles wide, its duration being half-an-hour in any one place. Sat. III. has a shadow 2530 miles wide, every 172 hours, which may last 40 minutes in one place. Thus, roughly speaking, in a week we may see seven transits of the three inner satellites. In one fine night we might observe many of these phenomena.

In speaking of our moon's orbit we mentioned that it is always concave to the sun, and so at new moon slightly convex to us. But at new moon Jupiter draws even Satellite IV. with a power 150 times as great as the sun, so that its orbit is concave to Jupiter and not to the sun, while the innermost moon positively retrogrades, and makes a looped curve between the sun and the planet.

And what is Jupiter? Sun or planet? We have seen that his size and strength, his apparently inherent light and heat, his mean density as well as the behaviour of his cloudy envelope, all point to a likeness with the sun. Above all, the Satellites, especially the two outer ones, often show as *dark* objects in crossing his disc. Were both planet and satellite lighted alike by the sun only, one would not be materially darker than the other. On the other hand Jupiter carries about with him an abiding mark of his inferiority,—*he has a shadow*. The sun alone casts light in every direction, and enjoys an 'endless noonday.' Jupiter is subject to the ordinance of day and night. He is then a planet, but so utterly unlike the earth, that Mr. Proctor is probably right in saying, that whether any part of him is solid or not,

he is enormously heated, in fact has not yet cooled down. He is perhaps no smaller with regard to the sun, than some of the very faint and feeble companions of bright stars, vaguely called 'double.' He is probably quite as bright as several of these; and perhaps some eagle-eyed astronomer on one of Sirius' planets has made out a faint companion to our sun, with a period of eleven years. Sirius' own companion star is very faint, though enormously larger than Jupiter. But if we look on him as a planet only, he is certainly monarch of all he surveys.

Plainly there can be no life such as we are acquainted with on Jupiter; but it is suggested there may be life on his satellites. He is far better fitted to give light and heat to them, than they to him. At new moon it would be a question which side of the satellite was best off—the side towards that little distant sun powerless to hinder perpetual frost, or the side towards the great shining planet, incandescent with a heat equal (at the distance of the satellites,) to red hot iron. Which of the two sides would be having its day, and which its night?

We must recollect that 'life in the planets' does not necessarily mean rational life: though we do not like to fancy irrational life only in those lovely orbs. Still we cannot be sure that some of the worlds are not in the state of the earth on the morning of the sixth day of creation—replenished with life indeed, but without 'a king to rule the new-made world.' We long for races like ourselves to people those globes; but may it not be that sometimes angel-eyes may rest on these fair creations of their God, as fair and as unstained by sin as when they heard His Fourth Day blessing 'and God saw that it was good'?

At any rate in 'Jupiter's vast plains,' and in the fair fields of his satellites, the wildest imagination may innocently wander, where

'Shines in the sky a light afar—
Perhaps a home-filled world.
A star to us all glimmer and glance
May swarm with Seraphim,
A fancy to our ignorance
May be a truth to Him.'

BOG-OAK.

[Bog-oak begs to acknowledge that in the 'Evening Outlook' for March she followed a popular but incorrect *façon de parler*, when she spoke of the *Kaabah* as a probable meteorite. She should have said 'The black stone in the Kaabah.' Correctly speaking, the Kaabah, (meaning cube), is a sanctuary within the great Mosque of Mecca, and in the south-eastern corner of this building is preserved the very ancient sacred black-stone, properly called Hajar el Aswad. It was at one time broken in several pieces by a fanatical blow, but was joined again with cement. The fact that any blow sufficed to

shatter it, points to its being a sky-stone, or else a sky-iron-stone, not a siderite. Burton the traveller saw it in 1853, having managed to pass himself off as a pilgrim, but we need scarcely remark that neither could he say for certain that it was a meteorite and not one of those doubtful objects, probably terrestrial, which much resemble them, because he had no chance of any close analysis, nor can anyone at present deny that it is a meteorite. But the statement that Paul Partsch, late Keeper of Minerals at Vienna considered it a meteorite is perfectly correct. He thought so from information supplied to him by Herr von Laurin; and a paper on the subject by Partsch, read after his death, may be found in 'The Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences of Vienna' for 1857, Vol. II. page 393. The Hajar must not be confused with the marble slabs, also in the Kaabah, marking the reputed tombs of Hagar and Ishmael.]

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER CRITICS.

BY THE EDITOR AND THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

I.

'Love virtue, she alone is free.'

MY DEAR UNA,

You tell me that you have read George Eliot's life; I should like to know the impression it has made upon you. I do not willingly read books that bear the trail of the Serpent, most especially biographies. I do not think it is so much on principle, as because they make me unhappy. I cannot forget the impression left upon me by Harriet Martineau, living for sixteen years under mortal illness, looking forward to annihilation, and daring to condemn the God of Revelation for holding out rewards and punishments, and for accepting the homage of praise. I am afraid of meeting again that fiendish form of Stoicism or Sadduceeism which is so plausible to pride. And there is the further drawback, that in this later case, the moral life was warped by the sceptical opinions, and I shrink from intimate contact with the mind, as I should with the living person. Yet, on the other hand, there is a certain narrowness in living a secluded life, and only reading what one approves; and I see, too, that the life and works exercise a great fascination over young people of both sexes, so that the genius and the charm lead them to think ordinary rules need not be applied here. And thus, in order to be able to combat this fearful temptation to call 'evil good and good evil, to put darkness for light and light for darkness,' I ought to read the book, so as to speak at first hand to any of the few who will attend to one so far inferior in power and genius. Oh! that Mary Anne Evans's had been consecrated! What might she not then have done for God and His Church!

She did something, I think, before the light of her younger days had entirely gone from her, or still lived in faithful portraiture. Contrast *Jane's Repentance* and *Daniel Deronda*, and there is all the difference between being guided by a star and a will of the wisp.

Not that I well remember the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Nor, indeed, have I any of the books in the house except *Romola*; but perhaps I can better speak as to the general impression they left on me without referring to them.

We were all taken by storm by *Adam Bede*, knowing nothing of the authorship, debating whether it were man's or woman's, and enjoying it heartily, bit by bit! There was the grand character of Adam. How often have I thought of every bit of work to which he put his hand all round the village being the better for him. I wonder whether Sir Henry Acland thought of it in his lecture on the conscientiousness of good work! I remember, too, one of the greatest admirers of the book, one of the women of purest enthusiasm I ever knew, saying that he is introduced singing the Morning Hymn, though in the evening, because the key note of his character is

‘That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.’

Then there was the good, dear old mother, who knew no wife would ever knit stockings for Adam like hers. And all the exquisite brilliancy of the Poyser scenes, some of the very best humorous writing in English, I suppose—absolutely droll, and free from all that could spoil one's enjoyment. Dinah is a fine outline, but marred by descending to common place life with Adam, as I think he is marred by willingness to recur to Hetty after her unfaithfulness. But my dear friend only thought he rose higher through pity and forgiveness.

Hetty herself is drawn with consummate skill, with her outward charm, her innate modesty through all her vanity, and her real hardness throughout. Do you remember the touch, that she cossets the lambs and chickens with no sense of tender pleasure, but only for what she can get for them? The dangers of smooth good temper, selfish ease, and letting oneself drift, seem to me the most real lesson in all George Eliot's books. Well, most people, especially the innocent minded ones, who saw the evil in the world, and snatched at warnings against it, were bewitched, and recommended the book right and left; but there were others who detected the flaw, some from Ithuriel power of touch, others from wider experience, and there were young people, who were set to read it as a kind of sermon, but who found it an admission to the knowledge of evil.

I do not know how much was absolute portraiture; but at any rate, the figures were drawn when the homely life among good, simple people had not long been left behind.

To my mind, *The Mill on the Floss* is a much more pathetic production, not because of its catastrophe, but because it is the cry and pleading of the author's own heart. In connection with a lovely little poem, called, I think, “Brother and Sister,” it seems as if the being whirled down in the stream together in a last embrace was what the author yearned to have done. Indeed, she sacrificed probabilities; for the cool Tom Tulliver would certainly have made Maggie loose her fatal clasp, and have tried to drag her to the bank. I always longed to have had him saved, let him see Maggie reproduced in his own daughter, and then repent of his harshness.

But Tom in his hardness, Maggie in her passion, even Lucy in her weakness, though true to life, give no elevating ideas, such as we have in *Adam Bede*. If the tale taught anything, it was fatalism. High visions and toying with devotion have no steadfast root, it is all drifting on to the final whirlpool.

The lighter part, being still comic portraiture, is delicious, as is the case with that charming little sketch, *Silas Marner*; but it seems to me that, except for a few flashes in *Felix Holt*, the free spontaneous play of imagination and memory ended with these, and the materials George Eliot had to work on came from the new sphere into which she had been taken, and thus lost in freshness and fullness.

It could not but be so with *Romola*, where, at the outset, so much learning is accumulated, that I must confess to having fairly stuck fast in reading it aloud. Tito is one of George Eliot's most forcible and terrible warnings; drifting into his wicked career, 'all because he would not have his shoe pinch him.' He, too, is one of her perilously good-tempered people. But the defect of her writing tells here. She cannot understand Savonarola. He is all *outside* to her; she cannot enter into his spiritual nature, and therefore she makes him accept political expediency, and thus overthrow *Romola's* faith. Look at his genuine life, and you will see how she has pulled him down to what she herself can believe in. Yet, with all this, there is immense power and genius in *Romola*, and she is grand herself, although, like the Emperor Julian, she becomes but an ape of Christianity.

Middlemarch is, however, a more individual book. I enjoyed it much when it was coming out, and the part about Lydgate's struggles with the old-fashioned doctors, which many thought wearisome, interested me, because many years ago, I saw something very like it. Mr. Brooke is one of the best humorous pictures in existence, and one is continually recollecting him; Mrs. Cadwallader is very amusing, though somewhat of a Mrs. Poyser in higher life. Mrs. Bulstrode's adherence to her husband in his misfortunes is a beautiful touch, and the Garths are every way delightful, though again they are flowers without roots. Mr. and Mrs. Garth are the most suitable and happy married pair in all George Eliot's books. For, as has been often observed, they generally run on incompatibility of disposition and character, and want of sympathy between married folk. Even in *Silas Marner*, the most harmless of all, the good Nancy, though accident just saves the legality of her marriage, has a terrible wrong done to her by her far inferior husband.

And here, Dorothea and Lydgate, the leading spirits of the tale, are both unsatisfactorily matched, even though Dorothea has two chances.

Dorothea rose on the imagination in a most striking manner, well suited to her stately and dignified name. It has been my hap to know more than one person of the like grave and gentle severity of nature, with the like superiority to all petty vanities, and the yearn-

ing for the high and true. I am glad to say that in real life, those yearnings found their true repose, both earthly and heavenly.

But poor Dorothea is made the embodiment of unsatisfied craving and disappointment. She has no hold on faith. She does not lean on what would suffice her, and is an example of what old-fashioned religious books were so fond of dwelling upon—the vague dissatisfaction and emptiness of dwelling on this world alone. She endows the old scholar with all manner of imaginary superiorities, and finds him a mere dry husk, utterly devoid of sympathy. Then she has one vain glimpse of what might have been, had Lydgate too not made a fatal mistake, and for once, she rises really high in her interview with Rosamond. But we leave her, trying to be satisfied with the devotion of a far poorer and more frivolous soul than her own, and we feel certain that her restless longings will waken again. The wonderful naturalness of the study of character has brought out a great truth never intended by the writer.

‘Spite of yourselves, ye witness this
Who vainly self or sense adore,
Else wherefore, leaving your own bliss,
Still restless, ask ye more?’

Here again we have the view I spoke of before,—Dorothea, the superior creature, has a far less amiable temper than good-natured, simple Celia, who has rather hard measure dealt to her. It is quite likely it would be so, for a good temper, not founded on religious self-restraint, is apt to be mere easiness, of the duck’s back description, while ‘a little grain of conscience’—deep feelings, vain cravings and sensitive nerves, suffer and show that they do.

Here you have the effect *Middlemarch* produces on my memory, after having read it twice—when it was coming out, and when complete—so long ago that the charm of the narrative has had time to pass away. Altogether it leaves a sense of hollowness.

And how is it with *Deronda*? Certainly I did not feel, as I saw some reviewer said, lifted into a higher atmosphere while it was in course of appearance. The beginning is devoid of the engaging qualities of the other books. Gwendolen’s relations with her mother and sisters are simply disagreeable. They are foolish, but her selfish contempt and impatience make one detest her from the first.

I will not go into the morals of the story, which are much lower in stamp than those of the former tales. The characters have not the old ring of reality, except some of the subordinate ones—such as the school-boy and the heiress. The Jew family is like a sketch studied for the purpose, but all the principal figures are evolved as types. Grandcourt is a mere conventional aristocratic demon, and it is impossible to believe in Mordecai, Deronda or Mirab, or to feel any interest in them.

And what do they end in? Wild, baseless visions, for the “hope-

less faith, the homeless race." What is Daniel Deronda about to devote his life to, when, bred, as we are given to suppose, in Christianity, he turns his back on the Mes-iah to realise some idea handed on by Mordecai! "It shall be even as a dream when one awaketh!"

Look back to Adam Bede in his workshop; Dinah beside Hetty in the cart; and see what a declension in the powers of conception, or the subjects of portraiture.

It is of course not to be expected that there should be equal power and vigour in the works of more advanced life, but what this retrospect bears in on my mind is, that the ideal gradually became lowered, the imagination tarnished, the purpose, stronger perhaps, but more perverted.

This I gather from the works. How about reading the life? What effect has it on you?

Your affectionate,
ARACHNE.

II.

MY DEAR ARACHNE,

I hope that you will read the Life of George Eliot, in spite of the pain which it must bring to you, for indeed I do not think that any one ought to refuse to do so, who has the power in any measure to dispel the glamour which her genius seems to have cast upon many who are themselves pure and obedient to the faith.

It does not surprise us that her faith should have been shaken, for there must have been a reaction from the spiritual condition caused by her first religious teaching and sentiments. She may write of a feeling of exultation at her soul's liberation from 'the wretched giants' bed of dogma' on which it had been stretched, but it is plain from her own account of her first stage of religious thought, that the foundation of dogmas upon which the great fabric of Christendom is built had never been hers. Her words in *Silas Marner* concerning the colloquies of dissenting weavers, 'whose unnurtured souls have been like young winged things, fluttering forsaken in the twilight,' very nearly express what her early letters reveal to us of her mind. 'The little light he possessed spread its beams so narrowly,' she writes of the hero of this tale, 'that frustrated belief was a curtain broad enough to create for him the blackness of night.'

Perhaps these words well describe her own 'frustrated belief.' A soul and mind like hers could not have ripened in the twilight region which has been made happy to some through the faith and love that responded to every ray of grace, but where her mind undoubtedly *was* stretched on a 'wretched giant's bed,' even Shakespeare seeming to her dangerous, and the pure joy of life a thing to mourn over.

Her letters at this period are more commonplace and un-original than we should have expected from George Eliot, even at nineteen;

they read like pale reflections of other minds, soon to be effaced. There is really very little that recalls the spiritual phase of feeling so strikingly described in Maggie Tulliver, who may be a picture of herself, but is probably of herself *plus* the thought, and emotions, and spiritual experience of later years, with which she endowed her heroine.

Even at that period she seized on the point really at issue, perceiving the need for some definite and solid standing-ground. 'She was much exercised about the nature of the visible Church.' But, as Lord Acton writes, with, as it seems to me, true perception of her mental history, 'her acquaintance with books had been restricted by the taste or scruples of teachers who could not estimate the true proportions or needs of her mind, *and the defect was not remedied by contact with any intelligent divine.*'

There had, indeed, been an attempt to influence her by lending her the Rev. W. Gresley's 'Portrait of an English Churchman.' From my recollection of the book, read long years ago, I cannot say I am surprised that while 'pleased with the spirit of piety that breathes throughout,' she should have felt that 'there is unfairness in arbitrarily selecting a train of circumstances, and a set of characters as a development of a class of opinions,' and that its influence would mostly be upon shallow thinkers. The whole attitude of her mind, and its deep devotional tendency at this time, make us feel that had her first introduction to men of ability and wide reading been through an 'intelligent divine,' possessing sympathy and largeness of outlook, as well as learning, her great gifts might have received the consecration which would only have given them fuller and freer scope, and that she would have been kept from the moral position, of which the least evil was that by it she was heavily weighted in her literary career.

Alas! the inevitable reaction came through her acquaintance with 'a family of busy and strenuous freethinkers.' There is something mournfully grotesque in her going first amongst them with the view of converting Mr. Bray, the clever and well-read sceptic. The result of her enterprise, in the unsettling of her own faith, is not surprising. What does surprise us is its absolute and permanent destruction, and the rapidity with which this was effected. On Nov. 2, 1841, she writes to her most intimate religious friend, Miss Lewis, 'I am going, I hope, to-day, to effect a breach in the thick wall of indifference behind which the denizens of Coventry seem inclined to intrench themselves'; referring probably, Mr. Cross tells us, to her first visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bray. Eleven days later, another letter to Miss Lewis shows that she had left the path to which she was never again to return, and that every previous conviction was shattered, and tottering to its fall; and this apparently without any great struggle or sense of pain. Her change, to use Lord Acton's words, 'was not from external conformity to avowed indifference, but from earnest piety to explicit negation.' She soon outran her guides, rejecting

without compunction more than they did, in her eager search after something definite on which to rest. It is impossible not to feel that there must have been not only lack of knowledge, but also of depth in religious feeling, when all could be so rapidly and lightly parted with, and when she could so soon speak of others as she might but lately have been spoken of. 'These dear orthodox people,' she wrote, 'talk so simply sometimes, that one cannot help fancying them satirists of their own doctrines and fears.' Some of her own utterances before she had parted company with them, are just such as she might put into the mouths of her humorous characters; as when she writes of intending that a projected chart of ecclesiastical history should include 'possibly an application of the apocalyptic prophecies, which would merely require a few figures and not take up room.'

'Speculative truth begins to appear but a shadow of individual minds,' she writes in October, 1841, 'and we turn to the truth of feeling as the only universal bond of union.' Do not these words contain the seed of that which afterwards ripened into action owning no law save that of feeling?

After her father's death in 1849 she spent nine months abroad, eight of them at Geneva—a kind of pause in her life, which recalls a passage in *Silas Marner*: 'minds that have been unhinged from their old faith and love, have perhaps sought this Lethæan influence of exile, in which the past becomes dreamy because its symbols have all vanished, and the present too is dreamy because it is linked with no memories.' Returning to England in March, 1850, she spent most of her time with the Brays, until, in September, 1851, she took up her abode with Mr. Chapman, editor of the *Westminster Review*, as a boarder, and as his assistant editor. Here she was thrown into the full stream of a certain cultivated and unbelieving coterie, taking especial pleasure in an intimate kind of *camaraderie* with Mr. Herbert Spencer, by whom she was introduced to Mr. Lewes. I cannot better describe to you the so-called philosophy of this society than by giving you a few extracts from one of George Eliot's anonymous reviewers.

'She must have acquired fresh grounds for confidence in her new opinions from the friends with whom she was most intimately associated in London. Their conclusions required them to accept nothing as fit to form part of a system, either of philosophy or religion, which is not based on fact and capable of being made apparent to the reason. They asserted, not that all else was non-existent, but that it was un-knowable, and outside the region of inquiry or theory, consequently, they practically assumed this world as the be-all and the end-all of human existence. In its conditions, as interpreted by science, they found the beginnings, and traced the development of man as we see him, and declined to consider any possibilities before or after as other than unscientific fancies . . . They find obvious the inference that the spirit thus earth-born will

of necessity share the dissolution of the body—dust it is, and unto dust shall it return . . . For them a deity has, in all ages, and with all peoples, been an invention of man's mind, stimulated by man's hopes and fears—as the Brocken Spectre is the immensely exaggerated shadow, cast on a cloud, of the spectator's own figure. Thus, after rejecting the familiar belief that God created man, these philosophers are conducted to the very opposite conclusion that man created God.'

Some remarks upon this system by the same writer, are so good that I must quote them, in case you have not seen them.

'It must be judged as a means for its professed end, of effecting, through general acceptance, the exaltation of humanity. For this it demands that every member shall . . . labour for the good of the race, sinking his own private interests in those of humanity . . . It appeals to nothing which actuates the multitude . . . It requires us to put all we possess into a sinking fund for the benefit of nobody knows whom. It wants the powerful element of hope; for its promises are limited to the happy expectation of an indefinitely distant possibility, less than the shadow of a shade . . . As a means for effecting the ambitious design of influencing and modifying the race, its demands on human nature are impossible to be satisfied, its allurements cold and dim. It might have been conceived in the moon, and for the inhabitants of the moon; it is such stuff as dreams are made of.'

As to George Eliot's attempt to adapt the doctrine to common use, by confining 'the endeavours of ordinary natures to the task of furthering the happiness and advantage of those immediately around them,' the writer whom I have just quoted remarks that, 'the youth of this country have long been familiar with so much positivism as that in the Church Catechism.'

I have space but for a few words from George Eliot herself, which will show how entirely she accepted 'such stuff as dreams are made of' for the salvation of virtue and happiness among men.

'My books have for their main bearing a conclusion without which I could not have cared to write any representation of human life,—namely, that the fellowship between man and man, which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man, and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the idea of a goodness entirely human (i.e., an exaltation of the human).' 'Love, pity, constituting sympathy, . . . these feelings become piety, i.e., loving, willing submission, and heroic Promethean effort, towards high possibilities which may result from our individual life. There is really no moral "sanction," but this inward impulse. The will of God is the same thing as the will of other men, compelling us to work, and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence. We can say to ourselves with effect, "There is an order of considerations which

I will keep myself continually in mind of, so that they may continually be the prompters of certain feelings and actions.”’

The artist in her was greater than the sceptic, at least in her first books. Adam Bede and Dinah are not prompted by ‘a certain order of considerations’ concerning humanity, or by ‘the idea of a goodness entirely human,’ but by belief in a personal God, Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. Daniel Deronda and Mirah are mere shadowy embodiments of a theory.

That her soul never found rest or happiness in its choice there is abundant proof. Mr. Morley says that ‘the look of pain that haunted her eyes and brow, even in her most genial and animated moments, only told too truly the story of her inner life,’ while she writes of herself as, ‘morbidly desponding,’ her ‘consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement.’

It may be said that a mind like hers must needs suffer, and pass through such moods of despondency. There was one of old, doomed by his very greatness to suffering, yet for whom the conclusion of the whole matter was, ‘Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, *that the power of Christ may rest upon me.*’ This power George Eliot had denied and rejected; what could remain for her save profound sadness in attempting ‘to save virtue and happiness when dogmas and authorities decay.’ To solve this problem, Lord Acton says, ‘she swept the realm of knowledge, and stored up that large and serious erudition which sustains all her work;’ but she must have been haunted in her most eager and hopeful moods by the instinct that after all, true or not, her vague misty creed would never work with the great mass of humanity.

There is, however, a far more important question than that of the happiness or comfort which she found in her moral and spiritual principles, and one which it is difficult to approach. Her sin has been condoned, passed over, excused, by most who have written of her since her death, as though it were lost in and covered by the glory of her genius. Such words, lying on every drawing-room table, seem to me ominous for the future, and almost an insult, not only to Christianity, but to the world that still recognises not mere theories of duty, but a moral law. ‘People talk absurdly of self-denial,’ she wrote soon after her rejection of Christianity. ‘Why, there is none in virtue to a being of moral excellence.’ And later she writes, ‘I say it now, and I say it once for all, that I am influenced in my own conduct at the present time by far higher considerations, and by a nobler idea of duty than I ever was while I held the evangelical belief.’

How do these principles stand her in stead at the great turning-point in her life, when she must either follow virtue at the cost of self-denial, or obliterate the distinction between virtue and vice (I can use no other word) acting out the theory that men are free to do whatever they judge most conducive to their own conception of happiness and intellectual well-being?

Her life in the Strand as Mr. Chapman's boarder, and afterwards in lodgings, was full of trial and loneliness to one needing sympathy as her daily food. She had written from Geneva to Mrs. Bray: 'The only ardent hope I have for my future life is to have given to me some woman's duty—some possibility of devoting myself where I may see a daily result of pure calm blessedness in the life of another.'

I have been struck by the remark that if genius is the increase of all natural gifts and failings, it implies in a woman a special increase of womanliness, so that as she comes back from her work she wants more, not less sympathy, both as a worker and as a woman; and so, without God, she must have man to lean upon.

All through 1853 her intimacy with George Lewes seems to have increased. We are told in her life in the *Eminent Women Series* that he appears to have written a letter in which he used all his powers of persuasion to win her (his wife, from whom he was separated, but not divorced, being alive) and that she consented, and henceforth 'became his wife in every sense but the legal one.' Her biographer remarks on the occasion:—'she was called upon to make her private judgment a law unto herself, and to shape her actions, not according to the recognised moral standard of her country, but in harmony with her own convictions of right and wrong.'

For 'called upon,' we should say 'tempted.' Nor can I for a moment believe that her action was really in harmony with her sense of right and wrong. We need not rate her so low, or refuse to believe in the instinctive feelings of one most essentially womanly, although without Christian rule. I do not agree with Lord Acton, that this step 'is sufficiently intelligible from the whole tenour of George Eliot's life.' On the contrary, I think it introduced a discord into even her self-chosen strain. Was it not rather the old sad story—the offer of that which was pleasant, which seemed good for food, and to be desired to make one wise, made to one who had yielded up the power in which she might have met and overcome temptation. I had written so far before seeing Mr. Hutton's essay in the *Contemporary* for March. It is a matter of thankfulness to find any reviewer of Mr. Cross's book who does not gloss over Miss Evans's conduct 'in forming what is euphemistically called her "union" with Mr. Lewes.' You will see also that he has noticed the rapidity with which she cast away Christianity, and also writes at some length upon the question which I have tried to answer, 'how did the humanized view of religion affect George Eliot herself?' I need not say that both matters are treated with a depth of thought and ability to which this letter has no pretension, and am sure that you will find it a great help in your efforts to counteract mischief to the young. On the other hand, I know that your whole soul will revolt, as mine does, from the conclusion formed by another writer, that, 'whatever the world may think it has gained in her writings, it would not have gained if she had not, . . . formed this union with Lewes,' and that 'she might

have searched all society through without finding a companion so fertilizing to her intellect.'

No! a thousand times no! She had come to where two ways parted, one seeming to stretch out before her broad and pleasant, sunny with sympathy and human love, the other straight and narrow, dark and lonely—and in this supreme moment of her life, she chose the pleasant path. Can we doubt that had the contrary choice been made, the blessing to mankind as well as to herself would have been large? He who bestows the gift of genius knows best what is needed to bring it to perfection, and could have given her, in the path of virtue, all that she left it to attain. Besides, since all so-called 'natural' gifts are here but the first shoots and buds which in the better Land will come to full flower and fruit, nothing can be of real service to them which blights their promise for eternity. Even supposing, which I do not believe, that the refusal of an unhallowed union would have been a loss to her intellectually, it would have been so but for a moment—for the moment which we call time. But even as regards the development of her gifts in this world, was Lewes the only man who could have given her that sympathy and encouragement which she needed, or suggested to her the field in which her laurels were won?

Doubtless, as Mr. Hutton says, 'if George Eliot had continued to believe in the spiritual Judge of all men, she would not have found it so easy to absolve herself from the provisions of the moral law of marriage as she did find it.' But even as she was, she parted from her own canons of right and wrong. Take her account of the subject of the *Spanish Gypsy*. She tells us that it was suggested to her by a picture of the Annunciation at Venice, said to be by Titian, in which she saw 'a great dramatic motive of the same class as those used by the Greek dramatists, yet specifically differing from them. A young maiden, believing herself to be on the eve of the chief event of her life—marriage . . . has suddenly announced to her that she is chosen to fulfil a great destiny, entailing a terribly different experience from that of ordinary womanhood. She is chosen . . . as a result of foregoing hereditary conditions; she obeys. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Here, I thought, is a subject grander than that of Iphigenia . . . I saw it might be taken as a symbol of the part which is played in the general human lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense, and of the fact that what we call duty is entirely made up of such conditions . . . A good tragic subject must represent a possible, sufficiently probable, not a common action; and to be really tragic, it must represent irreparable collision between the individual and the general . . . It is the individual with whom we sympathize, and the general of which we recognise the irresistible power . . . A tragedy has not to expound why the individual must give way to the general; it has to show that it is compelled to give way, the tragedy consisting in the struggle involved, and often in the entirely calamitous

issue in spite of a grand submission. Silva presents the tragedy of entire rebellion; Fedalma of a grand submission, which is rendered vain by the effects of Silva's rebellion . . . In Silva is presented the claim of fidelity to social pledges; in Fedalma, the claim constituted by an hereditary lot less consciously shared.'

'With regard to the supremacy of love; if it were a fact without exception that man or woman never did renounce the joys of love, there could never have sprung up a notion that such renunciation could present itself as a duty . . . But what are the facts in relation to this matter? Will any one say that faithfulness to the marriage tie has never been regarded as a duty, in spite of the presence of the profoundest passion experienced after marriage? Is Guinevere's conduct the type of duty?'

Thus could George Eliot write, while absolving herself from allegiance to any but some inner code formed for herself alone. It has been well observed that 'she would have seen for others that, "every man should do what is right in his own eyes," is a principle which no one of common sense (setting religious principle aside for the sake of argument) could possibly contemplate for a single moment,' and also that she has herself taught us to see that, 'there's many a thing one must make up one's mind to do without.'

I do not think therefore that we can too strongly protest against such an estimate of her as Mr. Morley's, 'that she had the soul of the most heroic women in history,' that her life was marked 'by an unsparing struggle for duty,' and that men and women should rather be judged 'by the way in which they bear the burden of an error, than by the decision that laid the burden on their lives.' She could not lose the power of deeply impressing others, both in conversation and by her writings, as when, in Mr. Myers' essay, he describes her as 'taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet calls of men,—the words *God, Immortality, Duty*,'—and pronouncing 'with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*.'

Yet, to us, facts efface the impression of fine writing, and we must be amongst those who feel that George Eliot's practical disregard of moral obligations in her own case, *when they involved a sacrifice*, incapacitates her in a very considerable degree from dogmatizing on 'duty'—nay, more—reduces all talk of duty to a mockery.

Her own defence of her conduct is of the weakest; the most remarkable being in a letter to Miss Hennell in 1857, after the publication of *Scenes in Clerical Life*.

'If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will out-weigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others.' It is hard to conceive a more deeply immoral utterance, containing a principle which might justify anything, however contrary to law and

duty. Nor does she seem to perceive the impossibility of any man weighing or measuring the results of his actions. She would have acknowledged in theory that '*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra*' is the only rule of action, but her defence may be translated :—'without Mr. Lewes, I should not have attempted fiction,' therefore, &c., &c. Yet even here she unconsciously betrays the feeling that expiation was required of her.

Must we not reluctantly feel that there are indications of a woman's best instincts having been previously blunted? Carlyle turned with abhorrence from George Sand and her works, but George Eliot was enthusiastic in her admiration both for her and for Rousseau. I have never read either of these writers, but Lord Acton notices George Eliot's having 'startled Emerson by her taste for the *Confessions*,' and mentions *Jacques*, which she especially admired, as 'the most ignominious of George Sand's stories.'

However this may be, it is plain even to mortal sight that in this world the consequences of her choice were other than she believed them to be, and that henceforth she worked in fetters. What that work might have been, sanctified by self-renunciation in the writer, we can partly imagine. As it was, she sacrificed not only 'liberty of speech and the foremost rank among the women of her time,' but much more, even as regards the development of her genius.

In Mr. Morley's judgment, the 'keen stimulation and incessant strain, unrelieved by variety of daily intercourse, and never diversified by participation in the external activities of the world, tended to bring about a loaded, over-conscious, over-anxious state of mind, which was not only not wholesome in itself, but was inconsistent with the full freshness and strength of artistic work. The presence of the real world in his life has, in all but one or two cases, been one element of the novelist's highest success in the world of imaginative creation . . . One cannot but see that when compared with some writers of her own sex and age she is constantly bookish, artificial and mannered.'

To quote once more Lord Acton's striking words, 'during the years in which she rose to fame, she lived in seclusion, with no society but that of Lewes. In this perfect isolation, the man through whose ministry almost alone she kept touch with the wider world, exerted much influence . . . He was a boisterous iconoclast, with little confidence in disinterested belief and a positive aversion for Christianity . . . George Eliot's interest in the religious life was therefore kept up under resistance to adverse pressure . . . Her secluded life had important literary consequences. It estranged her from general society and from religious people. The breach with zealous Churchmen was not new, but it was now irreparable. She knew their ways from the old books, and early recollections; but in the active religious work and movements of her time she shows no more concern than in Plato or Leibnitz . . . The literature of

ethics and psychology, so far as it touched religion, dropped out of her sight, and she renounced intercourse with half the talent in the world . . . A system that denies the hopes and memories which make pain and sadness shrink cannot be rich in consolation; yet she strove not to overdo the tragedy of human life. She continued to analyse and to illustrate with an increasing fertility and accuracy, but she was in the clasp of the dead hand, and the leading ideas recur with constant sameness.'

These last words fall in with what you say of the contrast between her early and latest novels, and make us feel that even in this world her genius would have gained, had she possessed courage to refuse happiness apart from duty. She wrote, on her return from Geneva in 1850, from her old home at Griff, while paying her brother a short visit, evidently in deep discouragement, suffering from the uncongenial atmosphere, material and moral, asking Miss Hennell to give her information about boarding-houses in London. 'Will you tell me what you can,' she writes, 'I am not asking you merely for the sake of giving you trouble. I am really anxious to know. Oh, the dismal weather, and the dismal country, and the dismal people!' It was in this 'dismal country,' and amongst these 'dismal people' that she had found her best and purest inspirations. 'Shall I ever write another book as true as *Adam Bede*?' she herself wrote soon after its publication; noting also in her journal that a cabinet maker (brother to Blackwood's managing clerk) had read the sheets, and declared that the writer must have been brought up to the business, or at least had listened to the workmen in their workshops. Her best books were written while the pure, wholesome memories of her early life were still fresh, when she went in and out amongst her own people, the head dairy-maid in her father's house. Late in life she showed a friend that the palm of her right hand was broader than the other, from having been much used in making butter.

'I like my writings to appear in the order in which they are written, because they belong to successive mental phases,' she herself wrote, and in her later books, as one of her critics has remarked, 'in place of representing life as she observed it, she represented it with reference to the religion of humanity. In place of depicting people as she found them, she depicted them as shaped or controlled by a theoretical influence.' She tried to teach through her novels that which as a doctrine failed to win hearts, and this accounts for the laboured utterances in her later books, and their want of spontaneousness, in spite of their immense talent. She never did, I think, write anything so true as *Adam Bede*, in which there is, 'the quite new combination of the highest culture dealing with the life of the working classes from their own stand-point.'

Mr. Morley tells us that in a conversation in 1877, George Eliot, speaking of the different methods of the poetic or creative art, 'said that she began with moods, thoughts, passions, and then invented the

story for their sake, and fitted it to them; Shakespeare, on the other hand, picked up a story that struck him, and then proceeded to work in the moods, thoughts, passions, as they came to him in the course of meditation on the story.' And in 1866 she wrote to Mr. Harrison of having 'gone through again and again the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate,' and of the 'agonizing labour to an English-fed imagination to make out a sufficiently real background for the desired picture, to get breathing individual forms, and group them in the needful relations, so that the presentation will lay hold on the emotions as human experience.'

But it seems that in *Adam Bede* she worked rather in the Shakespearean method than in that which grew upon her afterwards, taking for its source a true story which had made a vivid impression on her imagination as a girl, and working into it the later stores which she had unconsciously gathered when 'living in the midst of her material,' not 'aloof from and outside of it.' Of the story of *Silas Marner*, also one of the best of her books, she wrote:—'It came to me first of all quite suddenly as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollections of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen weaver, with a bag on his back.' Her old aunt, a Methodist preacher, who had gone with a girl condemned to death in the cart to the scaffold, and her upright, noble-hearted father, would probably have found themselves very much out of place at her London Sunday evening receptions; but as one of her critics truly says, this latter 'was not the kind of life in which she received and stored up her early and fresh impressions.'

She says herself, in 1859, 'at present my mind works with the most freedom and the keenest sense of poetry in my remotest past.' The only pleasant and happy picture in Mr. Cross's three volumes, is of Mary Ann Evans as a child, her father's pet, her brother's slave, watching with eager delight for the home-coming of the latter from school, that he might tell her all he had been doing and learning. We can see them making their rounds in the farm offices at Griff, 'the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently—the broad-shouldered barns where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music;' and in the evenings—when her father sat in 'his deep leather-covered arm-chair, with the head of "the little wench" between his knees.'

'I was taken to see my pantomime,' she wrote when long past youth. 'Ah, what I should have felt in my real child days to have been let into the further history of Mother Hubbard and her Dog!'

Was Mr. Jerome's old-fashioned garden, in *Janet's Repentance*, but the picture of that at Griff? I do not know any bit of small scenery so vividly or delightfully painted, including the figures of the old man and his grandchild. And surely Mrs. Jerome must have been drawn from some neighbour who got out her 'best chaney' to entertain Mr. Evans and his little girl at tea. We know how she must have 'drank

in knowledge of the country, and of country folk at all her pores,' as from a very early age she went about the neighbourhood 'standing between her father's knees as he drove leisurely.' 'I often smile,' she says in her last book, 'at my consciousness that certain conservative prepossessions have mingled themselves for me with the influences of our midland scenery, from the tops of the elms down to the buttercups and the little way-side vetches.'

Alas, alas! how gladly would her father have followed his 'cute little wench' to the grave, could he have foreseen the fate which was to be her choice!

The 'weakness of the historic faculty' which Lord Acton notices, as a pervading element in George Eliot's life, must have been a strong factor in the ease with which she cast off Christianity.

'It seems to me,' she writes, 'the soul of Christianity lies not at all in the facts of an individual life, but in the ideas of which that life was the meeting point and the new starting point. We can never have a satisfactory basis for the history of the Man Jesus.' 'Heaven help us, said the old religion,' she wrote in 1853, 'the new one from its very lack of that faith, will teach us all the more to help one another.' Had she considered 'the large questions and proportions of history,' she could hardly have written the above sentence, or permitted any convictions to blind her to the historical fact that the noblest and most self-denying efforts to help others had been made under the shadow of the Cross. Her 'observations made on common people in private life, under the sway of thoughtless habit and inherited stupidity,' were not balanced by an equal power of grasping heroic subjects.

Lord Acton thinks that she determined to write nothing from which it might be inferred that she was pleading for herself. She did not do so directly, but she could not keep her books untainted, and in her later novels she makes the relations of her married heroes and heroines so strained that only death can cut the knot.

It is remarkable that in both her first and last books of fiction her heroines are driven to confession as an absolute necessity for the recovery of spiritual health, but how great is the contrast in the pictures! In *Janet's Repentance* confession is made to a minister of Christ, who leads her to the smitten Rock, in whose waters she may find healing and strength; in the last it is made to a layman who has cast off Christianity for Judaism, and whose power for good upon Gwendolen is made to consist in a personal fascination which he exercises upon her, and in holding a relation towards her which would be impossible in real life.

Do you remember the following passages in a review called *Romance of Modern Scepticism*, which appeared soon after the publication of *Daniel Deronda**? 'No serious writer, and such George Eliot emphatically is, would have depicted the relations of Gwendolen

* *Church Quarterly Review* for October, 1877.

and Deronda, would have exercised all the resources of her genius in drawing the picturesque, exciting scenes in which she brings them together, and further elaborately related their effect on Gwendolen towards her husband, without a definite purpose, and that purpose to dispute certain generally received axioms, or rather doctrines, on the subject of the conjugal relation . . . The interest of the author's last two novels has hung on the introduction of the same element. Both heroines chose their husbands on deliberately formed principles; both discover too late that their hopes are disappointed, and both find in another man the qualities in which their husbands especially fail. All that makes humanity more truly human seems, with our author, but to make the marriage relation one of hopelessness and sadness. Look at the sad, powerful picture of the wife's degradation under the brutality of Dempster in *Janet's Repentance*, and the sin of Mrs. Transome in *Felix Holt*. Look at Romola recoiling from and escaping from the ideal selfishness of Tito; at Dorothea suffering under the rigid unsympathy of her wilful choice, and Lydgate deteriorating under the influence of Rosamond's worldly egoism. Of course such pictures may be defended as lessons and warnings. If people deliberately marry on low motives they may need to be reminded of the terrors in wait for them, but in many of these cases the motives were not low; the suffering is not merited. It might seem that the design of the author . . . is to argue for a way of escape from unhappy consequences, rather than for the duty of resignation under them . . . Habit, use, the inevitable, kind management, the bracing effects of endurance, the tie because it is a tie, through such influences we see lives not unhappy, even where the ideal of marriage is least realised. And we assert that a tendency in any person or system to picture it as an institution, in its indissoluble sense, ordinarily unfavourable to man's happiness except under very rare conditions, is a dangerous tendency, and perilous to true morality.'

Grandcourt is certainly not attractive, but we cannot wonder at his being enraged at seeing his wife, instead of taking her part in a concert, looking up at Deronda, 'with pain in her lovely eyes, like a wounded animal asking for help,' especially as she had previously, we are told, 'taken the deep rest of confession' in a look of appeal, to which Deronda had responded, letting 'his eyes and voice express as much interest as they were capable of.' When, after her husband's death, she seeks him as a confessor, we are told that he fills her with 'divine hope of moral recovery. So potent in us is the infused action of another soul before which we bow with complete love . . . Had he not first risen on her vision as a corrective presence which she had recognised in the beginning with resentment, and at last with entire love and trust? She could not spontaneously think of an end to that reliance, which had become to her imagination like the firmness of the earth, the only condition of her walking.' Well may the reviewer whom I have quoted exclaim, 'Only think how the world of readers

would have been up in arms if he had been a Christian director instead of a half-Jewish layman !'

Believing in no future life, George Eliot had to construct a scheme which would make men feel that there is no escape in this life 'from the inexorable law that we reap what we have sown'; and accordingly 'retribution is the constant theme and motive for her art.' But we observe that in every book except her first, the action of this law is worked out upon some *concealed* sin, in some cases the concealment forming the sin. Did she lay any flattering unction to her soul from all being open in her own case ?

Her letters are less pleasing as life goes on; contrary to what is usual, I think, they become more and more self-conscious, and filled with self. She writes after the publication of *Adam Bede* :— 'the self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production—presses upon me almost continually in a way that prevents me even tasting the quiet joy I might have in the *work done*.' This continual self-questioning, inevitable to a conscientious mind believing that her own nature alone must meet all demands upon it, becomes most oppressive, but there is a stiffness about her letters from the first which they never lose.

'What courage and patience,' she says, speaking of another person, 'are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything;' and she notes in another case, 'the energetic industry with which he has made the most of his powers.' You, at least, will value her admirable industry, and will feel 'the high responsibilities of literature that undertakes to represent life.' 'The ordinary tone about art,' she writes, 'is that the artist may do what he will, provided he pleases the public.' Again she speaks most truly of 'the comparative rarity, even here,' (at Florence, I think), 'of great and truthful art, and the abundance of wretched imitation and falsity. Every hand is wanted in the world that can do a little genuine sincere work.' Few possess what Mr. Cross calls, her 'limitless persistency in application,' but all may overcome the temptation to slothfulness in application. When we read the list of books occasionally noted in her journal, it is hard not to feel that she was in her generation wiser than those who, content with a certain use of devotional books, neglect standard English literature, and unfit themselves for being of possibly some use or help to others who, with the same average of ability, have made more serious use of it—too often in sceptical literature. Perhaps if Christian women would follow George Eliot's example as to industry in reading, they would be better fitted for their Master's use, not through capacity for argument, but through the unconscious influence which a cultivated woman's mind exercises, more especially if she possesses and cherishes that 'sympathy with the actors in the drama of life, which in George Eliot's was not less intense than wonder at the drama.'

'Our moral progress may be measured' she wrote, 'by the degree in which we sympathise with individual suffering and individual joy.'

O if a soul like hers had once drawn sympathy from the one Heart, Divine and Human, which would have satisfied it, what might not her sympathies have done for others! As it was, she lacked belief even in human affection, writing to a friend who had expressed love for her, '*faith is not easy to me*, nevertheless, I believe everything you say and write.' Now and then there is a flash as though the Love of Jesus had for a moment been apparent to her,—as in the Frauenkirche at Nuremberg. 'Nothing could be more wretched in art' she says in her journal, 'than the painted St. Veronica opposite me, holding out the sad face on her miraculous handkerchief, yet it touched me deeply; and the thought of the Man of Sorrows seemed a very close thing, not a faint hearsay.' And there is the expression concerning the death of a great human being of 'such deep sadness at the thought that the rare nature is gone for ever into darkness, and we can never know that our love and reverence can reach him.' Religious instincts and *sentiments* she could never lose, and they seem to have increased as time went on. 'One wants a temple besides the out-door temple,' she says late in her life. 'A place where human beings do not ramble apart, but meet with a common impulse.' 'What an age of earnest faith,' she writes, after one of her rare attendances at public worship, 'grasping a noble conception of life and determined to bring all things into harmony with it, has recorded itself in the simple, pregnant, rhythmical English of those Collects and of the Bible.' Unlike Carlyle, she had a warm admiration for Cardinal Newman, and gladly heard him preach. 'I envy you your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman,' she writes to a friend, 'and should like to make an expedition to Birmingham for that sole end.' 'Pray don't ever ask me again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery,' she wrote in 1862. 'I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me.' But still, all that she attained to was the perception that *denying* is not the best thing—that, as she wrote to Mr. Cross in 1873, 'the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that the necessity is laid upon you to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have worse.'

I have tried, as you wished, to tell you the impression made upon me by George Eliot's life, from a religious and moral point of view, and have left myself small space for the many short extracts which you would enjoy, such as the following vivid little picture:—

'Imagine the Franciscans of La Verna, which is perched upon an abrupt rock rising sheer on the summit of a mountain, turning out at midnight (and when

there is deep snow for their feet to plunge in), and chaunting their slow way up to the little chapel perched at a lofty distance above their already lofty monastery! This they do every night throughout the year in all weathers.'

Here are a few short passages which are stirring :—

'It is better for us all to hear as little about ourselves as possible; to do our work faithfully, and be satisfied with a certainty that if it touches many minds, it cannot touch them in a way quite aloof from our intention and hope.'

'There are so many things—best things—that only come when youth is past, that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the very last.'

'Doesn't the spring look lovelier every year to eyes that want more and more light?'

'We have our violoncello, who is full of sensibility, but with no negative in him; i.e., 'no obstinate sense of time. A man who is all assent and perpetual *rallentando*.'

'It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self, while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow.'

'Those only can thoroughly feel the meaning of death who know what is perfect love.'

Lord Acton's judgment concerning her teaching is that it 'was the highest within the resources to which Atheism is restricted,' and he seems to agree with those who declare that her words are high-water-mark of feminine achievement, that she was as certainly the greatest genius among women known to history, as Shakespeare among men. We owe thanks to those amongst her critics who have brought into clear light the fact that her teaching is limited and cramped by her Atheism, and you will find, I feel sure, that by doing so they have cleared the ground for you in your efforts to help and guide those to whom George Eliot's writings have been a source of danger or of injury.

Ever yours affectionately and gratefully,
UNA.

III.

MY DEAR UNA,

I thank you for your letter and impressions. I heartily agree, and other things have come before me, and have been borne in on my mind, confirming what you say. I have read the book, but first, I had been reading the *Life of Ellen Watson*.^{*} Perhaps it may be said that a life ending here at twenty-four should not be compared with one of more than double its length. Yet surely it is true that there are natures, especially those with inherent seeds of disease, that are early perfected, and go through all the phases of feeling and development that, with others, occupy the natural term of life.

Ellen Watson seems to me to have possessed a really deep and earnest

^{*} Macmillan.

mind, and to have thought for herself, instead of being dependent on others for influences on her will. She was born to non-conformity, but though she learnt childish prayers, there seems to have been no external attempt to impress religious feeling on her mind, though the family were kindly, happy and unselfish, and she was an excellent elder sister.

She was endowed with a wonderful mathematical talent, but from a love of completeness, cultivated Literature and Art. She passed out in the First Honours List at the Cambridge examination, and later was second in the honour division in the examination for women, thus winning a scholarship at Girton, of which she did not avail herself, because she thought her mother needed her at home. While teaching her younger sisters there, she went to bed at eight, when they did, and rose at four, to study physical science. She went as far as she could in it alone, then worked under the direction of Professor Carey Foster, and at twenty, had reached the standard of the highest senior class of pure mathematics at University College London. She was the first woman to obtain admission to the highest class of physics there.

All this time physical science had engrossed her intellect. Practically, warm family affection, uprightness and sense of duty, were present moral guides, and religion had dropped away from her as a thing incapable of proof, and not coming within her range of interest, as the Duke of Argyll says in his remarkable article in *Good Words* for April, 1885, called, 'What is Science?' where he seems to think that natural religion may for a time satisfy the mind, but must be a stepping stone.

'I do not need religion,' she said, 'Science satisfies me.'

This could not, however, continue to suffice her heart and mind. An American lady, Mrs. Congreve, had become her friend and correspondent, and tried to direct her mind to the invisible, but Ellen had a strong belief that feeling ought not to be the cause of change of opinion, and a kind of Pythagorean sense of harmony and tendency towards perfection made her feel science a guide and impulse to duty. At last, through the sight of sorrow and untimely death, the question forced itself on her, '*Is this all?*'

She met Miss Anna Buckland (her biographer,) at Bournemouth. They studied *In Memoriam* together, with a longing on Ellen's part to embrace the hope of immortality, feeling the incompleteness of our present existence, and yearning for something beyond, yet starting back from what might be a poetic dream incapable of demonstration. But as she went on further (taking a B.Sc. degree at the London University) light dawned. 'Sometimes I hope and believe there is a Divine Power in the world; an Eternal Good, which is also in us, and not ourselves.' She wrote 'My creed is, I believe in the Love of God, and even this I apprehend but dimly.' It was the dawn of the day star of faith. A little later she writes that her 'faint gleam

of faith has arisen out of the glimpses I have caught of a living Spirit, breathing in outward things, and seeming to make within me something akin to itself.'

And therewith came prayer. I must not trace all the steps of growth in grace. The disease in the lungs, which had long set in, did not affect the general health, and it was thought that it might be arrested by the climate of South Africa. Ellen went out thither to assist in the school at Grahamstown, using the voyage as a time of much thought. Before it was ended she wrote, 'I believe in God because I have *felt* the Divine Presence. And if to love and adore is to believe, I believe in Christ. And seeing how all things progress to a higher life and greater good, I faintly hope that in the end good may prevail, and we who struggle here may rise to the life immortal.' More and more light came, specially from the study of the Psalms. Fear and sense of sin were not the impulse. Ellen had always lived a blameless life, and was like that disciple of Lacordaire who, reclaimed from French negation, could find nothing to confess but hatred to the enemies of his country. What led her on was the feeling that our life here needed a further development into perfection. And here, I think, we have the answer to the Sadducee accusation of rewards and punishments being low motives. It is not distinct individual reward, the unprofitable servant would shrink from reckoning on that, it is the craving for perfectibility, union and communion with God. This hope drew on Ellen Watson into what, as her knowledge increased, became, as those around her testified, 'a seraphic love of God.'

She was confirmed, and found infinite joy in her Communion, and she died in the midst of uttering after her last Eucharist, 'O Lord God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world.'

Now this seems to me the type of an earnest mind working as far into outward demonstrable things as an intellect of no common order could go, then feeling the need of something beyond, to satisfy the empty soul, catching at last the heavenly spark, and so cherishing it that it has shone at last into the perfect day. Such earnestness and depth as this does not seem to me to have existed in George Eliot. There seems rather to have been a sentiment at the mercy of human influences, not absolute craving of the living soul.

As long as heart and intellect were satisfied, the soul had no especial needs, though still it looked out sadly in her melancholy eyes. I see in her a woman of great powers, strong and warm affections, and a conscientious spirit; and with the truly feminine need of leaning on some stronger force, and taking thence her opinions.

The good governess who first guides her, has a sufficient grasp of truth for her own pious and gentle life, but not enough width or power to make religion a full reality to the larger and stronger mind, which as yet—as is the case with many young people—was embracing religion only on the intellectual and sentimental side.

It is as if Satan saw what a force such a woman might be on his side. She launched herself against more experienced and educated infidel forces, and succumbed at once under the influence of new and clever arguments, and the charms of a congenial friendship. There was no substance of reliance, no strong personal affection to withstand these seductions.

I think I never met with anything more like the laughter of a demon as when the poor girl triumphs in Mr. Hennell's supposed refutation of the evidences of the Resurrection. Surely her good angel must have wept to see that gifted woman outraging her better self by translating Strauss's blasphemies beneath the Crucifix, and then, with faith gone, but believing herself religious, (by which she apparently meant guided by a sense of duty to mankind in general) she was ready to fall into the snare of a connection, which satisfied all her true and faithful hereditary womanly instincts towards the cares of wifehood and motherhood. And her excellent fulfilment of these duties was an additional element of evil and temptation both to herself and others, by blinding her own eyes, satisfying her conscience, and leading others to overlook the flaw at the root of so fair a growth.

In the hands of Lewes, her importance to himself and his sons gratified her warm heart, and real matronly feelings, while his influence prevented any awakening. Constituted as she was, no books, not the Bible itself, no abstract ideas, no conversation with an outsider, could touch her real self while she was under the spell of the man she viewed as her husband. So that her moral lapse bound her down in the torpor of the soul.

Apparently, though she held intercourse with many persons of varied opinions, and corresponded with many more, she never fairly faced an argument with a Christian of equal or superior intellect with herself. It might have had no effect, for she really was the creature of her affections; but the lack of anything of the kind shows how exclusive was the region of thought in which she lived. In the same way, all adverse criticism was kept from her, and she was left to the unmitigated satisfaction of believing herself one of the great lights of the world. It may be the effect of other entries in her diary and letters being omitted, but certainly the record of laudatory opinions on her own writings seems to me to be disproportionate, though I find others think this is not the case, and that her journal shows increasing humility. That, indeed, a large mind must acquire by looking out on the vastness of things around, and by marvelling at the unlooked-for effects of small attempts.

By all accounts, the plain woman had about her a grave sweetness and reticence that gave her a matronly air such as to render it difficult to accept the miserable fact that she had broken through Divine and human laws. Does not this show that there is no real morality but the Ten Commandments proclaimed by the Lord thy

God.' Otherwise the precious idea of duty is nothing but 'doing that which is right in thine own eyes.' And after all, the idolised standard of Duty is borrowed from Christianity. Even Epictetus, or Marcus Aurelius had it round and about them. And their ideal of duty—above all of purity—where is it beside the Christian? What will a few generations of Duty to Humanity without Christian pressure, public opinion and competition come to? Nay, Robespierre and Marat thought themselves philanthropists doing a duty to humanity.

However, I did not mean to run on to this, but to remark on George Eliot's defence of the little scandal, as she viewed it, that was to be condoned for the sake of Lewes's beneficial effect on her mission to the world. You are quite right, that though he discovered and fostered her power as an ethical novelist, he also blighted it and poisoned it. He kept his plant in a hothouse, and prevented free development and pruning, so as to weaken and taint its produce.

How if Miss Evans had struggled with gloom and depression and worked on alone? Surely much greater experiences might have been the consequence.

Mrs. Gaskell was past forty when her powers were discovered, under the stimulus of a great grief. Perhaps if the memories and imaginations embodied in *Adam Bede* and the rest, had been the outcome of an unstained solitude, they would not have been like Samson's doings, tokens of a Divinely given power perverted, trifled with, flashing at times into reflections of heavenly life, but broken, turned aside, fettered by human weakness, and ending in blindness.

I know it will be thought terribly cruel and narrow in me, but I cannot help thinking of the old Christian belief in Satan's being able not only to transform himself into an angel of light, but in his letting his human instruments do all the more harm by their practice of outward virtues, and maintenance of moral duties, so that persons, instead of being revolted, are won over to think that without faith it is possible to please God—No, not God, but the human imagination.

And is it indeed thus that there are many who have learnt to excuse the error, and treat George Eliot as a kind of heroine; because, forsooth, she was a person of genius, and had therewith all the womanly instincts that might have had a better development. One can only mourn, and remember with comfort, that, after all, truth is great and will prevail.

Your affectionate,

ARACHNE.

A TANGLED TALE.

ANSWERS TO KNOT X.

ONCE more I must postpone the geographical problem—partly because I have not yet received the statistics I am hoping for, and partly because I am myself so entirely puzzled by it; and when an examiner is himself dimly hovering between a second class and a third, how is he to decide the position of others? So I proceed to

3. THE SONS' AGES.

Problem. 'At first, two of the ages are together equal to the third. A few years afterwards, two of them are together double of the third. When the number of years since the first occasion is two-thirds of the sum of the ages on that occasion, one age is 21. What are the other two?

Answer. '15 and 18.'

Let the ages at first be $x, y, (x + y)$. Now, if $a + b = 2c$, then $(a - n) + (b - n) = 2(c - n)$, whatever be the value of n . Hence the second relationship, if *ever* true, was *always* true. Hence it was true at first. But it cannot be true that x and y are together double of $(x + y)$. Hence it must be true of $(x + y)$, together with x or y ; and it does not matter which we take. We assume, then, $(x + y) + x = 2y$; i.e. $y = 2x$. Hence the three ages were, at first, $x, 2x, 3x$; and the number of years, since that time, is two-thirds of $6x$, i.e. is $4x$. Hence the present ages are $5x, 6x, 7x$. The ages are clearly *integers*, since this is only 'the year when one of my sons comes of age.' Hence $7x = 21$, $x = 3$, and the other ages are 15, 18.

Twenty answers have been received. One of the writers merely asserts that the first occasion was 12 years ago, that the ages were then 9, 6, and 3; and that on the second occasion they were 14, 11, and 8! As a Roman father, I *ought* to withhold the name of the rash writer; but respect for age makes me break the rule: it is THREE SCORE AND TEN. JANE E. also asserts that the ages at first were 9, 6, 3: then she calculates the present ages, leaving the *second* occasion unnoticed. OLD HEN is nearly as bad; she 'tried various numbers till I found one that fitted *all* the conditions'; but merely scratching up the earth, and pecking about, is *not* the way to solve a problem, oh, venerable bird! And close after OLD HEN prowls, with hungry eyes, OLD CAT, who calmly assumes, to begin with, that the son who comes of age is the *eldest*. Eat your bird, Puss, for you will get nothing from me!

There are yet two zero's to dispose of. MINERVA assumes that, on every occasion, a son comes of age; and that it is only such a son who is 'tipped with gold.' Is it wise thus to interpret 'now, my boys, calculate your ages, and you shall have the money'? BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE says 'let' the ages at first be 9, 6, 3, then assumes that the second occasion was 6 years afterwards, and on these baseless assumptions brings out the right answers. Guide *future* travellers, an thou wilt: thou art no Bradshaw for *this* Age!

Of those who win honours, the merely 'honourable' are two. DINAH MITE ascertains (rightly) the relationship between the three ages at first, but then *assumes* one of them to be '6,' thus making the rest of her solution tentative. M. F. C. does the algebra all right up to the conclusion that the present ages are $5z$, $6z$, and $7z$; it then assumes, without giving any reason, that $7z = 21$.

Of the more honourable, DELTA attempts a novelty—to discover which son comes of age by elimination: it assumes, successively, that it is the middle one, and that it is the youngest; and in each case it *apparently* brings out an absurdity. Still, as the proof contains the following bit of algebra, ' $63 = 7x + 4y$; $\therefore 21 = x + 4$ sevenths of y ,' I trust it will admit that its proof is not *quite* conclusive! The rest of its work is good. MAGPIE betrays the deplorable tendency of her tribe—to appropriate any stray conclusion she comes across, without having any *strict* logical right to it. Assuming A , B , C , as the ages at first, and D as the number of the years that have elapsed since then, she finds (rightly) the 3 equations, $2A = B$, $C = B + A$, $D = 2B$. She then says 'supposing that $A = 1$, then $B = 2$, $C = 3$, and $D = 4$. Therefore for A , B , C , D , four numbers are wanted which shall be to each other as $1 : 2 : 3 : 4$.' It is in the 'therefore' that I detect the unconscientiousness of this bird. The conclusion is true, but this is only because the equations are 'homogeneous' (i.e. having one 'unknown' in each term), a fact which I strongly suspect had not been grasped—I beg pardon, clawed—by her. Were I to lay this little pitfall, ' $A + 1 = B$, $B + 1 = C$; supposing $A = 1$, then $B = 2$, and $C = 3$. Therefore for A , B , C , three numbers are wanted which shall be to one another as $1 : 2 : 3$,' would you not flutter down into it, oh MAGPIE, as amiably as a Dove? SIMPLE SUSAN is anything but simple to *me*. After ascertaining that the 3 ages at first are as $3 : 2 : 1$, she says 'then, as two-thirds of their sum, added to one of them, = 21, the sum cannot exceed 30, and consequently the highest cannot exceed 15.' I suppose her (mental) argument is something like this:—'two-thirds of sum, + one age, = 21; \therefore sum, + 3 halves of one age, = 31 and a half. But 3 halves of one age cannot be less than 1-and-a-half: hence the sum cannot exceed 30.' This is ingenious, but her proof, after that, is (as she candidly admits) 'clumsy and roundabout.' She finds that there are 5 possible sets of ages, and eliminates four of them. Suppose that, instead of 5, there had been 5 million possible sets? Would SIMPLE SUSAN have

courageously ordered in the necessary gallon of ink and ream of paper? The solution sent in by C. R. is, like that of SIMPLE SUSAN, partly tentative, and so does not rise higher than being Clumsily Right.

Among those who have earned the highest honours, ALGERNON BRAY solves the problem quite correctly, but adds that there is nothing to exclude the supposition that all the ages were *fractional*. This would make the number of answers infinite. Let me meekly protest that I *never* intended my readers to devote the rest of their lives to writing out answers! E. M. RIX points out that, if fractional ages be admissible, any one of the three sons might be the one 'come of age'; but she rightly rejects this supposition on the ground that it would make the problem indeterminate. WHITE SUGAR is the only one who has detected an oversight of mine: I had forgotten the possibility (which of course ought to be allowed for) that the son, who came of age that year, need not have done so by that day, so that he *might* be only 20. This gives a second solution, viz., 20, 24, 28. Well said, pure Crystal! Verily, thy 'fair discourse hath been as sugar'!

CLASS LIST.

I.

ALGERNON BRAY.
AN OLD FOGGY.
E. M. RIX.
G. S. C.

S. S. G.
TOKIO.
T. R.
WHITE SUGAR.

II.

C. R.
DELTA.

MAGPIE.
SIMPLE SUSAN.

III.

DINAH MITE.

M. F. C.

I have received more than one remonstrance on my assertion, in the Chelsea Pensioners' problem, that it was illogical to assume, from the *datum* '70 p. c. have lost an eye,' that 30 p. c. have *not*. ALGERNON BRAY states, as a parallel case, 'suppose Tommy's father gives him 4 apples, and he eats one of them, how many has he left?' and says 'I think we are justified in answering, 3.' I think so too. There is no 'must' here, and the *data* are evidently meant to fix the answer *exactly*: but, if the question were set me 'how many *must* he have left?' I should understand the *data* to be that his father gives him 4 *at least*, but *may* have given him more.

ALGERNON BRAY asks for 'a separate illustrated edition of the Lang Coortin.' (I misquoted this in my last.) It is to be had, and illustrated, in the volume of 'Rhyme? And Reason?' but a *separate* edition I fear I cannot promise.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

So many curious derivations from place have come to light that there is no choice but to collate them, though omitting with regret the conversations of Bog Oak, the Muffin Man, Kitten, J. M. B., Grasshopper. Wines and cheeses we eschew, as they are always called from their original home, also very modern articles of passing fashions, and such as require a substantive after them.

To begin with Birds—Pheasants are called from the river Phasis; Canaries from their isle; Turkeys, by a mistake, like that of the French, who term them *D'Indes*; Bantams from the province in Java.

Fruits—Cherries from Cerasus; Damsons are Damascene plums; currants, grapes of Corinth; Bergamo, in Italy, by grafting a citron on a pear, produced Bergamot pears, also distilled the perfume so called.

Drugs—Chemistry itself is from Khemi in Arabia; Rhubarb from Rha barb, the banks of the barbarous Rha (the Volga); Senna is African; Ammonia was a salt gathered near the temple of Jupiter Ammon; Jalap from Xalapa in Mexico; Tobacco from Tobago.

Food—Ginger from Gingi, near Pondicherry; Chocolate, Choco, in Mexico; Sardines, Sardinia. Chili explains itself.

Minerals—Copper from Cyprus; Turquoise were Turkey stones; Alabaster from Alabastron, a city; Chalcedony, from Chalcedon; Agate, from a river in Sicily; Cairn Gorm; Sardijs.

Coins—Guinea; Bezant; Florin.

Dyes—Indigo from India; Gamboge from Cambodia; Damask from Damascus.

Materials for dress—Holland; Cambric (Cambrai); Diaper (D'Ypres); Dimity (Damietta); Muslin (Mossul); Gauze (Gaza); Jean (Genoa); Crape (Cyprus 'black as e'er was crow'); Fez; Nankeen (Nankin); Cashmere. Worsted—Worstead, in Norfolk; Jersey.

"In vain the lively Gaul for conquest thirsted,
The men were Jersey men, and his were worsted."

To these must be added Morocco, and Arras, and the French *gant* made at Ghent.

China, Delft, Majolica and Japan, tell their own tale.

Weapons—Bayonets are either from Bayonne or La Bayonette, a mountain where the Basque peasantry, in a war with the Spaniards, fastened their long knives to the ends of their muskets. Carronade from Carron foundery; Pistol from Pistola; Shillelah from a hamlet in Wicklow.

Miscellanies are: Parchment—Pergamentum—from Pergamos; Soap from Savona; Coach from Coche, in Hungary; Canterbury; and in language, we have Gasconnade and Blarney.

Maid Marian, No. 1, Magpie, and A Rank Outsider, have chosen rather wildly. Polony is a vulgarism. Bath was so-called, like Baden, from the verb to bathe, not the bath from the city; Box Hill did not name the tree, but the tree the hill. Cork trees don't grow at Cork, nor seals abound at Seal; Horns were not called from Cape

Horn, and Harrows are not the staple of Harrow on the Hill. In writing Greece, was the Outsider thinking of 'Tis grease, but living grease no more.' Mosquito is from Mosca, a fly, and the other words chosen are so alien from the subject that they shall not be exposed.

Excellent lists from Oats, Vögelein, Apathy, Partridge, Wakatu, Clover, Blue Jacket, White Thorn, Metelille, Judith, Georgina, Emily, Water Wagtail, Sintram, Lubin, Shamrock, Sanders, Guennella, A Reader, Moonraker, M. M., Wandering Jew.

Wandering Jew's answer on orthography is very good, and we wish there was room for it, but we must give Moonraker's delightful letter, and Clover's introduction, followed by Spinning Jenny's answer.

Answers excellent this time for the most part.

A letter from Georgie Hacket, the little boy who wrote the 'Bad Boy's Diary.'—

Satterday afternoon.

MY DERE MAMMA,

I have bean very nauhgty. In my dictasion it came I beleive he has lieave to do it, and so I spelt it wrong and so I had to write it out 10 times and so I wroght it all wrong because I put bl—ve like l—ve ought to be. I put the dash that I maint rite it wronhg agane, now you kno what I mean. So now I have been Kept In from Fischeing and I had to wright a long thing about English Orthogoraffhy. I will copy It out for you, then I sharnt think about the fishing. The Marster wrote the heding and showed me where I had to find all the knecissry facks in a little book. So I coppied the long wirds.

'Why English Orthography follows no General Rule.'

'Orthorgraphy is the same asspelling. There are 2 Principal corses. One is that the wurdz are derived from different languages, with different grammatical rules. The other is that the peple are dirived from Different nations. There was Celts and Saxons and Danes and Normans and the Churchmen and Scholars talked latin and wen ennybody invented anything they gave it a classical name and when the merchants and crusaders and travelers came home with presents for there littel boys they had foreign names. And then every boddy got mixed up like the black an white chickens attome, and so 1 white 1 got a black topnott (how is that wite Hen. This is not in the composhun). Only insted of geting topnotts all the Celts, Saxons, Dains, Normans Churchmen Scholars Merchants Crusaders Travelers and Littel boys got one annuthers words. But they moast of them got them wrong. And so sum of them orltered the spelling to'sent. But in some words the former spelling is retaned. It depends partly on wether they were most used by the people they rely belonged to or by the others. There is much uncertainty of speling in all old books and letters, (o how I wish I lived then then I shud be fishen now. There were meny diffrent ways of spelling the saim word.) It is only compatively recently that the orthography of the English langwich has become in any way fixed. Praps som day we may hope it will become a little more fixed whitch is greatly to be dessired as the present sistim of speling orl the words diffrently is verry trying.'

dere mama I love you verry much dew you think wurms woughd keep a week in a tin pot with only a litle erth and no food, exept I cood give them bred. Because I gave my wurms away wen I found I coundt go fisching and I wish I hadent now, for I blieve theyd a kept. Thairs a lovly plaice for fishing hear. Its in the River (my Is ar full of teers I can't see to write) A Hob gibbs calls It. gibbs is the boy I gave the wirms to Ive been wanting to give him a presunt a long time

your loveing son
Georgie.

P.S. Don't read the pease in invurted commers please. It mite make you Unhappy to se how unpossabul it was to do it right, and theres no one to maik you Write it out 10 times and kepe you In from Phishing if you do it wrong and I havent time to rihgt anuther letter.

MOONBAKER.

Our English language is composed of many other languages. Causing all English words to be spelt according to certain distinct rules would have much the same effect as ploughing up an old battle-field into a common-place piece of arable land. The ground and the language might both be of great service, but the connection with the past would be very much destroyed.

Sometimes a word with one sound has two meanings, and these have been derived from different sources. If there was only one mode of spelling this word we should have greater difficulty in understanding its true sense, because we would not be so well able to find its origin.

CLOVER.

Summing up these causes as briefly as possible, we set them down as being five in number, and classify them thus:—

1. Deficiencies in the alphabet.
2. Preservation of the signs of origin or nationality of words.
3. Preservation of signs of difference between words derived from the same root, but separate from each other in meaning.
4. Distinction between words alike in sound but unlike in meaning, and derived from different roots.
5. Retention of travel marks to show through what country a word has reached us on its way from the parent country.

To overcome the difficulties caused by there being an insufficiency of letters to express all the required sounds, and the length or quantity of the vowels, a tactful, though sometimes paradoxical arrangement or addition of letters is required. By adding a consonant we may shorten a vowel—as *våle*, *vålley*. By adding a vowel we may increase the quantity of the preceding vowel—*twin*, *twine*. By putting a consonant in place of a vowel we may shorten a syllable, as *biting*, *bitten*. By adding a letter we may often change the sound of a vowel as, *våst*, *wåste*.

2. We have, however, a redundancy as well as a deficiency of letters, and a person who wishes to rob our A B C of the C asks why we do not spell city—*sitty*; colony—*Kolony*. We answer. Because the C stands for Roman citizenship (*civitas*, *colonia*). If he goes on to demand why we do not spell cough—*Koff*, we say that though we

are willing to let the C go, we keep the gh, as a relic of the Dutch ancestor (*kuch*).

3. We are grateful for the irregularities in our spelling when the sound of words derived from the same root, but different in meaning, does not help us to discriminate between them.

4. If *h* were dropped from *chord* we should get instead of a string of 'linked sweetness,' of sound, a coil of stranded threads. And would phonetic spelling help us to distinguish between 'a benignant reign, giving to all their *due*,' and 'benignant rain, refreshing *dew*?' We find, instead, that our irregularities of spelling help us to discriminate between words owning no relationship to each other, and different in meaning but perplexingly alike in sound.

5. That our orthography shows us the route taken by words which have not come direct to us from their birthplace, the words *honour*, and *honorary*, serve to prove. The *u* in *honour*, speaks French to the philologist as plainly as the Paris bonnet does to the milliner, while *honorary* appears like an uncompromising Roman. *Critic*, albeit it is spelled with the superfluous *c*, takes us to 'immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,' while *critique* suggests a French compliment. But here, fearing to be demolished by the grammarians, we must stop, tempting as is the prospect of spinning a web in a most interesting study. Having busied ourselves for a moment in a corner of the antechamber we cease regretfully.

SPINNING JENNY.

With respect to Spider Answers p. 298, Arachne is perfectly right in objecting that there was no King of France named Phillibert—but there was a French saint of that name, a native of Gascony, who founded the Abbey of Jumièges, but ended his days at the monastery of Noirmontiers, in the little island of Hérou, on the coast of Poitou. Filberts are named after this saint, whose day falls on the 22nd August, old style—which is about the time when these nuts of St. Phillibert are ripe. Professor Skeats' *Dictionary*, and the *Lives of the Saints* together suffice for this point. Isis.

With thanks to Isis, full bearded loam was simply a misprint, a full stop having been mistaken for a hyphen.

Stamps Received.—Cobweb; Shamrock; Sintram; White Thorn.
Maid Marian sent a MS. declined.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Ascend a mountain, describing the various zones of vegetation.
Collect the Arthurs of history.

Notices to Correspondents.

Whalley.—Lectures on Health, by Caroline Hallet, also a profusion of little books published by the Sanitary Association.

Francis.—Sir Jasper Merrifield was brother to Captain Merrifield of Stokesley.

E. C. J. M.—Gillian is an English form of Juliana, therefore the G. is soft.

The author is sorry to have scandalised *Perplexed*. She had much enjoyed a supposed mummy as a vehicle for Christmas presents, and that it was a travesty of acts scarcely defensible had not occurred to her.

M. W. H.—There are two Spanish ballads on the loss of Alhama with the refrain *Ay demí, Alhama*; a translation freely combining them is to be found in Lord Byron's works.

Medusa.—There is a poem on Hadad the Edomite, in the Rev. S. Baring Gould's *Silver Store*. BOG OAK.

The lines beginning:

‘Farewell, thou vase of splendour.’

are in a collection of sacred poetry as *The Parting Spirit*, by Edmeston F. S.

Can any of your readers tell whence is taken?

‘His spirit departed,
His body waits its resurrection.’

CYCLAMEN.

Who is referred to in the following line from the *Saint's Tragedy*?

‘One Hedwiga at a time's enough.’

JUDITH.

Wanted the rest of the song called ‘The Crookit Bawbee,’ which begins:

‘Oh wha awa got ye that auld crookit penny?
For ane o' bricht gowd wad ye niffer wi' me.’

E. A. M.

The rest of this sonnet:

‘Grata è Natura in noi, fin dalla cuna
Gratitudine è impresso in uman cuore,
Ma d'un istinto tal, questo è lo stile
Che lo seconda più, chi è più gentile.’

can any reader of the ‘M. P.’ supply the remaining lines of this sonnet by Carlo Maria Maggi?

R. L. C.

The Monthly Packet.

JUNE, 1885.

THE FRASERS' FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

'It is too bad! Why cannot Jane go? Why did not mother say that we none of us would go? I do not see why I should have to go off, and spend the evening with people I hate; and I have nothing to wear; if I go, I shall put on your white dress, Bee; but I have a great mind to say that I will stay at home. It really is too bad.'

'You see, it could not be helped;' the second speaker's voice was very much gentler than her sister's; 'mamma could not say that we none of us would go, when she was asked by word of mouth. Besides, one never can refuse Mrs. Fraser anything, she is so very persistent; she drove mamma into a corner when she tried to make an excuse. 'Perhaps,' speaking appealingly, 'you will not dislike it so very much, after all.'

'You know I shall hate it;' Rose cried fiercely, "why do not you go yourself, if it is likely to be so charming? Jane ought to go, it would not hurt her; I do not see why I should always be the one who has the unpleasant things to do.'

'Jane's cold is so very bad. Mamma told me that she would not hear of her going out in the evening. You will not believe it, but if George were not coming to-morrow, for a night, I *would* go, but that makes it impossible, as you must see yourself.'

Notwithstanding her gentleness, Beatrice spoke with all the authority which being engaged to be married gives a young woman over her not engaged sisters.

'I do not see it at all.' This was a point which Rose would have liked to argue. 'George is always coming down; it is not as if you never saw him, and it was *you* who made friends with the Frasers; and *you* did not dislike them till they told you that story about George; I always hated them, and you know that I did; I will not go; I will wear your white gown,' the angry Rose added, illogically.

'Well, please do not crush the skirt; it is almost the only decent dress that I have now to put on; and do not burst the body, for you are fatter than I am; and last time'—Rose however did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence, but flew out of the room and banged the door after her, as was her wont.

'Is she not ready?' Rose's mother, Mrs. Fane, asked, as she came into the drawing-room the following evening, muffled up in her wraps, for the long drive. *She*, in a certain condition of the moral atmosphere, was understood to be synonymous with Rose. The engaged couple were sitting together on the sofa, and the invalid was nursing her cold, close to the fire.

'I think that she is coming now, mother; I hear the doors banging. Oh! how cold it is. I do not envy you your drive,' and Jane stretched out her hands to the cheerful blaze.

Then Rose came in like a whirlwind, her pretty face spoilt as much as possible, by an exceedingly cross expression. She flung herself down on the sofa.

'Oh, Rose!' cried Jane aghast, 'you have put on my frock, and not Bee's! Why did you do that? It was very unkind of you. Oh! please take care; you are crumpling the sash, and you have torn my tucker—my new tucker! It is very tiresome.' The poor child could not bear to see the destruction of her property with Beatrice's equanimity, who, in the agreeable consciousness of a fine stock of new garments in the near future, did not value her 'best' white dress as in former days.

But in Rose's present humour Jane's piteous face did not cause her to relent, but only irritated her. She pulled roughly at the tucker, and ignored the sash, and sat buttoning up her gloves with a forbidding and defiant air.

'The "Friendly" girls were coming, and I had all the lessons for next Sunday to go over this evening,' she grumbled.

'You are a very busy person,' Bee's *fiancée* observed with a smile, but Rose did not deign to answer him. 'He is disgustingly flippant,' she thought.

'I shall not try to talk,' she said to her mother. It was an old grievance against Rose, that, except when she felt inclined, and then no one poured forth a greater torrent of words, she did not attempt to make conversation. 'I cannot stand the Frasers, they are so foolish, and think of nothing but their clothes; as if it could signify what such ugly little things wore!' The consciousness of her own good looks, notwithstanding the rough state of her hair, and the condition of poor Jane's lace, which covered her plump, white shoulders, did not pacify Miss Rose in the very least.

'You should not speak so,' Mrs. Fane said, mildly reproving. When one has three daughters taller than oneself, one has to grow accustomed to a mode of speech very far removed from the phraseology considered suitable in one's own youth.

It was quite time to start; so Jane begged her sister to try and remember not to tumble the luckless sash more than she could help, and Beatrice declared that she was certain that the evening would not prove half as bad as was anticipated, and Rose followed her mother to the carriage, with angry, shining eyes, and cheeks flushed a brighter carnation than usual—a perfect picture of scornful and indignant youth.

‘I shall ask them to come over here and spend the day next week, when I am at Foxhurst,’ was the victim’s parting shaft, sent from the hall door.

“A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.” George quoted.

‘She will tear my frock to atoms,’ and ‘I pity mamma,’ were the conclusions of her sisters.

CHAPTER II.

Rose’s face wore a very different expression the following morning as she ran downstairs to breakfast, and it was hard to believe that she was capable of looking anything but good-humoured, light-hearted, and contented; the very shape of her mouth was changed, and the lines on her forehead had vanished as completely as though they had never existed.

It was Sunday; the busiest, and consequently the happiest, day of the seven; every moment was occupied. Rose could feel in a hurry from morning till night—in a hurry to accomplish that which was delightful to herself and beneficial to her fellow-creatures. What more charming state of things could any one desire?

There was the class at the school—a class of the naughtiest boys—then morning service, to which the obstreperous children must be marshalled; a rush home to luncheon, and hardly time to reach the school by the hour that her presence was again desirable; then another service, and finally a choir practice in the hall, during which Rose played the harmonium and gave some valuable musical instruction, though Jane had once told her eldest sister, in the strictest confidence, that Rose had not the ghost of an ear, she believed. In short, there was not one moment of the day during which the most energetic young woman could suffer from the excruciating tortures of having nothing to do.

Presently George came down. ‘Good morning, Rose; and how did your party go off?’

‘Oh, good morning!’ she cried. ‘I am in such a hurry; I ought to be at the school in ten minutes! Martha called me so late.’

‘Was your party as bad as you expected?’

Rose did not notice his smile as he repeated the question.

‘It was rather stupid,’ she answered indifferently. ‘Do you belong to the Young Men’s Friendly Society, George?’

Perhaps George did not hear, or perhaps he did not heed, for Beatrice came into the room at that moment; and he had a great deal

to say to her as she stood in the bow window before she took her usual place behind the teapot, and he went to the sideboard to cut some ham 'on scientific principles.'

'Who was at the Frasers' last night, Rose?' her sister inquired.

'Oh! the Blands, and the Tupperes, and that Miss Partington. I do hate her; I am sure she powders! And a tiresome man I was sent down with. Where can my gloves be? I certainly put them in my pocket. He said he knew you, George. But he was a great bore; I did not say much to him. What can have become of my gloves?'

'What was his name?'

'His name! Whose name?' Rose was now busy finding the lessons in her Bible. 'Oh, that man's! It has gone out of my head. Tell mamma that I have taken her umbrella, Rose. Palmer—that was the man's name; he was just like all the Frasers' friends. Clara had done her hair up à la Wash—such a sight as she had made of herself! I wonder if I have all my books. Oh, thank you, George!'—and, getting into her jacket as she ran, Rose hurried away.

Luncheon was not quite over, and there was still nearly a quarter of an hour before it was time for Rose to start again and return to the school, when a ring at the front door bell was heard, and George was presently told that Mr. Palmer had called to see him (for George's one night in the country was accompanied by two days, and he was not to go back to London till late in the evening).

'It is that tiresome man!' Rose cried. 'What business has he to come at this unearthly hour?'

George looked a little affronted. He sometimes indulged in speculations as to how two sisters came to be as unlike each other as his Beatrice and Rose.

'He is the oldest friend I have, and I have not seen him since he went out to India a year ago,' he said rather shortly; and then Mrs. Fane begged that he would bring the visitor into the dining-room while he finished his luncheon, and George very soon reappeared with the newcomer.

When Mrs. Fane heard that Mr. Palmer had passed through Bombay only six weeks before; and that he was *the* Mr. Palmer that her favourite son had mentioned in his last letter, she was quite surprised that she had not noticed the previous evening how pleasing his face and manner were; and he was telling her a great deal which was most interesting about 'Tom,' and 'Tom's' bungalow, when Rose broke in, with some abruptness, 'Mamma! I must have some more soup for old Mrs. White; and will you remember not to let Billy Blake come to the Christmas tree. He is a wicked little boy; I found him this morning, outside the school, tormenting a cat; little wretch! I gave him a good box on the ear,' she added, looking complacently at her shapely right hand, 'and, mamma, I told Mary Blake to come up to-morrow; she wants to join the G. F. S.'

And then Palmer asked the meaning of the letters G. F. S., at which George laughed a little.

'The Girls' Friendly Society, of course ;' Rose spoke impatiently, 'I thought that everybody knew that now.'

Palmer looked amused, 'The Girls' Friendly Society,' he repeated. 'Is its object to enable young ladies to enlarge their acquaintance?' and then George laughed again ; he had not quite forgiven his future sister-in-law ; and this subject had not, till now, afforded him very much amusement.

'Its object is, to encourage purity of life,' said Rose, severely, looking calmly into Palmer's face with her innocent gray eyes.

'And so you saw my boy the very day you left Bombay?' Mrs. Fane spoke nervously, 'Rose! I think it must be time for you and Jane to start,' for Jane accompanied her sister to the school on Sunday afternoon ; a duty which Bee had had one excuse or other for omitting since other and more engrossing interests had arisen.

'Fancy a man of that age not knowing the meaning of G. F. S. ! It *must* have been affectation,' inwardly commented the straight-forward Rose, as she hurried Jane along.

Two hours later, as the sisters ran down the hill from the church, they met George and his friend at the cross roads.

'I have persuaded Palmer to come back with me ; we have been taking a walk, and I can drop him on my way to the station. Bee drove me out of doors for the good of my health,' George explained, falling behind with Jane.

'You have been to church I suppose,' Palmer said, as he walked beside the elder sister.

'Yes, I dare say that you never go.' Rose spoke with more bluntness than courtesy ; what a bore it was, to have to walk home with this tiresome, ignorant man. She desired to talk over further schemes for the punishment of Billy Blake, with Jane, and now there would be no time to do so before the practising.

'You despise church, very likely,' she continued, still pursuing inwardly her own train of thought. Why could not George walk on in front with his friend, instead of giggling behind with Jane? it was really very irritating. 'I know men think that it is all very well for women, but they are far above such things.'

There was still light enough in the pale, wintry sky, to show how pretty she was, and he, looking at her, answered with a little laugh that might have provoked a less impetuous temper, 'Very true.'

'I know a man who will not have his children christened ! If you had a child, I dare say that you would not either ; or perhaps you are married, and have some already.'

'No, I have never yet had the chance of forbidding a christening.'

'Then, if you had children, you would not have them christened ?' Rose was very serious, very emphatic, and in consequence her voice was just a little louder than it need have been.

‘What is all this about christening?’ cried a merry voice from behind. ‘What is Rose in such deadly earnest about? Are your godchildren ruining you in cups, Palmer?’ but by this time they had reached the hall door, and Rose had not time to pursue her investigations further.

By-and-by, when Rose and Jane were undressing to go to bed, the latter inquired what her sister had been talking about during the walk home. ‘You seemed very much excited, Rose.’

‘I was asking that man if he would have his children christened; and, do you know, I do not believe that he would!’

‘George said that, if you were older and uglier’—Jane did not quote quite accurately, she was afraid of making Rose vain—‘people would not stand your laying down the law in the way you do, and being so positive and overbearing in giving your opinions.’

‘I do not know what business it is of George’s; he is very rude. I believe that Mr. Palmer is an atheist, and it is not much to George’s credit to have such a man as a friend.’

‘I think that he was laughing at you.’ Jane looked a little frightened at her courage in saying this. ‘George told me that he was a very good man.’ George’s preference had perhaps elated Jane a little.

‘I am sick of hearing what George says; it would interest Beatrice more. I believe that the man is an atheist!’ and these were Rose’s last words before, wearied with well-doing, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW days later Rose left home to pay a visit to her uncle and aunt; and almost the first person she saw, on her arrival at Foxhurst, was the Frasers’ and George’s friend—Mr. Palmer.

‘I did not know I was to have this pleasure,’ he said, meeting her on the staircase as she followed her aunt, Mrs. Richards, up to her room.

‘Did not you?’ she answered ungraciously. What a nuisance it was that this man should be here! Uncle James had the gout, and was confined to his bed, and Aunt Louisa was not strong enough to go about much, and Lizzie was away, and all John’s time would be taken up entertaining this guest. He would not be able to take her over the schools, or do half the things she wished. John was the son of the house. He had just taken orders, and was a very praiseworthy young clergyman, with High Church tendencies, and a coat the cut of which was a never-ceasing satisfaction to Rose.

‘Rose is a little abrupt,’ her aunt said, hearing her response to Palmer’s greeting.

‘Miss Fane is no flatterer,’ he answered; and he did not look quite pleased as he turned away.

‘I am afraid you will be dull,’ Mrs. Richards said, as Rose took off her hat and jacket. ‘We are a very small party; Lizzie does not

come home till the end of the week, and your uncle is unable to come down-stairs. I would have put you off, my dear, but I remembered that there were painters in the house at home, and I supposed it would suit your mother best that we should keep to the original plan.' And then Mrs. Richards inquired about Bee, and when the wedding would be, and wanted to hear about the trousseau. Rose did not care about trousseaux, and began to think that her visit would be very uninteresting.

But after all, though Lizzie was away, the time passed pleasantly enough, for John, though he was so polite to that Mr. Palmer (and Rose could admire John's patience, though she did not attempt to imitate it), found leisure sufficient for taking her over the schools and the new almshouses, and the various parish institutions. Her aunt listened, most amiably, to the many and great difficulties of a branch secretary to the Girls' Friendly Society; and if Mrs. Richards sometimes dozed, Rose had charity enough to put it down to the inevitable fatigue of nursing Uncle James with the gout. Mr. Palmer did not prove as much in the way as she had anticipated; she was not very nice to him, certainly; she spoke to him, if she addressed him at all, rather in the tone she would have used in exhorting one of her 'Friendly Girls' to eschew artificial flowers, or not to take a situation where attending church on Sunday was impossible.

But Palmer's manners did not fail him; he did not seem to notice when Miss Fane was self engrossed, or even to resent it when she ignored his presence; he was invariably courteous, and invariably good humoured. John tried to divert the conversation sometimes to subjects on which he could give an opinion. 'John was wonderful,' Rose thought, 'but why should not he tell me about sensible things, and let Mr. Palmer go and sit with Uncle James.' Mrs. Richards wondered that he persevered in talking, or rather in endeavouring to talk, to her niece, and quite realised, that if it had been her plain-faced little daughter, no man would have said more than civility required—this is not a just world that we live in. When Lizzie came home, the first thing she said to Rose, when they were *tête à tête*, was,

'Is not Mr. Palmer nice? he is John's ideal.'

'John's ideal!' Rose repeated amazed.

'Have not you found that out? John raves about him.'

Poor John had not much chance of raving when in his cousin's company; he had barely time to say 'Yes' and 'No' in reply to the expounding of her many schemes and plans.

'John always says that Mr. Palmer is the best man he knows; I thought you would have got on so well together, Rose. He did so much good among the soldiers before he left the army.' And then Lizzie went on to relate the many ways in which he had done, and was doing good to his fellow creatures, devoting to them, not only his money, but his time, his talents and his influence. Rose could contain herself no longer.

'He is like that!' she cried, forgetting her grammar in her very great astonishment. It was too extraordinary, too marvellous; in her confusion and bewilderment she hardly knew what to think. She did not for one moment doubt the truth of Lizzie's statements; John said so, John must be right; but how startling, how astounding was the revelation. Mr. Palmer was a friend of the Frasers; he had talked as if he was an atheist; he had not seemed at all nice—it was most incomprehensible, but John must be right.

Very quickly she made up her mind what course to pursue; she must tell him how sorry she was for having been so disagreeable, for she was not a self-deceiver, and was perfectly aware that looks, manner, voice, everything required an apology;—she would say that she had made a great mistake, and she would beg his pardon; and, hotheaded as usual, down the staircase she flew like the wind—to find him for whom she sought alone in the drawing-room.

The room was rather dark; the shaded lamp on the table did not give as much light as the crackling wood fire, before which Palmer was sitting; half an hour ago, Rose would have decided that he was very idle, doing nothing but staring into the fire; now in the moment before he stood up, on hearing her open the door, she thought admiringly, that it was some great scheme for the advancement of morality that engrossed him probably. 'I want to speak to you,' she exclaimed breathlessly, and in the dim light, she could see that he looked surprised.

'I have been very unjust to you,' she went on, growing suddenly alarmed and uncomfortable, for he looked so grave. 'It has been a great shame; I did not think—I—I—I thought that you were horrid, and I hate horrid people—but I have made a mistake, and I am very sorry.'

'You are very generous;' his manner usually had all the ease of a man of the world's, but there was a touch of embarrassment in it now. 'He must be angry with me,' Rose thought, noticing the difference, and her apologies grew more fervent, from the stiffness with which she fancied them received, till there was something childish in the simplicity of the way she spoke. After all, it was scarcely more than a year, since frequent escapades in the schoolroom had made begging her governess's pardon a not unusual penance. 'Was not he going to answer?' she thought; she lifted her head and then there was a look in his eyes, as they met hers, which gave her the nearest approach to self-consciousness she had ever possessed—she was glad the room was dark, as perhaps he did not see how red her cheeks had grown; she almost wished she had not come down stairs—she must go away; but as she turned, he spoke, and his voice sounded eager and odd, and he took her hand in his. 'May I tell you something?' he said, 'something I have longed to tell you since first you came here; but which, till now, I thought was hopeless folly; I love you; the one wish of my heart is

to gain your love; could you ever care for me well enough to be my wife?’

The red flush in her cheeks died away now, and poor Rose grew very white. She turned away her head, and Palmer could feel the hand he held tremble; and then, all at once, a great lump rose to her throat, and she burst into tears, not by any means the gentle sobbing of an orthodox young lady, but the outpouring of a warm, passionate, overcharged young heart, which could contain itself no longer.

Palmer was terribly distressed, he tried in every way he could think of to soothe and reassure her, but his words only increased her emotion, and seemed to frighten her the more, and when he tried to regain possession of her hand, she implored him to go away, to leave her alone. Oh, it was so dreadful! What was she to do, please, would he only go away? And the tears fell faster than before; and at length he did go away, as, as often as she could speak, she begged him to do, and left her alone to cry.

He was very much in love; and as he tramped up and down, through the darkness of a December evening, he cursed his folly for having spoken so soon. He was no longer in his first youth, and was now as much in earnest as a man could be, who had not frittered away his affections on half a dozen objects.

He had sometimes supposed that he should never marry; never even see any one he liked well enough, to wish to make his wife. And yet here he was, proposing to a young lady, after such a short acquaintance; a young lady who had treated him more cavalierly than he had ever been treated in his life; and without whom—strange infatuation—existence itself seemed all at once an intolerable possession. A good man, yet proud enough to dislike praise more than blame, the name he had acquired, and justly, for philanthropy, brought with it a certain claim to superiority which was not to his taste. Rose had never seen his name head a subscription list, or heard of his works for ameliorating the condition of his fellow-creatures, and he could now see that the treatment he had received at her hands would have been different had she done so.

If he had analysed his feelings—which he was very far from doing—he would have been the first to admit that he had no right to complain, and complain he did not. Had not he always objected to the notice of the deeds he liked to perform?

But he had felt piqued; and by having produced such a sensation, she had separated herself from all other women in his eyes; and when once this state of things has been arrived at, a young lady, if endowed with very much more than her fair share of beauty, runs a great risk of being exalted high above the rest of her sex. But the ‘if’ is an important factor.

This must be the explanation, if one is needed, for Palmer’s unhappy condition.

And Rose; she was far too much upset to do anything but cry at present, and think how dreadful, how amazing, and how a-dozen-things-at-once it all was. She had been prejudiced against the Frasers' friend from the first. She had made his acquaintance on an occasion when she had decided to meet only the foolish and frivolous. The Frasers had made much of him, and the Fraser taste was proverbially bad; he was ignorant, or pretended to be ignorant, from affectation, of those three magic letters; he had not defended himself from the imputation of atheistical tendencies, and worst of all, he had allowed her to think he perhaps resembled the man who refused to have his children christened! Was not all this enough to condemn him in her eyes?

That evening Palmer spoke to Mrs. Richards, and hoped from her to gain the assurance that he had some chance of success; but she could not comfort him; she had heard or seen nothing which could be interpreted favourably. Rose had declared that she must go home on the following day, and her young guest's embarrassment at Palmer's presence during dinner, and her flight from the drawing-room, to prevent the necessity of wishing him good-night, could only make her agree that not only for her niece's own sake, it was best that she should go back to her mother. Palmer's anxious, distressed face confirmed this opinion.

* * * * *

'She was reading Shakespeare all the evening, mamma. I think that she *is* in love,' Bee said, with a little smile, as she went into Mrs. Fane's room, before saying good-night. For Rose, with a scarlet face, had related what had happened, and Mrs. Fane had told her eldest daughter about it all.

But Jane, who shared Rose's room, had not the faintest suspicion that anything unusual had occurred. The 'Friendly Girls' had done various things worth relating during the past week, and one sister's interest, in all particulars, was as keen as the other's; the only thing that struck Jane for the moment as 'odd,' was that when she inquired if Rose hated Mr. Palmer as much as ever, her sister tossed her mane of yellow hair over her face, and asked if it would not make a nice beard: but Rose had always been rather conceited about her hair, and once or twice before she had had fits of thinking that it was wrong to say she hated people.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Bee's wedding-day. One of those soft, bright, February days, which are almost sweeter, and certainly rarer, than a fine day in summer, such a day as makes one feel that there must be primroses in blossom in the woods and copses, and causes the birds to sing as loudly as they are wont to do when the feast of St. Valentine approaches.

'The birds are shouting!' Jane had said, when after the early

breakfast she came into her eldest sister's room. 'Do you see that thrush by the lilacs? He will kill himself if he does not soon leave off. He has been singing like that for an hour.'

Jane's hands were full of snowdrops and violets, on which the dew still glistened; she held them up for Bee to admire. 'They shall not be thrown down for you and George to trample upon, they are far too nice,' she cried, with sisterly frankness, as she caressed her nosegay, and Bee had acquiesced.

Bee's peaceful face did not show any signs of flurry or agitation. Her's had been a case in which true love had run most smoothly. She and her mother had had a conversation a few weeks before, which concerned our story. 'George's cousin cannot come,' she had told Mrs. Fane, 'and he has asked Mr. Palmer to be his best man, mamma. Of course, he did not know about Rose.' So Mrs. Fane, not quite liking her task, had gone to Rose, to find out if she objected to the presence of George's friend. She was sorry to allude to the subject, her child had almost forgotten it, she believed, though Bee still held a contrary opinion, and Bee's experiences were more recent, certainly, in such matters, than her own; but during the conversation, it was the mother not Rose, who showed any nervousness or hesitation. Rose had said that she would like Mr. Palmer to come.

The wedding had taken place. The breakfast was over. All had 'gone off,' everybody agreed perfectly well. George's uncle, the Admiral, had not lost his temper; and the bride's cousin, who stammered, had been prevented from making a speech. The sisters were upstairs together; and Bee was slipping off her finery, and looking so natural in her sisters' eyes, in her white petticoats, with only that gold ring on her finger (which made her hand look so funny, and like mamma's, Jane said) to show that she was married.

Rose had exhibited enough emotion to astonish the others. She, who was usually so very chary of her caresses, was now the most demonstrative of the three.

'She did not seem to mind kissing me,' Bee said afterwards, surprised. 'Do you dislike being married?' Rose had asked her, as she helped her to put on her 'go-away' garments.

'No dear,' Bee answered seriously.

'I shall hate George, if you are not happy.'

'I think if I am not, it will be my own fault.' The bride spoke a little proudly, thinking of all the goodness of her George, who had never wished more fervently for her appearance than at that moment, when it would enable him to escape from the ordeal he was undergoing downstairs; and then there were the horrid good-byes to say; and Bee had gone, never to come back as the old familiar Bee.

Rose did not stay to see the last of the wedding guests. She ran out into the garden, and found a seat in the shrubbery, where she thought herself safe from interruption. She was unhappy, and she had a great deal to think about, and she wanted to be alone. How

strange it was, and how very perplexing and annoying that Beatrice should be married. Rose's tears did not flow easily, and they did not come now; perhaps she would have felt more comfortable, she thought, if she could cry like Jane. She was the eldest at home, and she did not like it; and she remembered, remorsefully, how often she used to wish to be the eldest; and then there was Mr. Palmer, since she had seen him again, it felt as if those days at Foxhurst must have been a dream. He looked so nice now; and she had been so stupid; her belief in her own judgment had been very much shaken. She had always thought herself such a good judge of character; no one in the village could take *her* in. *She* had been sure that Mrs. Budd drank, though Bee and Jane were so anxious that mamma should give her soup tickets, believing her to be quite good; and then they found out that she had been right, and that Mrs. Budd did drink; and yet she had hated Mr. Palmer, whose life was just such a one as she most admired. Certain words, about charity, which she had scolded some of the school-children only last Sunday for not knowing, came into her head now. 'And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing—is not easily provoked—thinketh no evil—beareth all things—hopeth all things'—perhaps she needed more to learn that lesson than little Billy Blake. And yet he had asked her to be his wife; and he was so much nicer than any one else there to-day. His manner was better than George's. George looked like a school-boy by his side; and he was so civil to that tiresome old Mr. Carr, who nobody else would speak to, and Bee liked him. She had not made a mistake when she had thought he was a little like Montrose. (It was a very few days after Rose's return from Foxhurst, that she made the wonderful discovery, that Mr. Palmer, though he was the Frasers' friend, bore a close resemblance of the picture her fancy had painted of the great Marquis, who, in common with many generations of girls, she had chosen for her hero, years before.)

'May I speak to you?' Rose was very much startled, for it was Palmer's voice that spoke. She looked round, and there he stood beside her. She knew she liked him now; her heart beat very fast; 'what was he going to say? was he going to ask her once more to be his wife? Perhaps—perhaps'—and we need not relate, that he did ask; and that she gave him all that he asked for.

* * * *

That evening, Rose wrote to tell Bee the news; and this was the postscript, and it was nearly as long as the letter.

'Did you ever notice that he is very like Montrose? Jane cannot see it. Jane was always stupid about History. He has given me five pounds for the G. F. S. He *hates* the Frasers.'

THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

BY THE REV. A. M. MORGAN, M.A.

'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

I.

He gives to His beloved the gift of sleep;
 Not those alone whose heav'nward pilgrimage
 Starlike illuminates love's earlier page
 He lulled to gentle slumber, calm and deep—
 Those too who toiled in hope at last to reap,
 And only did their work and passed away
 Into the galaxy they watch, who keep
 The solemn feast, on that November day,
 When all the stars are shining in the sky,
 And orbs unknown are visible to men—
 Those too had hope that He who is on high,
 And calls them all by name and tells their number,
 A Gift more excellent foreshadowed when
 He gave to His beloved the gift of slumber.

II.

For He so loved them that He gave His Son
 Whom He so loved, a little while to be
 A sharer in the sweet infirmity
 That comes on human eyes when day is done;
 And slept and woke that Ever-sleepless One;
 Over the mountain, from the place of day
 Owned by the Father His beloved as none,
 Whether in heav'n or in this twilight they;
 Yet brief the slumbers of the Child of Mary,
 And wild that pillow on the tempest's breast;
 O night-watch on the hill! O solitary
 O silent place, from which the perfect prayer
 Rose long before the morning! O calm rest
 Cease—and the troubled sea thy calm shall share.

III.

Far left in calm the lake of Galilee,
 Draw near, O Master in a servant's form,
 And lay Thy head upon a wilder storm,
 And wait a stiller sleep on Calvary;

It is the time of day when men should see,
Yet dark is all the earth and dark the sun,
As if the noontide as the night would be
That God may slumber when His work is done;
And in the seen world there is wild upheaving,
And there are stirrings in the world unseen,
And Unbelief is evermore believing;
The powers of night, so long controlled, control
Comes near with silent step and shadowy mien
The crowning Sleep that sunders flesh and soul

IV.

It is the time when many a joyous bird
Outside a home is singing in the grey;
Over the sill the summer takes its way,
The roses round the window gently stirred;
Amidst that morning minstrelsy scarce heard,
A voice is wailing as for one just dead—
'O it is daybreak,' is the weary word,
'Where is the hope with which I sought my bed?
I thought I was the Bridegroom's fair delight;
I said, my eyes will sleep, my heart will wake;
Will it be thus for ever with my night?
Between my spirit and the love-slain Lamb
Vain memories of earth arise and make
My pride confess how base a thing I am!'

V.

Who sorrows thus among the songs of morn?
It is the human heart that wakes to weep,
It is the early cry of deep to deep
Above the songs, above the summer, borne;
But now the Sun is lighting up the corn,
And calls the lark to carol in the beams—
Be Christ thy day, O drooping heart forlorn;
What matter if at night thy dreams be dreams?
They are not happiest whose dreams are heaven;
They, they are happiest whose days are true;
They, My beloved, beneath the grass at even
Shall have sweet sleep until the Day is breaking,
The Day divine Who sleep and waking knew
To give them quiet sleep and happy waking.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

CHAPTER XX.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, BY THE EDITOR.

CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY MOUSE.

HERE were the travellers at home again, and Mysie clinging to her mother, with, 'Oh! Mamma!' and a look of perfect rest. They arrived at the same time as Dolores had come, so late that Mysie was tired out, and only half awake. She was consigned to Mrs. Halfpenny after her first kiss, but as she passed along the corridor, a door was thrown back, and a white figure sprang upon her. 'Oh! Mysie! Mysie!' and in spite of the nurse's chidings, held her fast in an embrace of delight. Dolores had been lying awake watching for her and implored permission at least to look on while she was going to bed!

Harry meanwhile related his experiences to his mother and Gillian over the supper-table. The Butterfly's Ball had been a great success. He had never seen anything prettier in his life. Plants and lights had been judiciously disposed so as to make the hall a continuation of the conservatory, almost a fairy land, and the children in their costumes had been more like fairies than flesh and blood pinafore and bread-and-butter beings. There was a most perfect tableau at the opening, of the scenery constructed with moss and plants, so as to form a bower, where the Butterfly and Grasshopper, with their immediate attendants, welcomed their company, and afterwards formed the first quadrille, Lady Phyllis, with Mysie and two other little girls staying in the house, being the butterflies, and Lord Ivinghoe and three more boys of the same ages, the grasshoppers, in pages' dresses of suitable colours.

'I never thought,' said Harry, 'that our little brown mouse would come out so pretty or so swell.'

'She wanted to be the dormouse,' said Gillian.

'That was impracticable. They were all heath butterflies of different sorts, wings very correctly coloured and dresses to correspond. Phyllis the ringlet with the blue lining, Mysie, the blue one, little Lady Alberta, the orange-tip, and the other child the burnet moth.'

'How did Mysie dance?'

'Very fairly, if she had not looked so awfully serious. The dancing mistress, French, of course, had trained them, it was more ballet than quadrille, and they looked uncommonly pretty. Uncle William granted that, though he grumbled at the whole concern as nonsense, and

wondered you should send your nice little girl into it to have her head turned.'

'Do you think she was happy?'

'Oh! yes, of course. She always is, but she was in prodigious spirits when we started to come home. Lady Rotherwood said I was to tell you that no child could be more truthful and conscientious. But somehow she did not look like the swells. Except that once, when she was got up, regardless of expense, for the ball, she always had the country mouse look about her. She hadn't ——'

'The Jenny Say Caw, as Macrae calls it?' said his mother. 'Well, I can endure that! You need not look so disgusted, Gill. You didn't hear of her getting into any scrape, did you?'

'No,' said Hal. 'Stay, I believe she did break some glass or other, and blurted out her confession in full assembly, but I was over at Beechcroft, and I am happy to say I didn't see her.'

Mysie's tap came early to her mother's door the next morning, and it was in the midst of her toilette that Lady Merrifield was called on to hear the confession that had been weighing on the little girl's mind.

'I was too sleepy to tell you last night, mamma, but I did want to do so.'

'Well, then, my dear, begin at the beginning, for I could not understand your letter.'

'The beginning was, mamma, that we had just come in from our walk, and we went out into the school-room balcony, because we could see round the corner who was coming up the drive. And we began playing at camps with umbrellas up as tents. Ivinghoe, and Alberta, and Fly, and I. Ivy was General, and I was the sentry, with my umbrella shut up, and over my shoulder. I was the only one who knew how to present arms. I heard something coming, and called out, "Who goes there?" and Alberta jumped up in such a hurry that the points of her tent—her umbrella I mean—scratched my face, and before I could recover arms, over went my umbrella, perpendicular, straight, smash through the glass of the conservatory, and we heard it.'

'And what did you do? Of course you told!'

'Oh, yes! I jumped up and said, "I'll go and tell Lady Rotherwood." I knew I must, before I got into a fright, and Ivinghoe said I couldn't then, and he would speak to his mother and make it easy for me, and Fly says he really meant it; but I thought then "that's the way the bad ones always get the others into concealments and lies." So I wouldn't listen a moment, and I ran down, with him after me, saying, "Hear reason, Mysie." And I ran full butt up against somebody—Lord Ormersfield it was, I found—but I didn't know then. I only said something about begging pardon, and dashed on, and opened the door. I saw a whole lot of fine people all at five o'clock tea, but I couldn't stop to get more frightened, and I went up straight to Lady Rotherwood and said, "Please, I did it." Mamma, do you think I ought not?'

'There are such things as fit places and times, my dear. What did she say?'

'At first she just said, "My dear, I cannot attend to you now, run away;" but then in the midst, a thought seemed to strike her, and she said, rather frightened, "Is anyone hurt?" and I said, Oh! no; only my umbrella had gone right through the roof of the conservatory, and I thought I ought to come and tell her directly. "That was the noise," said some of the people, and everybody got up and went to look. And there were Fly and Ivy, who had got in some other way, and the umbrella was sticking right upright in the top of one of those palm trees with leaves like screens, and somebody said it was a new development of fruit. Lady Rotherwood asked them what they were doing there, and Ivy said they had come to see what harm was done. Dear Fly ran up to her and said, "We were all at play together, mother; it was not one more than another;" but Lady Rotherwood only said, "That's enough, Phyllis, I will come to you by-and-by in the school-room," and she would have sent us away, if Cousin Rotherwood himself had not come in just then, and asked what was the matter. I heard some of the answers; they were very odd, mamma. One was, "A storm of umbrellas and of untimely confessions;" and another was "Truth in undress."'

'Oh! my dear? I hope you were fit to be seen?'

'I forgot about that, mamma, I had taken off my ulster, and had my little scarlet flannel underbody, so as to make a better soldier.'

'Oh!' groaned Lady Merrifield.

'And then that dear, good Fly gave a jump, and flew at him, and said, "Oh, Daddy, Daddy, it's Mysie, and she has been telling the truth like—like Sir Thomas More, or George Washington, or 'Truth-tell-Master-Frank' or anybody." She really did say so, mamma.'

'I can quite believe it of her, Mysie! And how did Cousin Rotherwood respond?'

'He sat down upon one of the seats, and took Fly on one knee and me on the other, though we were big for it—just like papa, you know—and made us tell him all about it. Lady Rotherwood got the others out of the way somehow—I don't know how, for my back was that way, and I think Ivinghoe went with them, but there was some use in talking to Cousin Rotherwood; he has got some sense, and knows what one means. It is just as if he was at the dear, nice playing age, and Ivinghoe was his stupid old father in a book.'

'Exactly,' said Lady Merrifield, delighted, and longing to laugh.

'But that was the worst of it,' said Mysie, sadly; 'he was so nice that I said all sorts of things I didn't mean or ought. I told him I would pay for the glass if he would only wait till we had helped Dolores pay for those books that the cheque was for, because the man came alive again after her wicked uncle said he was dead, and so somehow it all came out; how you made it up to Miss Constance and couldn't come to the Butterfly's Ball for want of new dresses.'

'Oh! Mysie, you should not have said that! I thought you were to be trusted!'

'Yes, mamma, I know,' said Mysie, meekly. 'I recollected as soon as I had said it; and told him, and he kissed me and promised he would never tell anyone, and made Fly promise that she never would. But I have been so miserable about it ever since, mamma; I tried to write it in a letter, but I am afraid you didn't half understand.'

'I only saw that something was on your mind, my dear. Now that it is all over, I do not so much mind Cousin Rotherwood's knowing, he has always been so like a brother; but I do hope both he and Fly will keep their word. I am more sorry for my little girl's telling than about his knowing.'

'And Ivinghoe said my bouncing in that way upon all the company was worse than breaking the glass or the palm-tree. Was it, mamma?'

'Well, you know, Mysie, there is a time for all things, and very likely it vexed Lady Rotherwood more to be invaded by such a little wild colt.'

'But not Cousin Rotherwood himself, mamma,' said Mysie, 'for he said I was quite right, and an honourable little spirit, just like old times. And so I told Ivy. And he said in *such* a way "Everyone knew what his father was." So I told him his father was ten thousand times nicer than ever he would be if he lived a hundred years, and I could not bear him if he talked in that wicked, disrespectful way, and Fly kissed me for it, mamma, and said her Daddy was worth a hundred of such a prig as he was.'

'My dear, I am afraid neither you nor Fly shewed your good manners.'

'It was only Ivinghoe, mamma, and I'm sure I don't care what he thinks, if he could talk of his father in that way. Isn't it what you call metallical—no—ironical?'

'Indeed, Mysie, I don't wonder it made you very angry, and I can't be sorry you showed your indignation.'

'But please, mamma, what ought I to have done about the glass?'

'I don't quite know; I think a very wise little girl might have gone to Cousin Florence's room and consulted her. It would have been better than making an explosion before so many people. Florence was kind to you, I hope.'

'O yes, mamma, it was almost like being at home in her room; and she has such a dear little house at the end of the park.'

A good deal more oozed out from Mysie to different auditors at different times. By her account everything was delightful, and yet mamma concluded that all had not absolutely fulfilled the paradisaical expectation with which her country mouse had viewed Rotherwood from afar.

Lady Rotherwood was very kind, and so was the governess, and Cousin Florence especially. Cousin Florence's house felt just like a bit of home. It really was the dearest little house—and there were

a fluffy cat and kittens, and the sweetest love birds. It was perfectly delicious when they drank tea there, but unluckily she was not allowed to go thither without the governess or Louise, as it was all across the park, and a bit of village.

And Fly? Oh! Fly was always dear and good and funny, but there was Alberta to be attended to, and other little girls sometimes, and it was not like having her here at home; nor was there any making a row in the galleries, nor playing at anything really jolly, though the great pillars in the hall seemed made for tying cords to to make a spider's web. It was always company, except when Cousin Rotherwood called them into his den for a little fun. But he had gentlemen to entertain most of the time, and the only day that he could have taken them to see the farm and the pheasants, Lady Rotherwood said that Phyllis was a little hoarse, and must not get a cold before the ball.

And as to the Butterfly's Ball itself. Imagination had depicted a splendid realisation of the verses, and it was flat to find it merely a children's fancy ball, no acting at all, only dancing, and most of the children not attempting any characteristic dress, only with some insect attached to head or shoulder; nothing approaching to the fun of the rehearsal at Silverfold, as indeed Fly had predicted. The only attempt at representation had cost Mysie more trouble than pleasure, for the training to dance together had been a difficult and wearisome business. Two of the grasshoppers had been greatly displeased about it, and called it a beastly shame, a word much shocking gentle Mysie from aristocratic lips. One of them had been as sulky, angry, and impracticable as possible, just like a log, and the other had consoled himself with all manner of tricks, especially upon the teacher and on Ivinghoe. He *would* skip like a real grasshopper, he made faces that set all laughing, he tripped Ivinghoe up, he uttered saucy speeches that Mysie considered too shocking to repeat, but which convulsed everyone with laughter, Fly most especially; and her governess had punished her for it. 'She would not punish me,' said Mysie, 'though I know I was just as bad, and I think that was a shame!' At last the practising had to be carried on without the boys, and yet, when it came to the point, both the recusants behaved as well and danced as suitably as if they had submitted to the training like their sisters! And oh! the dressing, that was worse.

'I did not think I was so stupid,' said Mysie, 'but I heard Louise tell Mademoiselle that I was *trop bourgeoise*, and Mademoiselle answered that I was *plutôt petite paysanne*, and would never have *l'air de distinction*.

'Abominable impertinence!' cried Gillian.

'They thought I did not understand,' said Mysie, 'and I knew it was fair to tell them, so I said, "*Mais non, car je suis la petite souris de campagne*."'

'Well done, Mysie!' cried her sister.

'They did jump, and Louise began apologizing in a perfect gabble,

and Mademoiselle said I had *de l'esprit*, but I am sure I did not mean it.'

'But how could they?' exclaimed Gillian. 'I'm sure Mysie looks like a lady, a gentleman's child—I mean as much as Fly or anyone else.'

'I trust you all look like gentlewomen, and are such in refinement and manners, but there is an air, which comes partly of birth, partly of breeding, and that none of you, except perhaps Alethea, can boast of, and about which papa and I don't care one rush.'

'Has Fly got it, mamma?' said Valetta. 'She seemed like one of ourselves.'

'Oh! yes,' put in Dolores. 'It was what made me think her stuck up. I should have known her for a swell anywhere.'

'I'm sure Fly has no airs!' exclaimed Val, hotly, and Gillian was ready to second her; but Lady Merrifield explained. 'The absence of *airs* is one ingredient, Val, in both being ladylike, and in the *distinction* in which the maid justly perceived our Mouse to be deficient. Come, you foolish girls, don't look concerned. Nobody but the maid would have ever let Mysie perceive the difference.'

Mysie coloured and answered, 'I don't know; I saw the Fitzhughs look at me at first as if they did not think I belonged, and Ivinghoe was always so awfully polite that I thought he was laughing at me.'

'Ivinghoe must be horrid,' broke out Valetta.

'The Fitzhughs said they would knock it out of him at Eton,' returned Mysie. 'They got very nice after the first day, and said Fly and I were twice as jolly fellows as he was.'

It further appeared that Mysie had had plenty of partners at the ball, and on all occasions her full share of notice, the country neighbours welcoming her as her mother's daughter, but most of them saying she was far more like her Aunt Phyllis than her own mother. The dancing and excitement so late at night had, however, tired her overmuch, she had cramp all the remainder of the night, could eat no breakfast the next day, and was quite miserable.

'I should like to have cried for you, mamma,' she said, 'but they were all quite used to it, and not a bit tired. However, Cousin Florence came in, and she was so kind. She took me to the little west room, and made me lie on the sofa, and read to me till I went to sleep, and I was all right after dinner, and had a ride on Fly's old pony, Dormouse. She has the loveliest new one, all bay, with a black mane and tail, called Fairy, but Alberta had that. Oh! it was so nice.'

Altogether Lady Merrifield was satisfied that her little girl had not been spoilt for home by her taste of dissipation, though she did not hear the further confidence to Dolores in the twilight by the school-room fire.

'Do you know, Dolly, though Fly is such a darling, and they all wanted to be kind as well as they knew how, I came to understand how horrid you must have felt when you came among the whole lot of us.'

‘But you knew Fly already?’

‘That made it better, but I don’t like it. To feel one does not belong, and to be afraid to open a door for fear it should be somebody’s room, and not quite to know who every one is! Oh, dear! it is enough to make anybody cross and stupid. Oh! I am glad to be back again.

‘I’m sure I am glad you are,’ and there was a little kissing match. ‘You’ll always come to my room, won’t you? Do you know, when Constance came to luncheon, I only shook hands, I wouldn’t try to kiss her. Was that unforgiving?’

‘I’m sure I couldn’t,’ said Mysie; ‘did she try?’

‘I don’t think so; I don’t think I ever could kiss her; for I never should have said what was not true without her, and that is what makes Uncle Reginald so angry still. He would not kiss me even when he went away. Oh, Mysie! that’s worse than anything,’ and Dolores’s face contracted with tears very near at hand. ‘I did always so love Uncle Regie, and he won’t forgive me, and father will be just the same.’

‘Poor dear, dear Dolly,’ said Mysie, hugging her. ‘But you know fathers always forgive, and we will try and make a little prayer about it, like the Prodigal Son’s, you know.

‘I don’t know *properly*,’ said Dolores.

‘I think I can say *him*,’ said Mysie, and the little girls sat with enfolded arms, while Mysie reverently went through the parable.

‘But he had been very wicked indeed,’ objected Dolores, ‘what one calls dissipated. Isn’t that making too much of such things as girls like us can do.’

‘I don’t know,’ said Mysie, knitting her young brows; ‘you see if we are as bad as ever we can be while we are at home, it is really and truly as bad *in us ourselves* as in shocking people that run away, because it shows we might have done *anything* if we had not been taken care of. And the poor son felt as if he could not be pardoned, which is just what you do feel.’

‘Aunt Lily forgives me,’ said Dolores, wistfully.

‘And your father will, I’m sure,’ said Mysie, ‘though he is yet a great way off. And as to Uncle Regie, I do wish something would happen that you could tell the truth about. If you had only broken the palm tree instead of me, and I didn’t do right even about that! But if any mischief does happen, or accident, I promise you, Dolly, you shall have the telling of it, if you have had ever so little to do with it, and then mamma will write to Uncle Regie that you have proved yourself truthful.’

Dolores did not seem much consoled by this curious promise, and Mysie’s childishness suddenly gave way to something deeper. ‘I suppose,’ she said, ‘if one is true, people find it out and trust one.’

‘People can’t see into one,’ said Dolly.

‘Mamma says there is a bright side and a dark side from which to look at everybody and everything,’ said Mysie.

'I know that,' said Dolores; 'I looked at the dark side of you all when I came here.'

'Some day,' said Mysie, 'your bright side will come round to Uncle Regie, as it has to us, you dear, dear old Dolly.'

'But do you know, Mysie,' whispered Dolores, in her embrace, 'there's something more dreadful that I'm very much afraid of. Do you know there hasn't been a letter from father since he was staying with Aunt Phyllis—not to me, nor Aunt Jane, nor anybody!'

'Well, he couldn't write when he was at sea, I mean there wasn't any post.'

'It would not take so long as this to get to Fiji; and besides, Uncle Regie telegraphed to ask about that dreadful cheque, and there hasn't been any answer at all.'

'Perhaps he is gone about sailing somewhere in the Pacific Ocean; I heard Uncle William saying so to Cousin Rotherwood.' He said, 'Maurice is not a fellow to resist a cruise.'

'Then they are thinking about it. They are anxious.'

'Not *very*,' said Mysie, 'for they think he is sure to be gone on a cruise. They said something about his going down like a carpenter into the deep sea.'

'Making deep sea soundings, like Dr. Carpenter! A carpenter, indeed!' said Dolores, laughing for a moment. 'Oh! if it is that, I don't mind.'

The weight was lifted, but by-and-by, when the two girls said their prayers together, poor Dolores broke forth again, 'Oh! Mysie, Mysie, your papa has all—all of you, besides mamma, to pray that he may be kept safe, and my father has only me, only horrid me, to pray for him, and even I have never cared to do it really till just lately! Oh! poor, poor father! And suppose he should be drowned, and never, never have forgiven me!'

It was a trouble and misery that recurred night after night, though apparently it weighed much less during the day—and nobody but Mysie knew how much Dolores was suffering from it. Lady Merrifield was increasingly anxious as time went on, and still no mail brought letters from Mr. Mohun, and confidence based on his erratic habits, and the uncertainty of communication began to fail. And as she grieved more for the possible loss, she became more and more tender to her niece, and strange to say, in spite of the terror that gnawed so achingly every night, and of the ordeal that the Lent Assizes would bring, Dolores was happier and more peaceful than ever before at Silverfold, and developed more of her bright side.

'I really think,' wrote Lady Merrifield to Miss Mohun, 'that she is growing more simple and childlike, poor little maid. She is apparently free from all our apprehensions about dear Maurice, and I would not inspire her with them for the world. Neither does she seem to dread the trial, as I do for her, nor to guess what cross-examination may be. Constance Hacket has been subpoenaed, and her

sister expatiates on her nervousness. It is one comfort that Reginald *must* be there as a witness, so that it is not in the power of Irish disturbances to keep him from us! May we only be at ease about Maurice by that time!’

CHAPTER XXI.

IN COURT AND OUT.

How Dolores’ heart beat when Colonel Mohun drove up to the door! She durst not run out to greet him among her cousins; but stood by her aunt, feeling hot and cold and trembling, in the doubt whether he would kiss her.

Yes, she did feel his kiss, and Mysie looked at her in congratulation. But what did it mean? Was it only that it came as a matter of course, and he forgot to withhold it, or was it that he had given up hopes of her father, and was sorry for her? She could not make up her mind, for he came so late in the evening that she scarcely saw him before bed time, and he did not take any special notice of her the next morning. He had done his best to save her from being long detained at Darminster, by ascertaining as nearly as possible when Flinders’ case would come on, and securing a room at the nearest inn, where she might await a summons into court. Lady Merrifield was going with them, but would not take either of her daughters, thinking that every home eye would be an additional distress, and that it was better that no one should see or remember Dolores as a witness.

Miss Mohun met the party at the station, going off, however, with her brother into court, after having established Lady Merrifield and her niece in an inn parlour, where they kept as quiet as they could, by the help of knitting, and reading aloud. Lady Merrifield found that Dolores had been into court before, and knew enough about it to need no explanation or preparation, and being much afraid of causing agitation, she thought it best only to try to interest her in such tales as ‘Neale’s Triumphs of the Cross,’ instead of letting her dwell on what she most dreaded, the sight of the prisoner, and the punishment her words might bring upon him.

The morning ended, and Uncle Reginald brought word that the case would come on immediately after luncheon. This he shared with his sister and niece, saying that Jane had gone to a pastrycook’s with —with Rotherwood—thinking this best for Dolly. He seemed to be in strangely excited spirits, and was quite his old self to Dolores, tempting her to eat, and showing himself so entirely the kind uncle that she would have been quite cheered up if she had not been afraid that it was all out of pity, and that he knew something dreadful.

Lord Rotherwood met them at the hotel entrance, and took his cousin on his arm; Dolores following with her uncle, was sure that she gave a great start at something that he said; but she had to turn in a different direction to wait under the charge of her uncle, who treated

her as if she were far more childish and inexperienced in the ways of courts than she really was, and instructed her in much that she knew perfectly well; but it was too comfortable for him to be kind to her for her to take the least offence, and she only said 'yes' and 'thank you' at the proper places.

The Sheriff, meantime, had given Lord Rotherwood and Lady Merrifield seats near the Judge, where Miss Mohun was already installed. Alfred Flinders was already at the bar, and for the first time Lady Merrifield saw his somewhat handsome but shifty-looking face and red beard, as the counsel for the prosecution was giving a detailed account of his embarrassed finances, and of his having obtained from the inexperienced kindness of a young lady, a mere child in age, who called him uncle, though without blood relationship, a draft of her father's for seven pounds, which, when presented at the bank, had become one for seventy.

As before, the presenting and cashing of the £70 was sworn to by the banker's clerk, and then Dolores Mary Mohun was called.

There she stood, looking smaller than usual in her black close-fitting dress and hat, in a place meant for grown people, her dark face pale and set, keeping her eyes as much as she could from the prisoner. When the counsel spoke she gave a little start, for she knew him, as one who had often spent an evening with her parents, in the cheerful times while her mother lived. There was something in the familiar glance of his eyes that encouraged her, though he looked so much altered by his wig and gown, and it seemed strange that he should question her, as a stranger, on her exact name and age, her father's absence, the connection with the prisoner, and present residence. Then came:

'Did your father leave any money with you?'

'Yes.'

'What was the amount?'

'Five pounds for myself, seven besides.'

'In what form was the seven pounds?'

'A cheque from W.'s bank.'

'Did you part with it?'

'Yes.'

'To whom?'

'I sent it to him.'

'To whom, if you please?'

'To Mr. Alfred Flinders.' And her voice trembled.

'Can you tell me when you sent it away?'

'It was on the 22nd of December.'

'Is this the cheque?'

'It has been altered.'

'Explain in what manner?'

'There has ty been put at the end of the written seven, and a cipher after the figure 7 making it 70.'

'You are sure that it was not so when it went out of your possession?'
'Perfectly sure.'

Mr. Calderwood seemed to have done with her, and said 'Thank you;' but then there stood up a barrister, whom she suspected was a man her mother disliked, and she knew that the worst was coming when he said—in a specially polite voice too, 'Allow me to ask whether the cheque in question had been intended by Mr. Mohun for the prisoner?'

'No.'

'Or was it given to you as pocket money?'

'No, it was to pay a bill.'

'Then did you divert it from that purpose?'

'I thought the man was dead.'

'What man?'

'Professor Muhlwasser.'

'The creditor?'

'Yes.'

Mr. Calderwood objected to these questions as irrelevant; but the prisoner's counsel declared them to be essential, and the judge let him go on to extract from Dolores that the payment was intended for an expensive illustrated work on natural history, which was to be published in Germany. Her father had promised to take two copies of it if it were completed; but being doubtful whether this would ever be the case, he had preferred leaving a draft with her to letting the account be discharged by his brother, and he had reckoned that £7 would cover the expense.

'You say you supposed the author was dead. What reason had you for thinking so?'

'He told me; Mr. Flinders did.'

'Had Mr. Mohun sanctioned your applying this sum to any other purpose than that specified?'

'No, he had not. I did wrong" said Dolores firmly.

He wrinkled up his forehead, so that the point of his wig went upwards, and proceeded to enquire whether she had herself given the cheque to the prisoner.

'I sent it.'

'Did you post it?'

'Not myself. I gave it to Miss Constance Hacket to send it for me.'

'Can you swear to the sum for which it was drawn when you parted with it?'

'Yes. I looked at it to see whether it was pounds or guineas.'

'Did you give it loose or in an envelope?'

'In an envelope.'

'Was any other person aware of your doing so?'

'Nobody.'

'What led you to make this advance to the prisoner?'

'Because he told me that he was in great distress.'

'He told you. By letter or in person?'

'In person.'

'When did he tell you so?'

'On the 22nd of December.'

'And where?'

'At Darminster.'

'Let me ask whether this interview at Darminster took place with the knowledge of the lady with whom you reside?'

'No, it did not,' said Dolores, colouring deeply.

'Was it a chance meeting?'

'No—by appointment.'

'How was the appointment made?'

'We wrote to say we could come that day.'

'We—who was the other party?'

'Miss Constance Hacket.'

'You were then in correspondence with the prisoner. Was it with the sanction of Lady Merrifield?'

'No.'

'A secret correspondence then, romantically carried on—by what means?'

'Constance Hacket sent the letters and received them for me.'

'What was the motive for this arrangement?'

'I knew my aunt would prevent my having anything to do with him.'

'And you—excuse me—what interest had you in doing so?'

'My mother had been like his sister, and always helped him.'

All these answers were made with a grave, resolute straightforwardness, generally with something of Dolores' peculiar stony look, and only twice was there any involuntary token of feeling, when she blushed at confessing the concealment from her aunt, and at the last question, when her voice trembled as she spoke of her mother. She kept her eyes on her interrogators all the time, never once glancing towards the prisoner, though all the time she had a sensation as if his reproachful looks were piercing her through.

She was dismissed, and Constance Hacket was brought in, looking about in every direction, carrying a handkerchief and scent bottle, and not attempting to conceal her flutter of agitation.

Mr. Calderwood had nothing to ask her but about her having received the cheque from Miss Mohun and forwarded it to Flinders, though she could not answer for the date without a public computation back from Christmas day, and forward from St. Thomas. As to the amount—

'Oh! yes, certainly, seven pounds.'

Moreover she had posted it herself.

Then came the cross-examination.

'Had she seen the draft before posting it?'

'Well—she really did not remember exactly.'

'How did she know the amount then?'

'Well, I think—yes—I think Dolores told me so.'

'You *think*,' he said, in a sort of sneer. 'On your oath. Do you know?'

'Yes, yes, yes. She assured me! I know something was said about seven.'

'Then you cannot swear to the contents of the envelope you forwarded?'

'I don't know. It was all such a confusion and hurry.'

'Oh! because it was a secret.'

The counsel of course availed himself of this handle to elicit that the witness had conducted a secret correspondence between the prisoner and her young friend without the knowledge of the child's natural protectors. 'A perfect romance,' he said, 'I believe the prisoner is unmarried.'

Perhaps this insinuation would have been checked, but before any one had time to interfere, Constance, blushing crimson, exclaimed, 'Oh! Oh! I assure you it was not *that*. It was because she said he was her uncle, and that they ill-used him.'

This brought upon her the searching question whether the last witness had stated the prisoner to be really her uncle, and Constance replied, rather hotly, that she had always understood that he was.

'In fact, she gave you to understand that the prisoner was actually related to her by blood. Did you say that she also told you that he was persecuted or ill used by her other relations?'

'I thought so. Yes, I am sure she said so.'

'And it was wholly and solely on these grounds that you assisted in this clandestine correspondence?'

'Why—yes—partly,' faltered Constance, thinking of her literary efforts, 'so it began.'

There was a manifest inclination to laugh in the audience, who naturally thought her hesitation implied something very different; and the Judge, thinking that there was no need to push her further, when Mr. Calderwood represented that all this did not bear on the matter, and was no evidence, silenced Mr. Vokes, and the witness was dismissed.

The next plaint was that Colonel Reginald Mohun was called upon to attest that the handwriting was his brother's. He answered for the main body of the draft, and the signature, but the additions, in which the forgery lay, were so slight that it was impossible to swear that they did not come from the hand of Maurice Mohun.

'Had application been made to Mr. Mohun on the subject?'

'Yes, Colonel Mohun had immediately telegraphed to him at the address in the Fiji islands.'

'Has any answer been received?'

'No!' but Colonel Mohun had a curious expression in his eyes, and Mr. Calderwood electrified the Court by begging to call upon Mr. Maurice Mohun.

There he was in the witness box, looking sunburnt but vigorous. He replied immediately to the question that the cheque was his own, and that it had been left under his daughter's charge, also that it had been for seven pounds, and the *ty* and the cipher had never been written by him. The prisoner winced for a moment, and then looked at him defiantly.

The connection with Alfred Flinders was enquired into and explained, and being asked as to the term 'Uncle' he replied, 'My daughter was allowed to get into the habit of so terming him.'

The sisters saw his look of pain, and Jane remembered his strong objection to the title, and his wife's indignant defence of it.

Dolores stood trembling outside in the waiting-room, by her Uncle Reginald, from whom she heard that her father had come that morning from London with Lord Rotherwood, but that it had been thought better not to agitate her by letting her know of it before she gave her evidence.

'Has he had my letter?' she asked.

'No; he knew nothing till he saw Rotherwood last night.'

All the misery of writing the confession came back upon poor Dolores, and she turned quite white and sick, but her uncle said kindly, 'Never mind, my dear, he was very much pleased with your manner of giving evidence. Such a contrast to your friend's. Faugh!'

In a few more seconds Mr. Mohun had come out. He took the cold trembling hands in his own, pressed them close, met the anxious eyes with his own, full of moisture, and said, 'My poor little girl,' in a tone that somehow lightened Dolly's heart of its worst dread.

'Will you go back into court?' asked the Colonel.

'You don't wish it, Dolly?' said her father.

'Oh, no! please not.'

'Then,' said the Colonel, 'take your father back to the room at the hotel, and we will come to you. I suppose this will not last much longer.'

'Probably not half an hour. I don't want to see that fellow either convicted or acquitted.'

Then Dolores found herself steered out of the passages and from among the people waiting or gazing, into the clearer space in the street, her father holding her hand as if she had been a little child. Neither of them spoke till they had reached the sitting-room, and there, the first thing he did when the door was shut, was to sit down, take her between his knees, put an arm round her, and kiss her, saying again, 'My poor child!'

'You never got my letter!' she said, leaning against him, feeling the peace and rest his embrace gave.

'No, but I have heard all. I should have warned you, Dolly; but I never imagined that he could get at you there; and I was unwilling to accuse one for whom your mother had a certain affection.'

'That was why I helped him,' whispered Dolores.

'I knew it,' he said kindly. 'But how did he find you out, and how had he the impertinence to write to you at your Aunt Lily's—'

'I wrote to him first,' she said, hanging down her head.

'How was that? You surely had not been in the habit of doing so whilst I was at home.'

'No; but he came and spoke to me at Exeter, the day you went away. Uncle William was not there, he had gone into the town. And *he*—Mr. Flinders, said he was going down to see you, and was very much disappointed to hear that you were gone.'

'Did he ask you to write to him?'

'I don't think he did. Father, it seems too silly now, but I was very angry because Aunt Liliass said she must see all my letters except yours and Maude Sefton's, and I told Constance Hacket. She said she would send anything for me, and I could not think of anyone I wanted to write to, so I wrote to—to him.'

'Ah! I saw you did not get on with your aunt,' was the answer, 'that was partly what brought me home.' And either not hearing or not heeding her exclamation. 'Oh! but now I do.' He went on to explain that on his arrival at Fiji he had found that circumstances had altered there, and that the person with whom he was to have been associated had died, so that the whole scheme had been broken up. A still better appointment had, however, been offered to him in New Zealand, on the resignation of the present holder after a half year's notice, and he had at once written to accept it. A proposal had been made to him to spend the intermediate time in a scientific cruise among the Polynesian islands; but the letters he had found awaiting him at Vanua Levu had convinced him that the arrangements he had made in England had been a mistake, and he had therefore hurried home *via* San Francisco, as fast as any letter could have gone, to wind up his English affairs, and fetch his daughter to the permanent home in Auckland which her Aunt Phyllis would prepare for her.

Her countenance betrayed a sudden dismay, which made him recollect that she was a strangely undemonstrative girl; but before she had recovered the shock so as to utter more than a long 'Oh!' they were interrupted by the cup of tea that had been ordered for Dolores, and in a minute more, steps were heard, and the two aunts were in the room. 'Seven years' were Jane's first words, and 'My dear Maurice,' Lady Merrifield's, 'Oh! I wish I could have spared you this,' and then among greetings came again, 'Seven years,' from the brother and cousin who had seen the traveller before.

'I'm glad you were not there, Maurice,' said Lady Merrifield. 'It was dreadful.'

'I never saw a more insolent fellow!' said Lord Rotherwood.

'That Vokes, you mean,' said Miss Mohun. 'I declare I think he is worse than Flinders!'

'That's like you women, Jenny,' returned the Colonel; 'you can't understand that a man's business is to get off his client!'

'When he gave him up as an honest man altogether!' cried Lady Merrifield.

'And cast such imputations!' exclaimed Aunt Jane. 'I saw what the wretch was driving at all the time of the cross-examination; and if I'd been the judge would not I have stopped him?'

'There you go, Lily and Jenny!' said the Colonel, 'and Rotherwood just as bad! Why, Maurice would have had to take just the same line if he had been for the defence.'

'He would not have done it in such a blackguard fashion though,' said Lord Rotherwood.

'I saw what his defence would be,' said Mr. Mohun, briefly.

'There!' said Colonel Mohun, with a boyish pleasure in confuting his sisters; but they were not subdued.

'Now, Maurice,' cried Jane, 'when that man was known to be utterly dishonourable and good for nothing, was it fair—was it not contrary to all common sense—to try to cast the imputation between those two poor girls? So the judge and jury felt it, I am happy to say! but I call it abominable to have thrown out the mere suggestion—'

'Nay now, Jane,' said the Colonel, 'if the man was to be defended at all, how else was it to be done?'

'I wouldn't have had him defended at all! but unfortunately that's his right as an Englishman.'

'That's another thing! But as the cheque did not alter itself, one of the three must have done it, and nothing was left but to show that there had been an amount of shuffling, and—in short, nonsense—that might cast enough doubt on their evidence to make it insufficient for a conviction.'

'Reginald! I can't think how you can stand up for such a wretch, a vulgar wretch,' cried Miss Mohun. 'You put it delicately, as a gentleman who had the misfortune to be counsel in such a case might do, but he was infinitely worse than that, though that was bad enough.'

'It was Vokes,' put in Mr. Mohun; 'but what did he say?' looking anxiously at his daughter.

'It was not so bad about her,' said her uncle; 'he only made her out a foolish child, easily played upon by everybody, and possibly ignorant and frightened, or led away by her regard for her supposed relation. It was the other poor girl—'

'The amiable susceptibilities of romantic young ladies!' broke out Lady Merrifield. 'Oh! the creature! To think of that poor foolish Constance sitting by to hear it represented that the expedition to Darminster, and all the rest of it was because she was actually touched by that fellow. I really felt ready to take her part.'

'She had certainly brought it on herself,' said Aunt Jane; 'but it was atrocious of him, and if the other counsel had only known it, he stopped the cross-examination just at the wrong time, or it would

have come out that it was literary vanity that was the lure. No doubt he would have made a laughing-stock of that but it would not have been as bad as the other.'

'Poor thing,' said Lady Merrifield; 'it was a trying retribution for schoolgirl folly and want of conscientiousness. I should think she was a sadder and a wiser woman.'

'He must have overdone it,' said Mr. Mohun, 'he is a vulgar fellow and always does so; but, as Reginald says, the only available defence was to enhance the folly and sentiment of the girls; but of course the judge charged the other way—'

'Entirely;' said Lord Rotherwood, 'he brought Dolly rather well out of it, saying that as he understood it, a young girl who had seen a needy connection assisted from her home might think herself justified in corresponding with him, and even in diverting to his use money left in her charge, when it was probable that it would not be required for the original object. He did not say it was right, but it was an error of judgment by no means implying swindling—in fact. He disposed of Miss Hacket in the same way—foolish, sentimental, unscrupulous, but not to that degree. Girls might be silly enough in all conscience, but not so as to commit forgery or perjury. That was the gist of it, and happily the jury were of the same opinion.'

'Happily? Well, I suppose so,' said Mr. Mohun, with a certain sorrowfulness of tone, into which his little daughter entered.

'I say, Rotherwood,' exclaimed the Colonel, as the town clock's two strokes for the half-hour echoed loudly, 'if you mean to catch the 4.50, you must fly.'

'Fly!' he coolly repeated. 'Tell Mysie, Lily, that Fly has never ceased talking of her. That child has been saving her money to fit out one of Florence's orphans. She——'

'Rotherwood,' broke in Mr. Mohun, 'your wife charged me to see that you were in time for that dinner. A ministerial one.'

'Don't encourage him, Lily,' chimed in the Colonel. 'I'll call a cab. See him safe off, Maurice.'

And off he was hunted amid the laughter of the ladies; the manner of all to one another was so exactly what it had been in the old times.

'I could hardly help telling him to take care, or Victoria would never let him out again,' said Miss Mohun. 'Poor old fellow, it would have been a fine chance for him with four of us together.'

'You can come back with us, Jenny!'

'I brought my bag in case of accidents.'

'And we'll telegraph to Adeline to join us to-morrow,' said Mr. Mohun, who seemed to have been seized with a hunger for the sight of his kindred.

'Telegraph! My dear Maurice, Ada's nerves would be torn to smithereens by a telegram without me to open it for her. I've a card here to post to her; but I expect that I must go down to-morrow and fetch her, which will be the best way, for I have a meeting.'

'Jenny, I declare you are a caution even to Miss Hacket,' said Colonel Reginald, re-entering.

'Well, Ada always was the family pet. Besides, I told you I had a G. F. S. meeting. Did you get a cab for us; Lily has had quite walking enough.'

The ladies went in a cab, while the gentlemen walked. There was not much time to spare, and in the compartment into which the first comers threw themselves, they found both the Hacket sisters installed, and the gentlemen, coming up in haste, nodded and got into a smoking carriage, on seeing how theirs was occupied.

'Oh! we could have made room,' said Constance, to whom a gentleman was a gentleman under whatever circumstances.

'Dear Miss Dolores' papa! Is it indeed?' said Miss Hacket.

'So wonderfully interesting,' chimed in Constance. And they both made a dart at Dolores to kiss her in congratulation, much against her will.

The train clattered on, and Lady Merrifield hoped it would hush all other voices, but neither of the Hackets could refrain from discussing the trial, and heaping such unmitigated censure on the counsel for the prisoner, that Miss Mohun felt herself constrained to fly in the face of all she had said at the hotel, and to maintain the right of even *such* an Englishman to be defended, and of his advocate to prevent his conviction if possible. On which, the regular sentiment against lawyers was produced, and the subject might have been dropped if Constance had not broken out again, as if she could not leave it. 'So atrocious, so abominably insolent, asking if he was unmarried.'

'Evidently flattered!' muttered Aunt Jane, between her teeth, and unheard; but the speed slackened, and Constance's voice went on. 'I really thought I should have died of it on the spot. The bare idea of thinking I could endure such a being.'

'Well,' said Dolores, just as the clatter ceased at a little station. 'You know you did walk up and down with him ever so long, and I am sure you liked him very much.'

An indignant 'You don't understand' was absolutely cut off by an imperative grasp and hush from Miss Hacket the elder; Aunt Jane was suffocating with laughter, Lady Merrifield, between that and a certain shame for womanhood, which made her begin to talk at random about anything or everything else.

CHAPTER XXII.

MAY.

'WHAT a mull they have made of it!' were Mr. Maurice Mohun's first words, when he found the compartment free for a *tête-à-tête* with his brother.

'All's well that ends well,' was the brief reply.

'Well, indeed! Mary would not have thought so.' To which the Colonel had nothing to say.

'It serves me out,' his brother went on presently. 'I ought to have done something for that wretched fellow before I went, or at any rate have put Dolly on her guard; but I always shirked the very thought of him.'

'Nothing would have kept him out of harm's way.'

'It might have kept the child; but she must have been thicker with him than I ever knew. However, I shall have her with me for the future, and in better hands.'

'You really mean to take her out?'

'That's what brought me home. She isn't happy; that is plain from her letters; and Jane does not know what to make of her, nor Lillas either.'

'When were your last letters dated?'

'The last week in September.'

'Early days,' muttered the Colonel.

'I thought it an experiment, you know; but you said so much about Lily's girls being patterns, that I thought Jasper Merrifield might have made her more rational and less flighty, and all that sort of thing; but of course it was a very different tone from what the child was used to, and you couldn't tell what the young barbarians were out of sight.'

'So I began to think last winter; but I fancy you will find that she and Lily understand one another a good deal better than they did at first.'

'I thought she did not receive my intelligence as a deliverance. I am glad if she can carry away an affectionate remembrance, but I want to have her under my own eye.'

'I suppose that's all right,' was the half reluctant reply.

'There's Phyllis. She is full of good sense, with no nonsense about her or May, and her girls are downright charming.'

'Very likely; but I say, Maurice, you must not underrate Lillas. She has gone through a good deal with Dolores, and I believe she has been the making of her. You've had to leave the poor child a good deal to herself and Fraulein, and, as you see by this affair, she had some ways that made it hard for Lily to deal with her at first.'

Her father plainly did not like this. 'There was no harm in the poor child, but as I should have foreseen, there's always an atmosphere of sentiment and ritual and flummery about Lillas, totally different from what she was used to.'

Colonel Mohun had nearly said 'So much the better,' but turned it into 'I think you will change your opinion.'

Brothers and sisters, and cousins, whatever they may be to the external world, always remain relatively to each other pretty much as they knew one another when a single home held them all. The

familiar Christian names seemed to revive the old ways, and it was amusing to see the somewhat grave and silent Colonel treated by his elder brother as the dashing, heedless boy, needing to be looked after, while his sister Jane remained the ready helper and counsellor, and Lady Merrifield was still in his eyes the unpractical, fanciful Lily with an unfortunately suggestive rhyme to her name.

Perhaps it maintained him in this opinion, that when he had answered all questions about Captain and Mrs. Harry May, and had dilated on their pretty house in the suburbs of Auckland, his sisters expected him to tell of the work of the Church among the Maoris and Fijians. He laughed at them for thinking colonists troubled their heads about natives.

'I know Phyllis does. One of Harry May's brothers went out as a missionary.'

'Disenchanted and came home again when his wife came into a fortune.'

'Not a bit of it,' said Aunt Jane. 'I know him and all about him. He stayed till his health broke, and now he is one of the most useful men in the country. He is coming to speak for the S. P. G. at Rookquay, Lily; and you must come and meet him and his charming wife. They will tell you a very different story about Harry's doings.'

'Well,' allowed Mr. Mohun, 'there are apparitions of brown niggers done up as smart as two pence prancing about the house. Perfectly uninteresting, you know, the savage sophisticated out of his picturesqueness. I made a point of asking no questions, not knowing what I might be let in for.'

'Then you heard nothing of Mr. Ward, the Melanesian Missionary, whom Phyllis keeps a room for, when he comes to New Zealand to recruit.'

'The man who was wrongly convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence! Oh! yes. I heard of him. I believe the labour traffic agents heartily wish him at Portland still, he makes the natives so much too sharp.'

'Aye,' said the Colonel, 'as long as Britons arn't slaves they have no objection to anything but the name for other people.'

'Wait till you get out there, Regie, and see what they all say about those lazy fellows—except, of course, ladies and parsons, and a few whom they've bitten, like May.'

'The few are on the Christian side, of course,' said Lady Merrifield, with irony in her tone.

Indeed, she was not at all sure that half this colonial prejudice was not assumed in order to tease her, just as in former times her brother would make game of her enthusiasms about school children; for he was altogether returned to his old self, his sister Jane, who had seen the most of him, testifying that the original Maurice had revived, as never in the course of his married life.

Dolores tried to forget or disbelieve the words she had heard about

his having come to fetch her away, and said no word about them until they had been unmistakably repeated. Then she felt a sort of despair at the idea of being separated from her aunt and Mysie, for indeed they had penetrated to affections deeper than had ever been consciously stirred in her before. Yet she was old enough to shrink from allowing to her father that she preferred staying with them to going with him, and it was to her Aunt Jane that she had recourse. That lady, after returning from her expedition to bring her sister Adeline to Silverfold, was surprised by a timid knock at the door, and Dolores' entrance.

'Oh! if you please, Aunt Jane, may I come in? I do so want to speak to you alone. Don't you think it is a sad pity that I should go away from the Cambridge examination? Could not you tell my father so?'

—'You want to stay for the Cambridge examination,' said Aunt Jane, a little amused at the manner of touching on the subject, though sorry for the girl.

'I have been taking great pains under Miss Vincent, and it does seem a pity to miss it.'

'I don't think it will make much difference to you.'

'Oh, but I do want to be thoroughly well educated. I meant to go through them all, like Gillian and Mysie, and I am sure father must wish it too. I know he meant it when he went out last year.'

'Yes, he did,' said Miss Mohun. 'It was very unlucky that he did not get any of our later letters.'

'I have tried to tell him that it is all different now, but he does not seem to care,' said Dolores.

'He has quite made up his mind,' said her aunt.

'Has he quite?' said Dolores. 'I thought perhaps if you talked to him about the examination and the confirmation too—'

'But Dolly, you are not going to a heathen country. Your confirmation will be as much attended to in New Zealand as here.'

'Oh! but I should be confirmed with Mysie, and Aunt Lily would read with me, and help me!'

'Yes, I see.'

'Do please tell him, Aunt Jane. He heeds what you say more than anyone. Do tell him that the only hope of my being good is if I stay with Aunt Lily just these few years!'

'Ah! Dolly, that is what you really mean and care about—not the Cambridge business.'

'Of course it is. Please tell him, Aunt Jane—somehow I can't—that I was bad and foolish when I wrote all the letters he had; but now I know better, and—and—I don't want to vex him, but I shall be ever so much better a daughter to him if he will leave me with Aunt Lily, to learn some of her goodness'—and there were tears in her eyes, for these months had softened her greatly.

'My poor Dolly!' said Aunt Jane, much more tenderly than she

generally spoke. 'I am very sorry for you. I do think Aunt Lily has been the making of you, and that it is very hard that you should have to be uprooted from her, just as you had learnt to value her. I will tell your father so; but honestly, I do not think it is likely to make him change his mind.'

Miss Mohun sought her brother out the next day, and told him that they had all been wanting in patience when thinking that his daughter's residence at Silverfold was an unsuccessful experiment. The explosion she had predicted had come, and Dolores had been a different creature ever since, owing to Lady Merrifield's management of her in the crisis; and she added that the girl was most unwilling to leave her aunt, and that she herself thought it would be much better to leave her for a few years to the advantages of her present training, where her affections had been gained. Mr. Mohun could not see it in the same light. The intimacy with Constance Hacket was in his eyes a folly, consequent on his sister's passion for Sunday schools and charities; and Jane being infected with the like ardour, he disregarded her explanations. The underhand correspondence could not have been carried on without great blindness and carelessness, or at least injudiciousness, on Lady Merrifield's part, and there was no denying that she had trusted to a sense of honour that was non-existent. Nor did he appreciate Jane's argument that the conquest of the heart and will had thus been far more thoroughly gained than it would have been by constant thwarting and watching. It was hard to forgive such an exposure as had taken place, or to believe that it had not been brought about by unjustifiable errors, more especially as Lady Merrifield was the first to accuse herself of them. Moreover, he had become sensible of a strong natural yearning for the presence of his only child, and he had been so much struck with his sister Phyllis's family that he sincerely believed himself consulting the girl's best interests. He was by no means an irreligious or ungodly man, but he had always thought his sister Lillas more or less of an enthusiast, and he did not wish to see Dolores the same. Perhaps, indeed, the poor child's manifest clinging to her aunt and cousins made him all the more resolute to remove her before her affection should be entirely weaned from himself.

He made his head quarters at Silverfold, and, during the next two months, modified his opinions so far as to confess to his sister Jane, that Lillas was a much more sensible woman than he had believed her, and had her children well in hand. He even allowed that Dolores was improved, and owed much to her kindness; and when the first sting of the exposure was over, he could see that the treatment had been far from injudicious as regarded the girl's own character. He was even glad that warm love and friendship had grown up towards her aunt and cousins; but all this left his purpose unchanged; although after the first, nothing was said about it, Dolores tried to forget it, and hoped that the sight of her going on

well and peaceably would convince him of the inexpediency of disturbing her. She could not even mention it to Mysie, lest the dread should become a reality by being uttered. So no more passed on the subject till it became necessary to take her outfit in hand, and he also wished to take her to Beechcroft, that the old family home which he regarded with fresh tenderness might be impressed on her memory.

Then, though she never durst directly oppose the fate which he destined for her, she surprised him by a violent burst of tears and sobbing, and an entreaty that he would not take her away from Aunt Lily and Mysie, a moment sooner than could be helped.

She clung to everything, even to the guinea-pigs, and she was the first in the Easter holidays, to beg for a game at the Thorn Fortress. Indeed, Mysie was a little shocked at her grief, as disloyal and unfilial. 'One ought not to mind going anywhere with one's father,' she said, 'we all thought it a great honour for Phyllis and Alethea.'

'They are grown up!' said Dolores, and Aunt Lily does get into one so! Oh! don't say there's Aunt Phyllis. I hate the very name of her.'

'She must be nice,' said Mysie, 'whenever the "grown-ups" are pleased with me, they say I am getting like her, as if it was the best thing one could be.'

'But I don't want Mysie old and grown up, I want my Mysie now, as you are!—And you'll forget and leave off writing, like Maude Sefton.'

'Never!' cried Mysie. 'Right across the world you will always be my own twin cousin.'

The wishes of the girl were so far fulfilled that Lady Merrifield took her to London to provide her outfit, and Mysie accompanied them. A room and its dressing-room received the three at old Mrs. Merrifield's, and the two cousins thought their close quarters ineffably precious.

Mysie was introduced to Maude Sefton, who seemed entirely unconscious of her treachery to friendship. 'One had so little time, and couldn't always be writing,' she said, when Dolores reproached her; 'exercises were enough to tire out one's hand!'

They also drank tea with Lady Phyllis Devereux and her governess. Fly could not pour forth questions and reminiscences fast enough about all the beloved animals at Silverfold, not forgetting the little G. F. S. nursemaid, for whom she had actually made an apron in her plain-work lessons. Moreover, she deemed Dolores' fate most enviable, to be going off with her father to strange countries, away from lessons, and masters, and towns. It would be almost as good as Leila on the island.

As to the Beechcroft visit, Mr. and Mrs. Mohun collected all the brothers and sisters in England there for a week, and still Mysie and Dolores were allowed to be together there, squeezed into a corner of Lady Merrifield's room. It was high summer, bright and glowing,

and so dry that even the invalidish sisters, Lady Henry Gray and Miss Adeline Mohun could not object to the sitting out on the lawn, among the dragon flies, as in days of yore.

Much of old thought and feeling was then and there taken up again, and it was on one of the last evenings of the visit that Mr. Mohun, walking up and down the alley with Lady Merrifield, said :

‘Well, Lily, I think my determination to take Dolly away was hasty. I could not leave her now, but if I had understood all that I see at present, I should have been both content and grateful to have her among your children. I am afraid I have been ungracious.’

‘I never thought so, Maurice. It is quite right that she should be with you, and Phyllis will do everything for her, much better than I.’

‘Poor child ! I believe she is very sorry to go,’ said Mr. Mohun ; ‘but at any rate she will remember Silverfold, as I hope, a lasting influence on her life.’

Dolores truly believed that so it would be, and that her aunt’s guidance would be always looked back upon as the turning-point of her life.

‘It is my own fault,’ she said, as on the last night she clung tearfully to Lady Merrifield ; ‘if I had behaved better I might have gone on just like one of your own.’

‘You will still be in my heart like one of my own, dear child,’ said Lady Merrifield. ‘We know the way in which we all can hold together as one : keep to that, and the distance apart will matter the less.’

And as they watched Dolores and her father driven away to the station the next morning, Jane Mohun laid her hand on her sister’s arm and said, ‘You thought you had made a great failure, Lily, but is not the other side of a failure often a success ?’

By and by came letters from Dolores. She seemed after the first to have enjoyed her journey, for, as she wrote to Lady Merrifield, in a letter, very private, and all to her own self, ‘Father was so very good and kind to me, I don’t know how to tell you. It was as if a little bit of mother had got into him, and now I am here I think I shall like them. Indeed, I am trying to remember your advice, and not beginning by hating everybody and thinking *who they are not*. Aunt Phyllis is very nice indeed, and sometimes her eyes and mouth get like Mysie’s, and her voice is just exactly yours. Only she is plump and round about, not a dear, tall, graceful figure like my White Lily Aunt. Please don’t call it nonsense, for indeed I mean it, and Aunt Phyllis does like your photograph so much. I have the whole group hung up in my room, and you over it, and I wish you all good morning every day, for I never, never, as long as I live, shall love anybody like you and Mysie.’

(Concluded.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MARIE CUFAUDE.

EDITED BY F. C. LEFROY.

CHAPTER X.

OF that promise I spoke not unto mine husband, nor of another she had made me. These two or three days had shown me as I never felt before, how unfitting it was that there should be such a difference of rank between him and me, for while I took precedence of all others, he had no place but that of a simple esquire, so when her Grace asked me of mine own happiness, I ventured to say that although I was mated unto a man of most excellent virtue, and whom I did entirely love and honour, yet did this inequality trouble me, whereat she smiled and answered, 'If that be thine only grief, dear coz., the remedy will not be difficult. I will not forget.' Thus I went back unto mine home with many bright hopes for the future.

In the November following the Queen's marriage, the Cardinal returned unto this country as Legate and Plenipotentiary, and all the world knows with what honour and rejoicing he was received. His love for his mother had ever been most tender and warm, wherefore he felt it to be one of his first duties to lay her honoured remains in some mete sanctuary.

She had herself erected a most noble chantry in the abbey at Christchurch, intending to remove thither from Stroughton the body of her husband Sir Richard, and to lie there beside him in God's good time.

But this her pious work had been broken down and defaced by command of the King.

Wherefore, as soon as he could get a few days to attend unto his own private affairs, his Eminence went himself to see what damage had been done, and also to advise with Bishop Gardiner as to the restoration to their respective abbeys of many lands and manors, farms and tenements now held by the Crown, much to the disquieting of her Grace's conscience. So, finding himself at Winchester, and being minded to pass through Reading on his way back to his palace at Lambeth, he despatched unto us my good brother Sir Anthony Fortescue (he being husband unto my sister Katherine) to offer, an it pleased us, to break his journey, and stay a night in this our poor house. Such an offer ye may be sure did hugely rejoice us, and right proud I was to set out all the best of our gear and plenishings, plate

and fine linen, and carpets and silken hangings, much of which I had brought to Cufaude with me, his Highness, on the occasion of my marriage, having been graciously pleased to grant me a certain portion of these my grandmother's effects. Some also of the money and jewels she had with such tender providing bestowed on me, we had spent in building a fine banquetting hall, the equal of which for size and beauty there was not either in the Vyne, or in Beaurepaire, with a noble withdrawing-room and guest chambers above, and it was with much house-wifely pride that I now brought out all my stores and made them ready for his Eminence.

Mine husband and my Lords Winchester and Sandys, accompanied by all their yeomen, met him at Basingstoke, where, with bell-ringing and flags, and many fine arches, the town made a grand show of welcome; and as soon as he perceived the good will of the people, he alighted from his carriage, and walked through the street, they being well covered with rushes for that purpose, in his Cardinal robes and chaperon, blessing the crowd right and left as they knelt, and laying his hands on such little ones as their fortunate mothers could thrust high enough before him. All the priests from all the parishes round about met him, and joined in the long procession of gentlemen and attendants which both preceded and followed him. When he was quit of the town, he got again into his coach, for albeit it was mid-winter, the track across Rooksdown was safe enough for wheels, and we had taken care that the road through the village and up unto our own gateway should not be less passable, for we had filled up all holes with faggots, and where the mud was deep, and the ground swampy, had laid down a thick bed of bavings. Thus he had no need to alight until he had crossed the drawbridge and entered our Court.

Here all the people from the country round about were assembled, and within the hall I awaited him with my two eldest boys, and mine household, and the neighbours we had invited, such as the Broccasses, the Pexalls from Steventon, the Kingsmills, Sir Richard Engelfield, the Wallops and the Poyntses. Also the Atmores from Dummer, the Biggeses from Manydown, and Master Wareham from Malshanger, with whom came the Marchioness of Exeter, she having well nigh lived at Malshanger since the exile of her son. Her health, as I have before said, was so impaired by her long imprisonment and her sorrows, that albeit she was not much more than fifty-five or six years old, yet was she as infirm as had she been seventy.

When his Eminence entered the hall, mine husband attending him bare-headed, I stept forward with my two boys and fell on my knees, all our guests kneeling down likewise, to receive his blessing, which having given, he laid his hands on the head of each of my little lads, and blessed them again with the same tender smile which had given such sweetness unto his face in his youth. Then, perceiving that young Mistress Katherine Wareham was helping the Marchioness to

arise from her chair, he hurried up the hall, and tenderly replacing her in her seat, he kissed her pale cheek, and calling her his dear and most honoured sister, told her that his Holiness, having heard of her sufferings and long captivity for conscience-sake, had sent her by him his especial blessing and felicitations, nothing doubting that she, like all other saints, could and did rejoice in her afflictions.

'Ah! my most holy father and cousin,' she said, 'I be unworthy of any such commendations, for though I endure the loss of my son with what patience I may, I know not how to rejoice thereat, and my other trials be truly nought.'

The next day there were many coming and going, and mine husband had much ado in securing for each petitioner as far as he could a fair hearing, but nevertheless his Eminence found time for some private discourse with me, questioning me as to the last years and hours of his mother's life, and of mine own estate and marriage. I answered all his questions as truly as I could, confessing my past rebellion and acknowledging that I was now quite contented with my lot and thankful for the good and kind husband God had given me.

The day following ere he left the house, he saw me again alone, and thanked me for the noble and courteous entertainment we had given him, 'And Moll,' he said, 'I do perceive that although thy royal blood might have entitled thee to greater rank, that thou art mated unto a man who hath that kind of self-respect that constraineth all men to respect him. He be of such an excellent temper, of sterling and sound judgment, that I be well assured he could worthily bear a much more weighty charge than he hath. Thou also hast that experience of Court life which would fit thee to be nigh unto the Queen's Grace.'

So with the promise that we should meet again ere long, he gave us his blessing and departed, mine husband attending him, at his desire, that he might finish the affairs of the Guild of the Holy Ghost.

Ye may be sure that when all our guests were departed, and we had returned unto our usual quiet life, that I thought much of the parting words of his Eminence, wondering unto what they pointed. I knew mine husband would have speech with her Highness, as he had the petition of the Guild to present unto her, and remembering her gracious promise, I nothing doubted in mine own heart that I had seen the last of mine Esquire. He had been away nigh upon a fortnight, when he despatched one of his grooms unto me with a billet, saying that he should return on the next day.

'Sweetheart,' he wrote, 'the Queen hath been most gracious, and the Guild will have their property restored, and are to enlarge their borders by adding a dozen sisters unto the dozen brethren! May peace be with them! Look for me by noon to-morrow. 'Thine own humble Esquire and loving husband.' For so it was one of his jests

to call himself, though there was no more humility on his side than on mine, and the joke, which I ever felt something of a reproof, angered me now when I read it, showing me that my hopes were vain, and that the Queen had not even knighted him.

My disappointment was so keen that I received him somewhat coldly, so that he exclaimed, 'Why, what aileth thee, sweet wife, that thou givest me such scant welcome? Thinkest thou that I have tarried away too long, and have found greater charms at the Court than I have at home? No, by my soul. But I have a piece of news for thee at which thou wilt rejoice.'

Mine hopes instantly returned unto me, and I thought to myself, 'Then her Grace hath not forgotten,' and I felt my cheek flush as I looked up at him with an eager smile.

His eyes met mine, and I saw he had a laugh in his heart, albeit he shook his head as he spoke.

'An I read thy face aright,' he said, 'thou art expecting to see me pull out a pair of gilt spurs from my pocket, whereas I have not so much as a single rowel to show thee! My news concerneth not our own matters, and yet it will please thee well.'

And looking at me with the laugh still in his eyes, he continued, 'It be wonderful news, Moll, for all the world is saying that her Grace be likely to have a child. I know not if she hinted thereat herself when she bade me tell thee she hoped ere long to have somewhat to communicate unto thee, but the Cardinal spake out plainly, otherwise I should not have heeded what I heard, deeming it only an unseemly jest.'

My disappointment vanished as he was speaking, and mine heart was so truly filled with joy on her behalf, that I ventured to write a few words of felicitations unto her Highness, and sent them unto his Eminence to deliver or not as he thought mete, and after a few weeks I received a despatch from him enclosing one from the Queen herself.

'My dear and very good cousin,' she wrote, 'we thank thee heartily for the loving and loyal manner in which thou assurest us thou sharest in the great joy and gladness that filleth our own heart at the prospect there be that it will please Almighty God, in addition to those other infinite mercies He hath of late shown unto us, in the destruction of our many enemies, to grant unto us the promise of a prince, and we pray thee to cease not thy supplications on our behalf, that He will bring this our present condition unto a prosperous end, and commending ourselves unto thy hearty prayers we are thy assured friend and cousin, Marie.'

In his own letter his Eminence added, 'If this matter should end as her Highness hopes, and as all loyal and devout people should pray, it will greatly concern thee and thine husband, it being her Grace's purpose to commit the infant unto thy care, there being no

one fitting of nearer kin unto herself, the Marchioness of Exeter, on account of her many infirmities, being unequal to so great a charge, and the Lady Margaret standing too near unto the throne. Her Grace hath commanded me to inform ye of this her gracious intention, and also that it will be her royal pleasure to bestow on thine husband, not doubting his loyalty and virtue, when the occasion ariseth, such rank as be needful for so high a post.'

We read the letter together, and at the end mine husband looked at me with one of his kind smiles, and said, 'Thou art well pleased sweetheart, I can see by thine eyes. I suppose that women, even if queens, understand such matters, and that if her Highness saith the child be coming, coming it be.'

'Thou speakest,' I replied, 'as if thou doubted it.' 'Master Willynger,' he answered, 'told me it be doubted, albeit none dare whisper such a thing. But it may be those who doubt be those that desire it not. It hath been so long noised abroad, it must needs be true, so thou mayest look to resume thy court life, and I to share thy promotion. But if I must be a lord, an thou lovest me, let me be Cufau de of Cufau de still.'

Of such hopes we said nought to our neighbours. As the weeks crept on, we heard the lying-in was to take place at Hampton Court, that the Queen had herself been to Greenwich, to choose what rooms should be repaired and refurnished for the infant Prince. In March his Eminence summoned me to London, as her Grace wished to see me; and I went and saw the Queen alone, and stayed with her nearly two hours. All her talk was of her son. She had sent for me to tell me certain things she wished done in the event of her death. 'I be happy and willing to die' she said, 'if the child but lives,' and all her face seemed alight with the intense love, the passionate longing for the unborn babe.

She shewed me, with tender motherly pride, some of the rich and beautiful little garments she had provided, and one robe that she had brodered with her own hand, she held as if it already adorned the infant form, which she bent down her head and kissed ere she put it down.

Yet, albeit she told me what her doctors said, and that the event was to be in May, a terrible doubt of its truth crept into mine heart, and made it piteous to listen and to see her face. Tears stood on her cheek as she said 'God knoweth that it be the welfare of His church and of our realm which moveth us to such deep thankfulness for this great and precious gift.' And then she smiled and added, 'I think cousin, I can understood now my royal father's passionate desire for a son, and even forgive it.'

Was it because of mine husband's distrust, or from some conviction of my own, that her confidence made me shudder, and at the risk of her anger, I ventured to whisper, 'And if it should prove a daughter! I would implore your Grace, the uncertainty be so great, not to be

over secure, lest the disappointment should be greater than ye can bear. Your Highness's life be very precious,' and I kissed her hand. I dared not warn her more plainly.

She was silent a moment, and then she answered with a laugh. 'An if our Prince be turned into a Princess, doubt not but she will be welcome if better may not be. Thine eyes are still full of sadness, cousin, look not at me as if thou bodeest some evil. Thou shalt not fright me for myself or for him,' and she smiled as she spoke the 'him.'

She dismissed me almost immediately after, with the assurance that as soon as the infant was born we should hear from his Eminence, and I returned unto Lambeth, where mine uncle showed me a form of thanksgiving he had already prepared for the birth of the expected Prince. But mine heart was so sad with the doubt which had stolen into it, and for which I could not account, that the tears ran down my cheeks as I read it, which his Grace perceiving, demanded, in some disturbance, what ailed me.

Then I told him plainly the great fear which oppressed me, and urged him as he loved the Queen to moderate her confidence, and to stay, an it were possible, the preparations. I spake out of my love and deep concern for her; out of a compassion and sorrow for the cruel disappointment before her, so great that I truly thought not of our own interest in the matter.

'Thou art an evil prophet,' he said, 'though I be sure thy caution cometh from the grief of thy warm heart, I can but say God forbid, for the existence of the true Church in this realm hangeth thereon, and truly the disappointment may touch the Queen's life, poor soul! but I will not think it, I will not think she hath been mocked with so cruel a delusion; thou hast done well to speak thy doubts to me, but speak them not to any other.'

Nevertheless, I told them unto mine husband when I returned home.

May was the month when the lying-in was expected, and it came with its usual train of blossoms, but brought not with it that royal blossom so anxiously expected, and June came and was followed by July, and it became certain that it had all been a mistake. Through his Eminence we heard of the Queen's misery, how everything connected with the matter was bitter to her heart, and hateful to her eyes, and how those who had ventured to doubt were looked on as her enemies, or at least as rejoicing in her disappointment and ridiculing her hopes. I know not whether the cardinal betrayed my forebodings unto her Grace, but I think it be likely he spake of them unto Sir Anthony Fortescue, the controller of his household, and the husband of my sister Katherine, through whom they reached her Highness. But when, early in the next year, I took my two boys unto the Palace at Lambeth, their uncle having desired us to place them in his hands, that they might be trained and educated in his house, and at his

cost, charging himself with their future preferment, I sent unto her Grace requesting permission to wait on her, she curtly replied that she was too indisposed to receive me, and his Eminence, who brought me her answer, said he could well perceive that it was more want of inclination than of power.

At first I was much angered as well as hurt, but afterwards, when I reflected thereupon, and remembered how often mine husband and I had rejoiced that we had kept silence as to our hopes and expectation of rank and court favour, and thus had not brought on ourselves the pity of our neighbours, I felt I could understand and forgive her Highness her dislike to seeing one to whom she had so fully exposed her delusion, and I trusted that some day she would relent and recall to herself her unfulfilled promises. So perhaps she would, for late in the summer of 1553 she took mine eldest son into her service as one of her own more especial pages, and she bade him tell me that she would be a good and kind mistress unto him for my sake, an he deserved it, and often enquired of him after mine health, and understanding that we were to spend our Christmas with the Cardinal, she sent unto me a particular message, that though she was suffering much, and saw not any hope for herself of greater ease, yet, well or ill, she would be glad to see me when I came. Early in November my son writ me this her kind desire, which indeed I felt joyfully at the time, was intended to be a renewal of our old friendship, and which loving message became most precious unto me when only a few days afterwards we heard of her Grace's death, and hardly had we recovered from the shock of such tidings, when others reached us yet more disastrous. For sixteen days after her decease, he, my most saintly uncle, who had loved her so well and served her so faithfully, he whose heart she had from her earliest youth truly possessed, died at Lambeth. They told us his death was caused by a tertian fever, but I think grief had more hand in it than disease, for the loss of the Queen was to him the loss of all else. The Princess Elizabeth could not but be his deadly enemy, and exile or captivity or death was what he had to anticipate from her.

All our hopes of preferment for ourselves or for our sons were buried in his grave, and though none knew how high those hopes had been, yet did I find their loss a very bitter portion to swallow. It seemed unto me a cruel wrong, seeing what royal and noble blood I had brought unto them, that the lads should be nothing better than their father had been before them. I fretted over the obscurity of their position, and strove to keep alive in them the ambitious hopes which befitted their illustrious descent, and but for the watchful care of mine husband, I had surely, by this my folly, lost them both. In the summer of 1562, we had a visit from our cousin, Edward Cufau de, while, as it chanced, the two boys were staying at Lordington. He came one day, and he left us suddenly the next, and had no sooner departed than mine husband set off to fetch them home. He told me

the object of our cousin's visit was to induce him to join in a plot to marry my younger brother, Edmund, to the Queen of Scotland, and set her on the throne, and make my brother Arthur, who had a wife already, Duke of Clarence, that my father and brother-in-law, Anthony Fortescue, and two or three others were in it, and he greatly feared the lads would be persuaded to join, wherefore he felt it best to go himself, not only to fetch them home, but to see if he could do aught to stay the others from their foolish scheme.

He went, and saved his own sons, but moved not the rest. They meant not to touch the life of her Highness, for they were all persuaded she had but a few months longer to live, there being a prophesy to that effect; they only wanted to secure the throne at her death for Queen Mary, on condition that Edmund became King and her husband. Our lads had readily agreed to help by raising troops, and the eldest was to have crossed with his uncle Arthur to France, but their father brought them both back with him, much to their displeasure. He promised them, however, that if her Grace did die, as predicted, he would allow them to offer their services to Queen Mary, and do aught they could to aid her. But ere the close of the year, the plot was made known to her Highness, and my father and both my brothers shut up in the Tower. Their lives were spared, as they had aimed not at her Highness's, but they were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. My poor father died some three years afterwards, and the Queen allowed my most unhappy mother to remove his body, and bury it at Stroughton, a village nigh unto Lordington.

As for my brothers, they be even now, as I write, still pining away their lives in that dismal prison. I be told they are of an exemplar patience, and wait with piteous resignation until it shall please God to deliver them by death, having none other hope. When I think of their lot, and compare it with that of my sons, I am thankful for the safety to life and liberty their present obscurity secures them. Nevertheless, I would not have them so void of all the promptings of a noble ambition, as to be content to drone away their lives here without any desire to rise to the level of their high descent. But rather would I trust that they will in all knightly and honourable ways seek to raise themselves in reputation as much above other men as they be in the glory of their royal lineage.

Here the recollections of poor Marie Cufaude end, but on a loose piece of paper, which has no date, and is more feebly written, one other incident of her life is recorded.

This day I went unto the Court, urged thereto by mine afflicted mother, to sue unto her Highness for the release of my poor young brothers. Mine husband would fain have dissuaded me, thinking that I might imperil thereby mine own safety. But I could not

content me without using my best endeavours in their behalf, so I answered, 'Let me go, I must needs plead for mine own people, and if I perish, I perish.' Wherefore I bowed my pride, and heaven knoweth what it cost me, and threw myself at the feet of the daughter of Anne Boleyn, urging that the lads had not sought her Grace's death.

'Madam,' she replied, in her harshest voice, 'we think not that they aimed at our life, or they would not themselves be alive this day. But truly they have such maggots in their brains, and come of a stock so dyed in treason, that it be for their own good as well as the good of our realm that they should een stay where they be.' So she turned away in displeasure, and I carried home with me only the bitter feeling of remorse that I should have thus vainly abased me and exposed my father's house to such insult.

The Queen, however, spared their lives, and when Sir Geoffrey died, she allowed his wife to remove his body and to bury him at Stroughton the parish wherein Lordington stood; and there Constance Pole, his wife, was buried beside her beloved husband, 1571, she so directing in her will, which is still extant.

Her two sons were buried in the Tower Chapel. They were confined in the Bell Tower, but they were not shut up in one room, and possibly were allowed some liberty of movement within the boundaries of the prison. On the walls of his room, Arthur Poole, the eldest, carved two inscriptions. The first consists of the following words: 'Deo . servire . penitentiam . inire . fato . obedire . regnare . est.' A Poole 1564. IHS.

The second is in English, 'IHS.' 'A passage perillus maketh a port pleasant.' 'A' 1568 Arthur Poole . Æ' sue 37. A.P.!

One might suppose from the words, that he felt his own release by death to be near at hand.

He had married, a short time before his imprisonment, a daughter of the then Earl of Northumberland. What became of his wife or whether he had a child I cannot find out. I state the marriage on the authority of Froude.

Of Edmund, the younger of the two brothers, there are also two memorials, one, the last, written in 1568, is greatly mutilated, the other is legible.

'IHS Dio semin. in lachrimis in exultatione meten.' Æ' 21 E Poole 1562.

In the same room are the words 'Edward Cuffyu 1562' possibly a misspelling of Cufaude.

In the account book of the wardens of the guild of the Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke, there is the following entry, 'Michaelmas 1578 Recd. of Mr. Cuffolde for burienge his wife in the chaple svj viijd.

This was probably Marie Cufaude, but of the burial of her husband there is no mention.

Marie Cufaude having, as it appears, survived her brothers, her children, as well of those of her other married sisters, had a right to quarter the Pole arms, as I am told her descendants still do, and this seems to me to make it probable that Arthur, though married, did not leave any issue. Had he done so the Cufaude would have had no right to bear the arms. Hepworth Dixon, in his 'Tower of London' makes both these young men the sons of Lord Montague, a careless blunder, as Edmund was not born until two or three years after Lord Montague's death.

And now, ere I close my narrative, I must say a word about the Cufaude. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1788 there is an account of the stone in the Holy Ghost Chapel, and a very inaccurate copy of the inscription, and also a brief and broken chain of descent from William de la Cufaude, in the days of Edward the first, to John, who died in 1701.

In a military roll of arms made in the reign of Henry 6th, theirs are given, i.e. 'Barry Argent and Gules a Canton of the 2nd' but the name is spelt Cowffolde. This 'Cowffolde' who bestowed such a number of superfluous letters on himself, was the William who married Helene Kingmill of Sidmonton. He had a son John, who married an heiress of the name of Wood; and John's son William, was the William Cufaude who married Marie Pole, and whose surviving children were two sons and one daughter. The daughter married — Ward and had apparently only one child, Constance, who married John Elliot of Somton. The younger son, Arthur, married — Spencer, an heiress, and had a son William. He was buried in the Holy Ghost Chapel, 1618, and his burial cost ten shillings. In 1615 the warden's book records the receipt of five shillings from 'Mr. Cuffold,' for the burial of his child, possibly the William who was the son of Arthur.

Alexander, the eldest surviving son of Marie Pole, married Jane Wall. A family of this name had, I think, a large property at Kingsworthy near Winchester. Was this Jane one of that house? She and Alexander were the father and mother of Simeon, that man of 'Grievous Crosses and such exemplar Patience.' Perhaps one of the said grievous crosses was his admirable wife, who was eight years his senior, and who may have therefore borne a closer resemblance to one of the 'ancient matrons' than was to his taste. But, however that may have been, she does not seem to have shared his sorrows, as the same stone which speaks of his afflictions, declares that her pious death was the close of her happy life.

Their five sons were Mathew, John, Simeon, Francis, and Edward. Of Mathew I know nothing. His mother, Frances Godfrey, came from Norfolk, and he may have been sent thither, and have become the ancestor of the still extant Norfolk Cufaude. John, the second son, married a co-heiress, Anne, one of the daughters of Roger Hunt of Chanson, Esq., of Bedford. He lived until 1701, and as he was born

about 1612 he must have lived to extreme old age. On the stone to his memory there is no mention of any children.

From some extracts from *The Month*, 1882, it appears that a certain Father Alexander Cufau de, a Jesuit Priest, was, in 1664, a missionary at Hereford. He sometimes called himself Francis Day, and so far as dates are concerned he might very well have been one of Simeon's five sons, one of whom was Francis, and whose grandfather was Alexander. Of the two others we have more certain information, and they were the two heroes of the family, and were amongst the bravest and the most gallant of the defenders of Basing House. To Major Edward Cufau de we are told, was entrusted the defence of the works and fortifications in the Park. His brother was a captain or Lieutenant in the Marquis's own regiment.

The siege was begun in 1643, and continued for two years. On August 11th, soon after the place was invested, Major Edward Cufau de headed a brilliant sortie, bringing off a mortar and store of arms and tools, and burning the enemy's works. And again later on, during Colonel Gage's brief rest, after his successful revictualling of the Castle, he made a second sortie, and drove the enemy out of the village, and regained the church, which they had fortified, and again destroyed their works. He perished in the general slaughter of the noble garrison after the house was taken, yet with deliberate malice, Hugh Peters says, 'Divers that laboured to escape were slain. Among others there lay dead on the ground, Major Cuffe, a man of great account amongst them, and a notorious Papist, slain by the hand of Major Harrison that Godly and gallant gentleman.'

Of the other brother, the lieutenant, we are told that on the 14th of August, he 'and that wild horseman Cornet Bryan, pulled on their big buff boots, tossed off a sufficient quantity of sack, and rode forth each at the head of twenty horse and forty musketeers, to Coudray Down, where they attacked the enemy, routed the guard of cavalry, and drove the foot from Waller's work, and chased them as far as Basingstoke.'

Captain Cufau de was more fortunate than his brother, for he was taken prisoner and his life spared. Does any one know what became of him?

There is a tradition in the family that, being recusants (as well as royalists) they had to convey their property to trustees, and the owners thereof to live abroad. They did not, however, all leave the country, for John Cufau de lies buried in the Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke, 1701, and in 1715, there was a Mr. Cufau de, still so faithful to the political creed of his house as to refuse to take the oath of allegiance to George the First.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XVI.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Aunt Anne.—We have to begin now, in all reverence I hope, to go through our ritual for what is nearly the greatest and most important of all Christian Ordinances, the one service expressly enjoined by our Lord and Master.

S. You mean, 'This do in remembrance of Me' (Luke xxii. 19).

A. Remembrance, or, as it is in the Greek, *anamnesis*, being as we are told, rather commemoration—an inward act shown by outward signs.

S. And the Apostles did keep up the Commemoration from the first, when they continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and in breaking of bread (Acts ii.).

A. 'In the breaking of the bread,' is the full translation, and again, four verses later, 'from house to house,' the words 'to house' are an interpolation. It is in 'the house.' The Revised Version renders it 'at home' but there seems reason to think it means the house, the Upper Room of the Last Supper, and where the descent of the Holy Spirit had taken place. You know it was on Mount Zion, thus accomplishing the many prophecies.

S. I have read books which say that if this Holy Communion were of the vital importance that the Church declares it to be, there would be more about it in the New Testament.

A. One answer to that is, that every person calling himself a Christian observes the first day of the week, though there is absolutely no Scriptural injunction for the change, only a few precedents, brought in incidentally. Next, that three Evangelists mention our Lord's own direct institution—and the fourth gives the discourse, explaining its necessity. That, however, is a less telling argument, because they refuse to believe that the 6th chapter of St. John has any such meaning.

S. Then there is the further mention in the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians.

A. As a regularly established rite, needing, however, that the adjuncts should be 'set in order,' no doubt that a ritual should be arranged.

S. And there is the 'breaking bread' at Troas, after Eutychus' revival (Acts xx. 11).

A. Quite enough to satisfy ourselves—though except the three passages in the Gospels, and that in the Epistle to the Corinthians, none are so clear that an objection could not controvert them. Moreover, the Greek word in 1 Tim. ii. 1, which in our Testament is translated ‘giving of thanks’ is *Eucharistia* and there is no reasonable doubt that St. Paul really meant the Holy Eucharist, and that it should be offered with the thought of Kings and all in authority. And it is the same with ‘We have an Altar’ (Heb. xiii. 10), and with those recurring visions in the Revelations where the entire Church in Heaven and earth joins in the adoration of ‘the Lamb as It had been slain’ and on which the Eucharistic liturgy is evidently moulded. All these passages strengthen and elevate those within, but would not convince those without.

S. That is, then, the direct Scriptural testimony. I suppose to that is added the witness of universal custom.

A. Yes—in every Church, everywhere, as soon as any evidence is obtained as to its practice, the Feast of the Holy Eucharist is found to be the principal act of worship, centering round the solemn repetition of our blessed Lord’s own words of consecration and administration. Even remote Churches, without a literature or history, like the Coptic and Abyssinian, and heretical ones, like the Nestorians, bear their testimony, like streams that have run underground, shewing their source by the composition of their waters.

S. Or like the Aryan languages, by their common roots of words.

A. Exactly so. The Patriarch of Constantinople in the 5th century, Proclus, believed that the Liturgy was arranged even sooner, before the parting of the twelve from Jerusalem; but St. Gregory the Great, on the other hand, thinks that the Apostles themselves used only the sentences of Consecration and the Lord’s Prayer, and from the evident irregularity of the Corinthians, I should think he was right. Learned men have held it probable that after St. Paul’s release from his first captivity at Rome, about the year 65, he may have met St. Peter, St. John, and any other surviving Apostles and companions of theirs at Ephesus, and held council, so as to arrange for the Church after they should be taken away. Then the appointments of SS. Timothy and Titus and the other bishops apparently took place, and the essential parts of the liturgy were fixed upon—

S. Liturgy properly means only Communion Office, I think?

A. Yes. It is the Greek word *Leitourgeia*, a public performance, from *leitōs* public, and *ergon*, work, a public service. The Septuagint had used it for Levitical ministrations, and St. Luke calls Zacharias’ course of service in the Temple his liturgy, so that it was natural to carry it on to the principal Christian service—‘thanksgiving.’

S. Then it is incorrect to call the whole Prayer-book the Liturgy.

A. Quite so. The Liturgy is simply the Communion Office with the Collects, Epistles and Gospels. It was formerly not in the same book with the Breviary, which as you remember was the service for the

hours, now contracted into *Matin* and *Evensong*. This was in the *Missal* or *Mass book*, a separate volume, with the variations, on special occasions, of portions of the ritual of the Holy Eucharist.

S. Eucharist is an old name too.

A. So old that it is the word St. Paul uses in 1 Cor. xi. 24, and again in xiv. 16, where it is translated 'giving of thanks' in our version, but there is every reason to believe that St. Paul was forbidding the celebration of the Holy Eucharist in an unknown tongue, because then the unlearned could not rightly say 'Amen.'

S. Holy Communion, of course, we understand as the great means of communion of the Church between her Head and the members. But how did the name *Mass* arise, and is it old?

A. *Missa* is certainly as old as the days of St. Ambrose, and must have been in established use even then. Some derive it from the Hebrew, *Missah*, which meant an offering and oblation, and I think this is more reasonable than St. Isidore's view, that it arose from the words that were said after the Gospel to the unbaptized '*Ite, missa est.*' 'Go, it is dismissal.' It does not seem likely that the whole ensuing service should be called from the previous word of dismissal!

S. All over the Western Church too!

A. Yet I believe this is the explanation preferred.

S. Lastly, there is the prayer-book name, 'The Supper of the Lord.'

A. Which was given under foreign influence in the Prayer Book of 1549; where the title of the office is 'The Supper of the Lord, and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass.'

S. It really was instituted *after* the Paschal Supper.

A. Exactly so, but in the study of the Bible, without tradition, which prevailed in the 16th century, St. Paul's directions in the 11th of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians were confused. The latter part of them, of course, from the 23rd verse, applies to the Holy Communion; but the former part, where the Lord's Supper is mentioned, regards the Agape or love feast. The Corinthians, accustomed to the idea of a feast at a sacrifice, brought to their Celebrations the food they meant to partake of, and did not even share it with their poorer brethren, though they called it a love feast, and thought it commemorated the Supper. The excess and scandal caused the custom to be dropped, though the handing-round of cakes of bread long survived. The Calvinists, in their strong desire to expunge the idea of sacrifice and to make the holy rite merely a commemorative feast, considered this passage an authority for calling it 'the Lord's Supper,' *la Cène* as the French term it.

S. The Catechism so calls it.

A. Yes; but by marking it as a Sacrament, it includes the mystery, and expresses it in the answers.

S. Are there not a great many Liturgies?

A. Yes, though all agreeing in the essential points. They are the study of a lifetime. Look at their genealogy as given by Mr. Blunt.

S. Four primitive ones. Those of S. James at Jerusalem, S. Mark at Alexandria, S. Peter at Rome, S. John and S. Paul at Ephesus. Are these Apostles held to have composed them?

A. Not certainly in their fulness. Indeed, the Romans ascribe the arrangement of the old Roman Liturgy to S. Clement, the third Bishop of Rome; but we have no absolute evidence what it was; only Justin Martyr's description of the Sunday worship.

S. What is the date of the earliest written Liturgy?

A. That I cannot tell you; but it is certain that by the third century there were many, all vernacular, and all slight variations from one or other of these parents, only altered by revisions and additions.

S. And our own?

A. First S. Leo, then S. Gelasius, then S. Gregory the Great, revised and freshly improved the Roman Liturgy of S. Peter or S. Clement. S. Augustine carried it to England; but S. Gregory was so far from wishing for absolute universal conformity that he advised the adoption of what was already in use.

S. And that, I see, the table traces to Ephesus?

A. Yes, 'Trophimus, an Ephesian,' the companion of S. Paul, was Bishop of Arles in Gaul, and the ancient Britons naturally received the Gospel through Gaul. The Keltic Churches, as we know, all had a certain similarity.

S. And more of the Saxons were converted through missions from Gaul, Scotland, and Ireland than by Augustine and his companions.

A. And as we said about the Offices for Matins and Evensong, various forms were used in different parts of the Island. Here in the South, they were the offspring of a union between the old British rite, derived from Gaul, and thence from Ephesus, and of the Roman rite, revised by Gregory the Great; so that we are the heirs of S. Peter, S. John, and S. Paul.

S. And I suppose S. Osmund's form, the Use of Sarum, was the source of our own?

A. Even so; and thence of the Scottish and American Liturgies. Like the rest of the Prayer-book our Communion Service is the Use of Sarum adapted in 1549, further altered in 1553; retouched under Elizabeth, and again in a slight degree at the Restoration.

S. Shall we have time to-day to go through the rubrics at the beginning.

A. I think we shall. They were framed for King Edward's First Prayer-book.

S. The First, nobody seems to obey.

A. In some few cases the clergy enforce it. But, as Mr. Blunt says, it was a neglect that no form was devised for giving notice; and so the habit was not formed. It is really a disadvantage, for, though in an ordinary parish, the priest knows who ought to be

Communicants, in a large parish, full of strangers, there is no safeguard against even unbaptised persons coming to the Altar.

S. The Second forbids open and notorious evil-livers. Offended is, I suppose, in the sense of scandalised, as used about 'offending one of these little ones.' Such people never do come.

A. There are cases in which this rubric has to be a guide to the minister. There must have been more before the repeal of the Test Act, which made communicating one needful qualification for most public offices.

S. The Curate is to advertise him privately however. Advertise must here mean warn. And naughty?

A. The old meaning—good-for-naught, like Jeremiah's naughty figs.

S. The further rubric of course is founded on our blessed Lord's comment on the 6th commandment. (Matt. v. 23.) The exclusion has to be notified to the Ordinary, that is, the Bishop, within fourteen days, and the Bishop is to proceed against the person according to the Canon.

A. The 26th canon or rule of the Church.

S. But can people be excommunicated now?

A. By the laws of the Church, they can. They are in some congregations in Missions. Here the rule has fallen into disuse, the godly discipline having been dropped for many reasons, on which we need not enter. And as you said before, persons do excommunicate themselves in fact. They read the rubric and are afraid to come while keeping their evil passions. And now for the last rubric, which has been, alas! a battlefield, almost every word of it.

S. 'The Table.'

A. In 1549, it was the Altar, but Bishop Hooper insisted on the alteration, because in the reaction from Rome, Calvinism would not endure the least allusion to the Commemorative Sacrifice, and insisted on putting forward simply the feast.

S. Then the place where it stands. The rubric is hardly clear.

A. The custom was, as it is in many Cathedrals still, for the communicants to go up into the chancel at 'draw near with faith.' But when there were many, as there were in Reformation days, the Table was carried down into the nave, to them, and often kept there entirely, as a denial of the Altar idea. Bishop Ridley permitted this in London, though his doctrine was not so low as that of the persons who made the change. In Elizabeth's time, hardly an Altar anywhere stood in the Chancel, but lengthways in the nave, and this led to sad desecrations.

S. I know it was Archbishop Laud who brought back the Altars to the end of the Chancel, and had them railed in; and there was a terrible opposition.

A. It was one of the victories purchased by apparent failure and by death.

S. And almost all the histories one reads speak of it as only meddling on his part.

A. Not understanding that to train people in reverent appreciation of the holy mystery was impossible while they were accustomed to treat the place of the Celebration as a common thing—putting their hats and keeping their accounts on it.

S. Was there any difficulty about it at the Restoration?

A. Where the Prayerbook was accepted in general, the Altars were replaced, though perhaps not always in remote places. Even Robert Walker, the Cumberland vicar, commemorated for his many excellences by Wordsworth and Southey, taught the village children to write on the holy table in the last century, but this was wholly out of ignorance and neglect of training in reverence.

S. It is to be covered with a fair linen cloth.

A. Fair translates the Latin *pulcher*, and therefore means beautiful, not merely clean. And the linen is used, not as the spreading of a table for a feast, but in memory of the linen clothes which wrapped our Lord's body in the sepulchre.

S. And the priest is to stand at the north side. Is not it a great matter of controversy still what that means? All clergymen do not do the same.

A. I accept one explanation that I have seen, namely, that when the rubric was framed, it contemplated the lengthwise table in the nave,—and thus the priest would have stood at the side, not the end. Many clergy, on the Restoration, adopted the custom of standing in front, towards the north, whence the Gospel was always read. The rubric is ambiguous, however, and others considered the place meant to be at the end itself, throughout the Celebration. A judgment was given to that effect in the law courts, but the further study of the whole question has tended to establish the belief that the place indicated is the front, somewhat to the north of the centre.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XII.

THREE GIANTS.

‘The solitude where Saturn reigns,
 Like some stern tyrant to just exile driven;
 Dim seen the sullen power appears
 In that cold solitude of heaven,
 And slow he drags along
 The mighty circle of long-lingering years.’

In the early part of the last century, M. de Fontenelle published a graceful little work on the plurality of worlds, which is being re-produced and edited by Mr. Proctor in *Knowledge*. A certain sage and a marchioness hold nightly conversations on the heavens, and endeavour to decide on the probability of the other worlds being inhabited. The sage, with regard to Saturn’s ring, tells her that some think it to be a collection of little moons, very close to each other, with equal motion. In saying this, he followed Cassini, and to that very theory have we returned, after a good many others held and disproved. He also tells her that, as Saturn is the extremity of the solar system, it must, in all respects, be the very opposite to Mercury. ‘And so,’ she aptly rejoins, ‘they must be very wise in Saturn, for you told me they are all fools in Mercury.’ He replies, ‘They know not what it is to laugh; they take a day’s time to answer the least question you can ask them.’ Fortunately for the chances of conversation, their days are not half as long as ours! All this shows how long it was before people gave up the idea of each planet ruling a disposition of mind. And probably we shall never be too scientific to speak of a *mercurial* disposition, a *jovial* humour, a *saturnine* temperament. By-the-bye, this marchioness presses the sage hard as to why Mars should have no moons, and has quite the best of the argument. He puts her off with the hopes of phosphoric mountains and birds like fire-flies; but she is discontented, and claims proper moons for Mars, and all the poor sage can say is, ‘When you are a little more dipped in philosophy, you will find exceptions in all things,’ and then begs her to turn from Mars to Saturn. We will do the same.

Does anyone ever think of Saturn apart from his ring? The contrast between the small dull Saturn seen by the naked eye and the glorious globe, girt with its mighty system of ring within ring, and accompanied by 8 attendant satellites, is a much more striking

one than that between Jupiter as we see him and Jupiter in a telescope.

Galileo first saw the ring in 1610, but his telescope was too weak to show him what it was. To him it looked like two attendant orbs sticking out, one on each side of the planet. He was anxious to announce this discovery, but desirous of observing it more definitely. Now it has always been a rule that he who first *publishes* a discovery is the discoverer. After that, anyone who claims it is not listened to, as a rule, because he should not have kept it to himself. So Galileo hit on a plan for gaining time, and yet giving out his discovery. He announced it exactly in these words: 'Smaismrmilme poeta leumi byne nugttaviras.' When transposed, this read, '*Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*,' or 'I have observed the furthest planet to be triple-formed.' He added, 'I have discovered two servants for this old man, who aid his steps and never quit his side.' When he looked again, he could not see the appearance, and exclaimed that, like the fabled Father of the Gods, Saturn had devoured his own children. It was 1654 before the form of the ring was determined by Huyghens; and, 32 years later, Cassini found that it consisted of two concentric rings, with an apparent break between them. A century later Sir William Herschel decided that the break was real—not an interpolated dark ring, but a vacant space. But in 1850 a much more curious discovery was made by Bond, Dawes, and Lassell. They noticed within the outer rings—i.e. between them and the planet—a dusky ring which has been called the 'crape ring,' and it is nearly certain that this ring is gradually forming itself—growing, as it were—and was really not there before.

In considering the nature of these rings, we must constantly bear in mind that the attraction of any body—such as the globe of Saturn, on any other body—such as his ring, varies inversely as the square of the distance. So that matter lying twice as near, is attracted not merely twice as strongly, but 4 times as much as that at double the distance. Now as the innermost edge of the dusky ring is about 37,560 miles nearer the planet's centre than the outer edge of the outer bright ring, it follows that the inner part is attracted much more strongly, and so moves at a greater rate, and therefore in a shorter period than the outer portions; not quite 4 times as fast, for it is not quite twice as near. And all intervening parts move at rates between these two. But the ring is an exceedingly thin one, lying like a flat silver wheel around the planet's equator. Its thickness cannot be more than 100 miles, for the smallest satellite is said to look like a pearl on a silver thread when seen against the ring's edge. Thus reckoning 37,600 miles as the width of the ring, its breadth is only the 376th part of its width. Laplace showed that so thin a ring, subjected to such different pulls on its various parts, could not long subsist as a solid whole, but would soon be pulled to pieces by gravity and the force of its rotation, which must be at such

different rates in its different parts, and the broken fragments would long ago have fallen flat on the planet, and so been lost. He thought a judicious division in the parts, with certain inequalities, might enable the ring to preserve its equilibrium. Since then it was thought to be formed of a multitude of fine rings, but even these could not long have remained intact. Then a fluid ring was invented, which could move easily about in all its parts; but it has been shown that such waves would be raised as would dash the ring to pieces. It is now believed to consist of a multitude of tiny satellites constantly circling round the Planet, with breaks here and there, notably the distinct division between the bright rings. The dusky ring is accounted for on the supposition that a certain portion of these are being drawn nearer to the planet, and circle round in a thinly-scattered ring; this idea is strengthened by the fact that the whole ring is getting thinner and wider. The two bright rings which measured 22,500 miles in Huyghens's time, have now increased by 7,000 miles, so that the dusky ring is formed of the satellites lost to the bright rings.

The globe of Saturn is in many respects so like that of Jupiter, as far as we can judge, that little need be said of it. It shines with a yellowish light, and shows blue at the poles. The belt is creamy white. It would seem to have an exceedingly dense atmosphere, influenced by great internal heat, and with very little solid matter. Under these circumstances it is idle to inquire whether Saturn is inhabited at present, which will soothe our disappointment when we learn that the glorious ring, far from being any compensation to Saturn for the dim sunlight he receives, and the long winters, lasting in some places $14\frac{3}{4}$ years of ours, is in fact a most inconvenient appendage. We must remember that Saturn casts a shadow on the ring and the ring on Saturn. Of course the sun only lightens one side of the ring and that the summer side. So that in the winter of each hemisphere the ring has its dark side towards the imaginary spectator, and the long winter nights are not enlivened by ringlight. Worse still, the ring causes an eclipse of the sun more or less every day in winter; for long periods at any given place, the sun rises and sets in eclipse only passing above the ring at midday; then come a few days of total eclipse, and when the sun rises clear there is a noonday eclipse. In summer the ring must be a beautiful sight, except that at midnight the planet's huge shadow blots out the middle of the arch of light. Upon the whole we may feel thankful that we have not been endowed with so splendid but uncomfortable an appendage!

Owing to our position with regard to Saturn, we see the rings in very different attitudes. Twice in each of its years, i.e. in $29\frac{1}{2}$ of ours, we see the rings edgewise as a mere line, which occasionally disappears for a short time, and Saturn seems ringless. This will happen in 1891, but as the planet will be in conjunction with the sun, it will not be observed. Sometimes we see the rings beautifully opened, and can observe all their divisions. Such an appearance

Saturn presented in the early part of this year (1885). In October of this year he is in Perihelion, and so gets his brightest light, and in December he is in opposition, and thus at his very nearest to the earth. Therefore every one who has the chance should direct a telescope to Saturn this year, for it will not be so well seen again for nearly 15 years.

Were it not for his rings, no doubt we should make much of Saturn's 8 satellites—the largest is 450 miles larger in diameter than any of Jupiter's. The following table may be useful.

Name.	Date of Discovery.	Discoverer.	Probable Diameter in miles.	Distance from Saturn's surface in miles.	Period of Revolution round Primary.
I. Mimas	1789	Sir W. Herschel	1000	80,000	dys. hrs. m. 22 37
II. Enceladus	1789	Sir W. Herschel	1000	114,000	1 8 53
III. Tethys	1684	Cassini	1500	149,000	1 21 18
IV. Dione	1684	Cassini	1500	201,000	2 17 41
V. Rhea	1672	Cassini	2000	295,000	4 12 25
VI. Titan	1655	Huyghens	4000	734,000	15 22 41
VII. Hyperion	1848	Bond & Lassell	800	897,000	21 7 28
VIII. Japetus	1671	Cassini	3000	2,187,000	79 7 54

It is a curious fact that when Huyghens had found Titan, he left off looking for moons, because this discovery brought up the number of planets known to 12, which being a perfect number, must not be disturbed. The original objection to Jupiter's satellites was that they altered the perfect number 7. But as 12 is just as much made up of 3 and 4 by multiplication, as 7 is by addition, he restored peace to men's minds, and he decided that there *were* no more than 12 planets, because there *could* be no more. If the times of revolution given in the preceding table are examined, a remarkable proportion will be found between them, as follows:—

Multiply the period of No. I. by 2, and you have the period of No. III. Multiply No. II. by 2, and you have No. IV. Multiply I. by 5, or II. by 3, and you have the period of No. V. Multiply I. by 17, and No. VI. is the result. $I \times 24 = VII.$ Lastly the period of No. II. $\times 58$; or No. IV. $\times 29$ equals the period of VIII.

If one could take one's choice of a few days' visit to any one of the planetary orbs, surely Mimas would be chosen. There, only 30,000 miles off would be the great bright ring seen as a brilliant line of light, extending about half way across the sky. Within it, the huge globe of Saturn, subtending an angle of 37° , or more than a tenth of the whole circle of the heavens, 5000 as large as the moon looks to us, would go through all the phases of our moon in less than a day of our

time; and one or more of the 7 exterior satellites would always light up the night side of Mimas.

All the primary planets hitherto described had been known from all time—and no one suspected that there could be any more—and yet all these centuries there has been an orb circling round the heavens, with a motion so slow that the infant of 7 years old to whom it might be shown, could hardly hope to see it complete one circle; for he would be 91, and his eyes must be good enough to discern a star of the 5th magnitude, since as such the planet Uranus had often been noted on charts, by astronomers. Lemonier saw it 12 times, but as he never, like the Editor in *Pickwick*, 'combined his information,' he did not suspect it of being a planet. Lemonier is a fearful warning against untidiness in keeping notes—he wrote his on anything that came to hand, old hair-powder bags, or anything.

However, about the year 1774, 'Mr. William Herschel of Bath,' having constructed a telescope of high powers, began to sweep the heavens, with a resolve to 'see everything with his own eyes.' He was organist of the fashionable Octagon Chapel at Bath, and he varied his musical duties, which included pupils and public concerts, by constructing and using telescopes of strong powers.

His young sister, Carolina, his brother Alexander, and even sometimes visitors to the house, were pressed into the service of polishing the mirrors for these telescopes. For seven years he diligently and systematically examined every quarter of the heavens, with higher and higher powers. This work was sometimes carried on between the acts of the theatre. He was not looking for planets, he was only 'seeing for himself,' and so it came to pass that on the night of the 13th of March, 1781, examining the constellation Gemini, 'a new and singular star,' swept into the field of his telescope. His practised eye was 'struck with its uncommon appearance.' He put on a higher power, and, had it been a star, it must have looked smaller, though brighter. On the contrary it looked larger, and for a short time he supposed it to be a comet, so unparalleled was the idea of a new major planet. Indeed the paper announcing it is headed, 'Account of a Comet;' but he soon found by computing its orbit that it was a planet. George III. was so excited at the discovery, that he sent for 'Mr. Herschel of Bath,' and his telescope, to see the New World. His authority in the earthly 'New World' was then tottering to its fall, the Empire of our American Colonies was to be wrested from him, but here was a whole world to console him, and the grateful astronomer named it the *Georgium Sidus*. Poor old King! His domination over the planet was more short-lived still; after an effort to name it from its discoverer, it settled down into the heathen name, Uranus, by which we know it. George III. gave Herschel a pension and also £4000 to enable him to build his great 40 feet telescope at Slough, where he devoted the rest of his life to his beloved astronomy. When the King was thanked for his bounty, he is said to

have replied, 'I furnish the sinews of war, because it is necessary; I command those for science, because it is a pleasure; they cost no tears but are the glory of mankind.'

When we consider that since its discovery Uranus has only completed one revolution, it will not surprise us to learn how little is known of him. We know that he is a giant planet, his diameter being some 32,000 miles—not nearly half that of Saturn, so that he is the smallest of the four giants. So fearful is his solitude in Heaven, that his nearest neighbour, Saturn, is further from Uranus than from the earth. His brightest planet is a dimmer Saturn, while the sun to him is only about twice the apparent diameter that Venus presents to us when nearly at her largest. When we learn that the average density of Uranus is about that of ice, we feel that we can well believe it. Four moons circle round it, almost at right angles to the plane of its orbit, and therefore with a motion very different from that of all other bodies hitherto enumerated. They can hardly be said to have any east or west motion at all; but it seems very likely also that Uranus has its axis nearly in the plane of its orbit, so that it rotates as it were lying down, its equator being tilted up; and in this case the moons merely circle round the peculiarly placed equator of Uranus; but of this rotation we have as yet no direct proof, owing to the difficulty of perceiving any features whatsoever beyond a dull red disc. However, last year grey belts were observed, supposed to lie on each side of the equator; but the results from different observations were so different, it is hardly safe to rely on them, except that the Equator would seem not to be in quite the same direction as the orbits of the satellites. If these belts are carefully observed, no doubt we shall soon know in what time Uranus rotates on his axis.

Of the 4 moons, the outer ones, Titania and Oberon were discovered by Herschel in 1787. They revolve round their primary in about $8\frac{1}{2}$ and $13\frac{1}{2}$ days respectively. Herschel thought he had found 4 more; 3 beyond Oberon's one within Titania's orbit. None of them were seen again till after Sir William Herschel's death, so that no decision was possible. He was *sure* of those two, and sure there were more. Mr. Lassell in 1847 and 1848 proved that there are no satellites beyond Oberon, and he found two distinct ones within Titania's orbit, which he named Ariel and Umbriel, neither of which, he thought, was Herschel's, though some think Herschel may have combined two single observations of these moons into one satellite with a different orbit. Some people, wishing to be impartial, accept all Herschel's 6, and Mr. Lassell's 2, and make 8! which is undoubtedly wrong.

But if we consider Uranus solitary, what of the desolate orb we are next called on to survey. For some time after Uranus was discovered, the words of the poet Coleridge respecting it were believed.

'Nor shalt thou escape my sight,
Who at the threshold of the sun-trod domes
Art trembling, youngest daughter of the night.'

Just two years after these words were written, a very faint telescopic star was seen and noted; being afterwards lost, it was supposed the observation was a mistake, not that the star had *moved on* and proved itself a planet. Thus there was a near chance of the discovery of Neptune, 14 years after that of Uranus, if only observers would have believed their eyes. There was soon, however, an outcry that Uranus was not pursuing exactly the path decreed for it, it was generally a little in advance of its predicted place. Somewhere about 1830 this acceleration changed gradually into a retarded motion. Uranus hung back in his orbit; and people began to talk of an exterior planet as the probable cause.

The story has often been told, of how the orbit and probable position of that planet was first calculated in England, the planet itself first seen through an English telescope, and yet the honour of the discovery was taken from us by France, in accordance with the law that he who first publishes a discovery is the rightful discoverer. Adams, a young senior wrangler at Cambridge, completed all the enormous calculations necessary, and even pointed out where the planet would be found. He sent his papers to the Astronomer-Royal at Greenwich, who seemed to argue on the principle 'Is Saul also among the prophets?' Can such an inspiration have been vouchsafed to any but the accredited official staff of astronomers? This was in September 1845. Unknown to them, Le Verrier was working out the same problem in France; but he was not nearly as forward as Adams, and his announcement was not made until 9 months afterwards. Thus 9 precious months had been lost, in which the planet, if anyone with a suitable telescope had looked for it, must have been found. Adams's papers lay idly at Greenwich. Le Verrier published his, and *then* Adams was believed in, and Le Verrier was very much irritated to find the problem had been worked, and worked much better than by him. Then astronomers began to search, and again an Englishman, Challis, saw the planet, but was not sure of it, until Le Galle, at Berlin, saw it on the 23rd of September, 1846, and *was* sure of it. All this is nearly 40 years ago, and the lazy planet has not got through a quarter of one year. 164 yrs. 226 days of ours make its year, so that truly the eye which sees it set forth on its annual journey will never see its close. Since the Christian era, Neptune has only completed 11 years, and is now in its 12th. The sun, from Neptune, looks about the size of the planet Venus to us; he has only one moon of which we know, and it goes round from east to west, instead of west to east. It must be remembered that every known body in the solar system both rotates and revolves from west to east, except the satellites of Uranus and Neptune and some comets. As the light and heat of Neptune are only a thousandth part of ours, we cannot even dimly imagine what life under such circumstances could be like. The stars must shine perpetually in the everlasting twilight of Neptune; but yet one bright particular star among the others sheds a distinct though feeble

light of its own on the planet's surface, and must mark a difference in light from its rising to its setting—a rather darker night must begin when it sets, illumined sometimes by one pale satellite, and possibly by smaller ones as yet undetected. Still, at this enormous distance of 2,796 millions of miles, or 30 times the earth's distance, that star-like sun exercises its influence as surely on Neptune as on his nearer children, so that it is just as impossible for him to resist the attraction, differing in degree but not in kind, which causes him to move on his slow journey in his enormous and nearly circular path, as it would be for Mercury to escape from the mighty force which rules him in his orbit.

When Divine Wisdom vouchsafed to compare God manifested to man, to the sun ruling the day, did He not, as it were, call on the old sun-worshippers to tune their idol hymns to 'some celestial melody'?

'Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo here the "Unknown God" of thy unconscious praise.'

But, though the sun's light, heat, and life-giving power might well strike all men as a fitting likeness of Him whose countenance is 'as the sun shineth in His strength,' it is only we of these latter days who can fully appreciate the type of the sun's attraction—quite as perfect in its way as the other, that attraction which draws every planet on its path, some near and rapid in their motions, some far off and well-nigh invisible, with slower, more halting steps—this power, which can be traced as overruling, not only the movements of each planet on its rightful path, but every deviation from that path; which, though the actual courses of all the planets are constantly changing, yet rules all those changes for good. Is not this indeed a likeness of Him who 'draws all men' unto Him, not only those who are near, but those who are 'afar off'; Who, though He is not careless of the perfect, is not forgetful of the feeble; Who 'will not withdraw His eyes from those who serve Him imperfectly, nor hide His face from those who follow at a distance'; Who overrules for good even our wanderings; Who, though He changes with infinite variety His modes of working, yet never alters His original intention? Truly the heavens are ever telling the glory of God by their ceaseless obedience to His laws.

'All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir,
Opened in mystic unison
To last till time expire.'

BOG-OAK.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUDAN.

Camp, Tami, March 12, 1885.

MY DEAR —,

On the 24th February, when we were within easy reach of Abu Hamed, we suddenly got the order to return, which was, of course, a very great disappointment to us all, after having worked up the most difficult part of the river, and come within reach of the convoy we expected from Korosko. Also had we gone on we should have had the wind with us, after Abu Hamed, as the prevailing wind is from the north, so that since we left Debbah it was against us all the way. A spy brought us in word that there were 70,000 waiting entrenched for us at Abu Hamed; these might be reduced to 7,000 however, and we knew from our experience at Kirbikan that we should have no difficulty in turning them out with our four regiments, about 500 strong each, and all real good healthy men, as any who were at all weak had been weeded out on our journey up the Nile.

It was now that our real danger on the river began, as, if we touched a rock at the pace we should go down-stream, it would be a serious accident. The first day a boat of the 46th sank; she ran on a rock, and they had just got out the crew and rifles when she went down bodily; the men behaved, as a rule, with great presence of mind when the boats struck. About three planks were generally knocked in, even in ordinary water; but in every case except one they managed to keep up the boat by baling, and got her to shore, where she was either repaired or scuttled; the column lost about twenty boats altogether, and three lives. I am sorry to say the men that were lost belonged to my company. We came suddenly round a corner to a place where the water rushed between two rocks about eight feet apart, with a drop of fully five feet, a regular foaming torrent. It was quite safe if you kept straight, but when you got through, there was a strong backwater on each side that would bring the boat smash up against the rocks below. The only way to steer straight through it was to have a man with a paddle in the bows, as the rudder was clear out of water a great part of the time. We had sixty Canadians altogether, only enough for a small number of the boats, and mine was without one.

I saw the boat in front of me taken by the backwater clean up on to the rocks, smashing her bows completely in two; the bowsman jumped out and endeavoured to hold her on to the rocks, but she slipped back and he was pulled in clinging on to her; she filled with water and sank almost immediately; eight of the crew were picked up, and one who was lying wounded on a stretcher, kept himself up

by holding on to an empty box and was pulled in to shore ; he is all right now, and on his way down the river. Three were drowned—the colour-sergeant, a sergeant and a private ; the colour-sergeant is always the oldest and best sergeant in the company, and the secretary and right hand man of the officer commanding it, and this man's death will be a great loss to me, for I have been in command of the company since Kirbekan.

Twenty-one men in the company have been *hors-de-combat*, eighteen of them at Kirbekan ; I had recommended the private who was drowned for distinguished conduct in the battle. When we got to Merawi we had a big review of the column and march past ; the General said, among other things, that the way in which the column had worked and behaved in action, would be a matter for future history, and it would not be his fault if Lord Wolseley was not made aware of it. I certainly don't think the soldiers, if indeed the sailors, of any other nation could have worked up and down the river ; that part of it had never been navigated before at low Nile, and the proof of how little was known about it is, that the map was completely wrong.

There is no doubt Lord Wolseley attempted what was almost impossible ; Napoleon failed with 24,000 men, Lord Wolseley had 8,000 ; still the general opinion is that Khartoum might have been relieved if General Stewart had not been wounded. This caused some delay ; had they been able to push on at once, it is thought the moral effect of a few British soldiers in the town would have been so great that it might have been saved.

Of course we do not look forward with very much pleasure to spending the summer up here ; still we are about as fit as we can be to begin with, and for the present are enjoying great luxury, not having to stand to our arms for an hour before daybreak every morning ; also it is a great thing being able to take your clothes off, and sleep in pyjamas, after sleeping every night for three months with your uniform, boots, sword, and loaded revolver on, just behind your company, ready to jump up at any moment. Sometimes we stood to our arms two or three times during the night, as small bodies of the enemy used to come prowling about.

I did not like this part of the work at all, especially on outlying piquet, when we had to walk about all night. If we fight any more I must say I hope it will be by daylight.

We are hard at work now building mud huts and straw shades for ourselves, to keep out the sun. We have also started an officer's mess, which is a great luxury after living so long with the men and on the same rations, though it will be rather expensive. We are trying to buy things from the natives as far as possible ; we have got some sheep and are starting a fowl-yard, and building a fine hut for it, with very thick thatch to keep the sun out, and verandahs.

Indian officers here think that there is no doubt there will be a war with Russia ; it shows the soundness of Lord Beaconsfield's policy,

and how completely he checkmated Russia by his Afghan war, and would have checkmated her altogether if he had been allowed to carry out his project of a scientific frontier and a railway to Candahar. There is no doubt England is seriously threatened, though I am sure she will pull through all right. Mahomedanism is so strong in this country, that it is thought even if there is war in Russia we shall stay on, as it would lower us in the eyes of Afghans and Mussulmen of India if we retired now. If we take Khartoum in the autumn I think we shall stick to the river all the way; General Stewart's column had an awful time of it in the desert, and have been straggling in on their feet. We always had water to drink anyhow, though I often did not change my clothes for a week. The evening before Kirbekan, H—— and I had a bathe under difficulties, the enemy began firing at our outlying picquets, which were near us; we thought it would be rather an inglorious ending to be shot naked while bathing, so we got behind the rocks while undressing, and kept our heads very low in the water: the night of Kirbekan they relaxed a little, and I had a bathe.

I wonder what people at home think of our fight at Kirbekan, out here it is thought rather important, as it is the first time we have beaten them at close quarters, and turned them out of a strongly entrenched position on heights with the bayonet: it shows that if met in anything like even numbers they are no match for us, and that it was only sheer weight of numbers that broke the squares before; certainly when we got among them they could not stand against our men, they had not the same strength or muscle, and though fighting with the greatest bravery, had to give way, although they were a picked body sent to stop us.

The Canadians say that no men could row better than ours now; when the boat in front of mine was going down my men behaved very well, if we had gone on we should have come smash into her, but they back-watered on one side and pulled on the other, turning our boat in a very strong current, so as to let her drop down quietly stern foremost.

I am afraid this is irrelevantly written, but there is a tremendous wind blowing through my tent, and the sheets are flying all about.

13th.—Lord Wolseley inspected us this morning, and said he intended to advance in one big column in the autumn, and show people what British soldiers can do. I hope you are all well at home; our mails were all stopped at Korosko, but we expect them up on the 15th; the last letter I got was written a few days after Christmas.

I hope —— got a short letter I wrote after Kirbekan. I am as well as I can be now, and hope to stand the summer well; they say it always gets cool at night in the desert; we are seven miles from Korti, in a place chosen for its healthy situation; we have five ponies, and I had a ride into Korti the other day.

Camp, Tami, March 21.

Thank you very much for your letter of congratulation of Feb. 17. I am very glad to hear the wolf's skin was a success; if we go on to Berber I might get a lion skin, as there are plenty of lions about there; I have passed several places on the river where there are hippopotami, though I have not seen any yet, but we passed lots of crocodiles, and once I very nearly got a shot at one. I saw a very fine one shot by Lord Avonmore, who has since died of fever; their hide is worth a good deal, about the most durable there is.

No one knows exactly what is going to happen out here now; Berber seems inclined to give up; indeed, I think it must have some effect on the Arabs that they have never met us yet without getting an awful thrashing, and they cannot tell that we have any losses, as we always remain in possession of the field.

My duties as correspondent ceased when I got here; the *Daily* — used to put me down as its special correspondent, and it was rather fun reading my own telegrams. It is pleasant enough now, not at all too hot as yet. Please tell — that the books she speaks of sending would be very acceptable, but there is no use sending newspapers, as all except seven for the officers of each regiment each week, and sixteen for the men, have been stopped on account of their immense weight.

My servant and another man in my company are to have the distinguished conduct medal on my recommendation, the former followed me up the hill at Kirbekan when severely wounded, and continued fighting after he had received a second wound, firing steadily and well; he was on a stretcher in my boat once when she was nearly swamped, and I had only just time to lift him out before the water reached him; I am glad to say he is doing well, and is on his way down the river.

Camp, Tami, March 26, 1885.

I have to thank you for your letter of Feb. 26. I should be very glad of any interesting bits cut out of the papers, but you cannot send newspapers, as, to facilitate parcels post, they only allow seven per week for each regiment; so we take the *Weekly Times* and six other weekly papers, and as one of us has the leaders and telegrams from the *Times* sent every day we are not badly off.

When first starting to come down the river my boat had a pretty good smash, as we had hardly gone 200 yards before she came slap on to a sunken rock: the water was perfectly smooth above, and there was no indication whatever of it, but three planks were at once knocked in, and she began filling with water and sinking. Three of us at once jumped out and held her on to the rock while the others baled, and three boats soon came to our assistance. We got out my wounded servant first, and then the rifles, ammunition, bedding and the rest of the stores. We tied the towing line to another boat, and I told them to row her to land and haul us in: we then lifted her off

the rock, and by dint of baling hard with buckets the whole way, we just managed to get her in all right. Orders had been previously issued that a specially sharp look-out was to be kept, and any damaged boats that could not be quickly repaired were to be abandoned and scuttled, so as not to delay the column. I think most of the accidents happened in the same way, though some of the boats sank before reaching land, the crew and stores, with one exception, being saved: these accidents occurred in ordinary water, which fact will give you some notion of the strength of the current. There were some empty boats told off to act as a rear guard, and I bivouacked with them that night on an island: we rowed a certain distance in the dark, but put in as it was too dangerous, and also there was the risk of being cut off.

Lord Wolseley passed through here last night on his way down. We have a big camp now: the brigade is called the 'Ambukol Column' and consists of the 50th (Kent), 56th (Essex), ourselves, Egyptian Artillery, Naval Brigade, and two companies of Mounted Infantry. As Korti is to be abandoned, the hospital has been brought here from thence. Twenty-five camels were captured yesterday by our outposts, and a spy was shot at Korti, which looks as if the Mahdi had thoughts of coming down here. I think it would be much better if we could smash him up here, as higher up they would have traps and ambushes laid for us, and there is no doubt they are fortifying themselves, and have discovered that the spear is no use against us, and that they must practise with the rifle; their rifles are not much worse than ours, and with their artillery, their knowledge of the country, and overwhelming numbers, they have enormous advantages when on the defensive; they have also several Europeans among them who instruct them and keep them supplied with news. They are an example of a warlike race, trained to fight with modern arms, and our advantages in discipline and manœuvring disappear to a great extent in attacking entrenchments.

We were in rather a nasty position when shooting the cataracts below the Shukoob Pass, as we saw the natives above us with rifles and spears; however, they seemed afraid to fire, and hid themselves; we had plugs ready to fill up any bullet holes that might be made in the boats, and two marksmen with ready loaded rifles in the bows of each boat; but our great object was to get down the river.

The enormous losses at Suakim are very sad; though if they succeed in laying a railway from thence to Berber, I think it might settle the whole question, as it would completely open the trade of the Soudan and we should have the outlet in our hands.

You ask me what I look like. I got very sun-burnt indeed, and my face was beginning to crack from the sun, but it has got all right since I came into camp, though I am still very bronzed, and likely to remain so; some of the men's faces were in a fearful state. I have grown a beard, as I found it impossible to keep my razors in order

going up the river, and one of the —th who joined us here did not know me, but I am sure any of you would know me fast enough. It is beginning to get warm now, but I am glad to say I am keeping very well, and so are all the men. The river begins to rise in June, and they say that then it gets much healthier, and that also the water gets better; we draw it all from the middle of the river and have it filtered, and it seems pretty good. F. says the pictures of the wells rather upset his notions of desert scenery; but they are the exception, and I think most of it is what he imagines, all sand and mirage. It is very good of everyone at home to keep me so well supplied with letters; we look forward very eagerly to the post here, as it is a bit monotonous; of course we *always* look forward, but all the more when doing nothing particular.

28th.—I have just been to see ——— and ——— off in the Yarrow boat; they were both in good spirits at going home, and were not suffering much pain; the former had the bullet extracted about three weeks ago, and is doing well; he had a compound fracture, and C. has had two fingers off; the bullet went through his wrist. Another officer was on board who had lost his leg, and a young fellow of ours who had had his hand off above the wrist. It seems sad young fellows in the prime of life losing their limbs like this, but it must be a consolation to their friends that it was in doing their duty.

I am on outpost duty to-night; the regiments take it in turn, half a regiment going on outlying picquet and half on inlying, and between that and building huts we are by no means idle.

March 29.

Talking of Irishmen, the 18th are a wonderfully fine regiment, tall and well set up, and work well; most of them come from Tipperary, but taken all round the troops up here are a very fine lot; we have a draft of 250 men coming out to us; I don't know how they will stand the climate; and our new commanding officer is on his way up; I rather dread the hot months up here, and think longingly of the time I spent with you last summer. We are all very keen to go to India if there is a campaign, but I am afraid there will be no such luck for us, as even if we are relieved here by Turkish troops, we are bound to have some regiments in Egypt proper. I think Afghanistan would be a better country than this for a campaign, more fertile and not so sandy. We had a big church parade this morning: do you remember the one I attended with you last summer?

We heard the news yesterday of the reserve and militia being embodied, which is a very good thing. I am sure the best way to prevent war is to show we are ready for it, and that is what they are doing.

Our rations here consist of beef and bread, the latter not very well baked; we also have tea, but our sugar and salt have run short.

We supplement these rations with sheep, milk, and dates, and a few eggs, but these last are scarce; the sheep are pretty good, and we get jams and a few tinned things from Greeks at exorbitant prices. Tinned cocoa and milk are the best. I never knew the moon was such a blessing till I came to do outpost duty; we look forward to full-moon most eagerly. We expect the mail in to-day, but I think I shall have to send this before it arrives.

April 4, 1885.

We had a great scare a few mornings ago. While on brigade parade, about 6.30 A.M., the natives of Ambukol came rushing in, having left their effects behind, and said the Mahdi was coming down on them. We were at once made up in ammunition, and were ready to turn out at a moment's notice; and some of the Hussars galloped off to find out the cause of the alarm, which, however, was found to exist only in the imaginations of the natives.

We have had a very war-like looking mess hitherto, in a straw hut which we put up, the table and seats consisting of ammunition boxes (filled); but yesterday we put in a table and stools made of 'Nile boat store' boxes. The last three days have been very pleasant, as we have had a north wind blowing, and it has been comparatively cool. When the wind is from the south it is very hot and unpleasant, though not so much so as in Cairo, as it is fairly dry and at Cairo it is fearfully damp from coming across marches.

We live very tolerably now, all things considering; occasionally we get rice, which is a great luxury, and we make dhurra porridge for breakfast; this is a very good substitute for oatmeal, but we are trying to get oatmeal up, and also groceries and other stores. It is rather difficult now, but will be easier when the railway is made as far as Dal, for the worst cataracts between this and Sarras will then have been got over.

Some of the —th got an enormous crocodile the other day, 15 feet 11 inches long, and a tremendous breadth, with immense arms. I had no notion they were such huge powerful creatures.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

'So turns he every man the wrong side out.'

Una. Can a man be called great who has neither humility nor self-control?

Aimar. Why do you ask?

U. I have been reading Froude's last two volumes of *Carlyle's Memoirs*,—his 'Life in London;' I thought he was a great man, but certainly his biographer has gone far to destroy that belief. What can be less like real greatness than the picture of his daily life 'making a domestic earthquake and driving his wife distracted, because a piano-forte sounded too loud in the adjoining house?' And that is but one of the slight touches continually recurring, showing plainly enough the home-misery caused, both to himself and others, by his inconsiderate selfishness.

A. And yet I think he was essentially noble, generous, and tender-hearted.

U. Tender-hearted! when it is rare to find a good word for any one, in all the judgments of others recorded in these memoirs. Could anyone truly generous see something in everyone's good to be evil-spoken of? Where is the nobility of possessing a hawk's eye for defects in all men? He cannot even write of taking pleasure in nature without a hit at his kind, as when he says: 'I know from my boyhood all the mountains, etc., fifty miles round, and have liberty to converse with these; the human species not having any right to trouble me with its foolish speech.' Or again: 'the empty, grinning apéry of common-place creatures, and their loud inanities ought to be more and more shut out from us as the eternities draw nigh.'

A. Carlyle's letters are full of such sentiments, which one can call nothing but insolent. And I put aside as absurd Froude's excuse for his home rages, that 'men of genius have acuter feelings than common men; they are like the wind-harp, which answers to the breath that touches it, now low and sweet, now rising into wild swell or angry scream, as the strings are swept by some passing gust.' Really, if he were not writing of his idol, one would think his words were ironical. It is generally supposed that a man must be master of himself to win respect, not a passive instrument, to be played upon by every gust of passion. But I do not think anyone who was not tender-hearted at bottom could have written as he did to his wife, or suffered as he did from the remembrance of his faults towards her.

And I cannot give up my belief in his real nobility and generosity of character.

U. You are kinder to him than he was to others. Much allowance may be made for temper, aggravated by bodily irritation, but what can be said of his sitting down deliberately to write of others as he did? For instance: 'Roebuck Robespierre was there, an acrid, sandy, barren character, dissonant speaking, dogmatic, trivial, with a singular exasperation, restlessness as of diseased vanity written over his face.' Or even of a friend:—'Mill is very friendly. He is the nearest approach to a real man that I find here. It is next to an impossibility that a London-born man should not be a stunted one. Most of them, as Hunt, are dwarfed and dislocated into the merest imbecilities.' Of another he writes to his brother: 'X. was there, a most jerking, distorted, violent, vapid, brown-gipsy piece of self-conceit, and green-roomism.' There are pages of the like writing, which are really like nothing but the speeches of the 'scurrilous Grecian,' Thersites, in which there is no greatness or clearness of description, only a diseased vision fastening itself upon every minute sore, and magnifying it. Even of Wordsworth the best he can find to say is that he is 'a genuine kind of man, but intrinsically and extrinsically a *small* one,' and then he proceeds to ferret out certain foibles which to Carlyle were apparent in the venerable poet and teacher.

A. His philosophy certainly did not make him lenient to his kind. Among the scores of criticisms on Carlyle which have appeared, I have somewhere seen it said, that whereas a statesman is judged by his policy, and a painter, actor, dramatist, and even author by their works (so long as the author does not pose as prophet or teacher), the case is entirely different when a writer vehemently denounces much which we have venerated, and 'sets up to teach a new gospel, to be a guide and philosopher to others. Then we rightly ask, what was the outcome of his doctrines in himself, how did his 'gospel' work. And I think that to have this out is the best lesson to be learned from these painful volumes.

U. What *was* his creed? to me it seems all confusion.

A. I think it might almost be summed up in the words of Holy Writ: 'Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth.' To this he held fast, yet not through belief in Revelation, but because he saw it in the history of the world, and counted those as fools who were blind to it. He was of course influenced by his early education; we are told that 'his mind had been formed in his father's house, upon the Old Testament and the Presbyterian creed—the latter with its inevitable Arian element.

U. The Jewish history seems to have taken a strong hold on his mind.

A. It became to him 'the symbol of all history.' I think we cannot always take Mr. Froude as an infallible interpreter of Carlyle, but I imagine that we may gather his belief with fairness from this book, and that we ought to try to do so, and then, to note fairly and

clearly, its effect upon his own heart and upon his dealings with others.

Carlyle believed, we are told, that the 'Jewish history contained a faithful account of the dealings of God with man in all countries and in all ages. As long as men kept God's commandments it was well with them; when they forgot God's commandments and followed after wealth and enjoyment, the wrath of God fell upon them. Rights men had none, save to be governed justly. Duties waited for them everywhere. Their business was to find what those duties were and faithfully fulfil them. They must seek first God's kingdom; they must be loyally obedient to the law written on their consciences. For the sick body and sick soul of modern Europe there was but one remedy, the old remedy of the Jewish prophets, repentance and moral amendment. He had stript himself of 'formulas' and flung them fiercely away from him.'

U. I suppose that by 'formulas' is meant the creed of the whole Church throughout the world.

A. I am afraid so. 'In the record of God's law as he had been able to read it,' Mr. Froude says, 'he had found no commendation of symbols of faith, of church organisation, or methods of government.' Mr. Froude does not tell us *what* records he had searched in which none of these are to be found, but goes on to say, truly enough I imagine: 'Struggling thus in pain and sorrow he desired to tell the modern world that, destitute as it and its affairs appeared to be of divine guidance, God or Justice was still in the middle of it, sternly inexorable as ever; that modern nations were as entirely governed by God's law as the Israelites had been in Palestine, laws self-acting and inflicting their own penalties, if man neglected or defied them. You shall reverence your Almighty Maker. You shall speak truth. You shall do justice to your fellow men. If you set truth aside for conventional and convenient lies; if you prefer your own pleasure, your own will, your own ambition, to purity and manliness and justice, and submission to your Maker's commands, there are whirlwinds still provided in the constitution of things which will blow you to atoms. To him God's existence was not an arguable probability, a fact dependent for its certainty on Church authority, but an awful reality to which the fate of nations, the fate of each individual man bore perpetual witness. Here and only here lay the sanction, and the meaning of the word duty. We were to do our work, not because it would prove expedient, and we should be rewarded for doing it, but because we were bound to do it by our Master's orders. We were to be just and true, because God abhorred wrong and hated lies, and because an account of our deeds and words was literally demanded and exacted from us.'

U. His was too deep a soul not to feel the debt which man is incurring by sin, but he seems to have known of nothing save remorse and self-efforts after amendment to cancel it, never seems for

a moment to have thought that, 'contracted in the currency of earth,' One had 'paid it in the currency of heaven, steeping in the glory of His divine personality all of human that He wrought.'* What can be sadder than to read those two volumes,—the story for forty years of a man ever trying to make to himself heroes in history who would satisfy him by their strength and power, and consistency of purpose; and to find in them not so much as an allusion to the One perfect Man, Who, travelling in the greatness of His strength, came upon the strong man armed, overcame him and divided his spoils, holding henceforth for ever the keys of hell and of death.

A. Perhaps this silence may be accounted for by Carlyle's perceiving that men must either accept 'the faith of the Church about the Lord; or else renounce the Lord of glory as a deceiver or a deceived,' and that 'every other position but one of these, is merely one of transition,' and 'logically untenable.'* There is just one allusion to Him in these volumes in the following terribly mournful words:—'Yes, the Redeemer liveth. He is no Jew, or image of a man . . . but the unnameable Maker of us, voiceless, formless within our own soul, whose voice is every noble and genuine impulse of our souls.' That dim, fantastic, incomprehensible nothing would he fain see take the place of the Son of Mary, the Light of the World, Which was from the beginning, Whom His friends had heard, had seen with their eyes, had looked upon, and Whom their hands had handled—the Word of Life.

U. Oh! if there be men who, bewildered by so-called philosophic speculations, imagine that they have found truth in some vague theory of their own, how can they believe that the poor, the heavy-laden, the suffering can ever find rest in them, or that such theories could ever become to mankind what historical Christianity has been! Yet we are gravely told that Carlyle was uneasy lest he ought 'to be explicit in that great matter, and *sketch the outlines of a creed* which might hereafter be sincerely believed.'

A. We are told in big words that for him 'dogma and tradition had melted like a mist, and the awful central fact burnt clear once more in the midst of heaven;' and, in plainer ones:—'He did not believe in historical Christianity. He did not believe that the facts alleged in the Apostles' creed had ever really happened . . . The soul of it was eternally true, but it had been bound up in a mortal body,' which body being now 'perishing, the soul . . . was suspected not to be a soul at all; half mankind were rushing off into materialism . . . the other half pretending to believe, and becoming hypocrites.' He saw well enough that, 'without a spiritual belief—a belief in a Divine being, in the knowledge of whom and obedience to whom mortal welfare alone consisted—the human race must degenerate into brutes.' He 'longed, therefore,' we are told 'that the windows of the shrine should be washed clean, and the light of heaven let into it.'

U. That is, to use plain words, that the two sections into which he had divided mankind, materialists and hypocrites, should resort to him, Carlyle, to be instructed in the mystical 'soul' which was to survive the body of lies, in which he taught that it had been clothed for eighteen hundred years, and to this 'soul' they were to hold them fast, and in it find satisfaction for all longings, and inspiration to all noble deeds, under pain of spiritual anarchy, and eternal destruction and misery, besides uttermost scorn from their master, poured forth in language compared with which the Thersites' vein is mild. And then Froude tells us that Bishop Wilberforce and Carlyle 'thought, at bottom, on serious subjects very much alike.'

A. Still he saw plainly that belief in revelation 'was so bound up with the national moral convictions that the sense of duty could not be separated from it.' He also 'saw that there was nothing to take its place but the gospel of progress which he thought falser still,' since 'his own opinions seemed to be taking no hold. He had cast his bread upon the waters, and it was not returning to him, and the exodus' (from old beliefs) 'appeared less entirely desirable.' Also, and this is happy, we are told, that in his old age the rapid growth of materialism had in some degree modified the views which Carlyle had held in early and middle life. Then the 'exodus' had seemed as if it might lead immediately into a brighter region. *He had come to see that it would be but an entry into a wilderness.* . . . Sometimes, the old fierce note revived . . . Sometimes, and more often as he grew older, he wished the old shelter to be left standing, as long as a roof remained over it.' In 1868, he writes of the followers of Science, 'falsely so called, poor Comtism, ghastliest of Algebraic spectralities, origin of evil, etc. . . . Mysterious! be it so, if you will . . . Is it a mystery you have the least chance of ever getting to the bottom of? Canst thou by searching find out God? I am not surprised thou canst not! Vain fool! . . . French medical prize essay of young gentleman . . . Declaring we come from monkeys. Virtue, vice, are a *product*, like vitriol, like vinegar; this, and in general that human nature is rotten, and all our high beliefs and aspirations *mud* . . . If they do abolish "God" from their own poor bewildered hearts, all or most of them, there will be seen for some length of time (perhaps for several generations) such a world as few are dreaming of.'

And in 1869 he says:—

'A little lower than the angels, said Psalmist David; a little higher than the tadpoles, says Evangelist. These people bring you what appears the whitest, beautifullest flour, to bake your bread with, but when you examine it you find it is *powdered glass*, and deadly poison.' Alas! how much that was poison had not Carlyle himself offered to men! He now saw that not only the Church but all religion was counted as vain by alarmingly increasing numbers. 'Figure the residuum,' he writes, 'man made *chemically*

out of *Urschleim*, or a certain blubber called protoplasm. Man descended from the apes, or the shell fish. Virtue, duty, or utility, and association of ideas, and the corollaries from all that, all descended from gorillas seemingly. Some made by collision of huge masses of planets, asteroids, etc., in the infinite of space. Very possibly, say I! The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. From the beginning it has been so, is now, and to the end will be so. The *fool* hath said it,—he and nobody else, and with dismal results in our days—as in all days.'

U. Then there is that remarkable passage:—'In earlier years he had spoken contemptuously of the Athanasian controversy, of the Christian world torn in pieces over a diphthong, and he would ring the changes in broad Annandale on the Homocousion and the Homoiousion. He told me now that he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away into a legend.'

A. Carlyle does not appear to have even so much as entertained the idea of worship as due to Him whom he acknowledged as Creator. He speaks of trying various chapels for pleasure and profit to himself, and finding in each some vulgar illiterate man declaiming about matters of which he knew nothing. 'I tried the Church of England,' he says, 'I found there a decent educated gentleman reading out of a book words very beautiful, which had expressed once the sincere thoughts of pious admirable souls. I decidedly preferred the Church of England man, but I had to say to him: I perceive, Sir, that at the bottom you know as little about the matter as the other fellow.' Once, late in his life, he went to St. Paul's Cathedral. 'He had never before heard the English cathedral service, and far away in the nave, in the dim light . . . he had been more impressed than he expected to be. In the prayers he recognised the "true piety," which had once come straight out of the heart. The distant "amen" of the choristers and the roll of the great organ, brought tears into his eyes.'

'Breakfast privately,' he writes to his wife from Thurso Castle, 'and by this means shirk prayers.' All he can say of prayer is, 'God be with thee! what beneficent power we can call God in this world, who is exorable to human prayer. Articulate prayer is for me not possible, but the equivalent of it remains for ever in the heart and life of man. I say *let us pray*,—God look down upon us, guide us, not happily but well, unite us well with our buried ones according to His will.—God be with you! He can wipe away all tears from our eyes, all tears.'

U. One of the saddest notes of Carlyle's mind seems to me to be his entire admiration for Goethe, as a guide of his soul and moral teacher. 'As to Goethe,' he writes, 'no other man whatever, as I say always, has yet ascertained what Christianity is to us . . . and been alive at all points in his own year of grace, with the life appropriate to that . . . The sight of such a man was to me a gospel of gospels, and

did literally, I believe, save me from destruction outward and inward. . . . Was there, is there, or will there be, a great intellect ever heard tell of without first a true and great heart to begin with?—Fear no seeing man therefore. Know that *he* is in heaven, whoever else be not.’

A. ‘Light without Love!’ Carlyle himself could keenly feel his country’s miseries, while Goethe

‘looked on Europe’s dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said: The end is everywhere,
Art still has truth, take refuge there!’

He, with his resplendent poetic genius, could live through it all without being so much as stirred to one patriotic war song;—content

‘To know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid glow
Of terror and insane distress,
And headlong fate.’

U. Perhaps Goethe’s heathen tendencies were an attraction; for Carlyle certainly had a weakness that way. He writes, with evident sympathy:—‘My friend — greatly prefers the old deep Norse paganism, with its stalwart energy and self-help, with its stoicism, rugged nobleness, and depth as of very death, to any Christianity now going.’ We must try and believe that Froude’s statement, ‘even the Scandinavian gods were nearer to him than the Hebrew,’ takes its colouring from the writer.

A. Froude, however, says most truly that, since Carlyle has come forward as a teacher, taking on himself the character of a prophet, and speaking to it ‘in an imperious tone,’ we have a right to know what manner of man he really was. What was the effect upon his own heart and conscience, of his religious creed, which, as we are told, he thought of formally setting forth for the acceptance of mankind?

U. Let us not gather it from Froude’s *dicta* about him, but from his own sad words:—‘Oh, that I had faith!’ he writes. ‘Oh, that I had! Then were there nothing too hard or heavy for me. Cry silently to thine inmost heart to God for it. Surely He will give it thee.’ ‘I am weary and heavy laden, wearied, of all things, almost of life itself—yet not altogether . . . often it seems as if the only beautiful and desirable thing in this dusty fuliginous chaos were to die . . . Oh, I am far astray, wandering, lost; “dyeing the thirsty desert with my blood” in every footprint. Perhaps God and His providence will be better to me than I hope . . . I find emptiness and chagrin, look for nothing else, and on the whole can reverence no existing man and shall do well to pity all, myself first—or rather last.’

'The future looks too black to me, the present too doleful, unfriendly. I am too sick at heart to complain even to myself. . . Let me not despair. . . Why should I say peace, peace, where this is no peace?'

A. His mother tried to help him. 'Keep a good heart,' she wrote. 'May God give us all grace to stay our hearts on Him who has said in His word,' 'He will keep them in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on Him, because they trust in Him.'

'Wait on the Lord and be thou strong,
And He shall strength afford
Unto thy heart: yea, do thou wait,
I say, upon the Lord.
What time my heart is overwhelmed
And in perplexity,
Do Thou me lead unto the Rock
That higher is than I.'

That grand Scotch Psalm-verse must have come like soothing music to his troubled soul, bringing with it memories of childish faith and hope. How beautiful are his words about his mother:—

'They report her *well* at present; but, alas! there is nothing in all the earth so stern to me, as that constantly advancing inevitability, which indeed has terrified me all my days.' All that was best in him he owed, and acknowledged he owed, to his religious peasant parents; and we cannot tell how much was prevented which would have done harm to souls by his feeling that he would 'do ill to wound simple hearts like that of his poor old mother.'

U. But the end—which proves all—there cannot be many things sadder in the histories of our great literary men than the picture of his last days,—all creative energy past,—his wife and mother gone,—nothing left to him but Froude,—asking himself mournfully 'What were his bits of works? what was anybody's work? those whom he wished to please were sunk in the grave,'—'emphatic in his approval' of a friend who, heart broken at his wife's loss, 'took leave in Roman fashion.' 'He did not conceive' so Froude states, 'that his Maker would resent the voluntary appearance before Him of a poor creature who had laboured faithfully at his task, till he could labour no more.'

A. Hopeless also, or well-nigh hopeless about his country, seeing plainly, to quote his biographer, 'that if there was hope, it lay in a change of heart in the English people, and the re-awakening of the nobler element in them; and this meant a recovered sense of 'religion.' . . . yet *what* religion? 'He did not think it possible that educated honest men could even profess much longer to believe in historical Christianity.' No marvel that at seventy-two, when he had still thirteen years to live, he should write of himself. 'Ah me! am I good for nothing then? Has my right hand—head rather—altogether lost it cunning? It is my heart that has fallen heavy, wrapt in endless sadness and a mist of stagnant musings upon death

and the grave. Nothing now, no person now is beautiful to me. Nobleness in this world is as a thing of the past.'

U. There is a terrible letter from a man who sought ghostly comfort and guidance from Carlyle, and who writes to him;—'You talk of big coming Eternities, you call a man a Son of Earth and Heaven. I often ponder over such phrases as these, thinking to find some meaning in them that would bid me look into brighter prospects in the dark future. I, who have such a wretched life here, often try to make myself believe that there is a better life awaiting me elsewhere.' What indeed could talk about 'the Eternal Unnameable' and 'the Silences' avail for comfort to such a one?

A. Carlyle had the sorrow of feeling in his last days that, in his own words, he 'had given a considerable shove to all that;—all that he saw big with disaster, and had 'shaken existing beliefs as much as any man.' At seventy-four, he expressed a wish to write down his creed in hopes it might be useful, 'to a poor protoplasm generation, all seemingly determined to try Atheism for a while.' Yet all he can say, at the same moment is:—'I feel lying deep in me withal some confused but ineradicable flicker of belief that there is a particular providence;' 'and all of prayer to which he can attain is,' he says, 'to wish with my whole softened heart—it is my only form of prayer,—Great Father, oh! if Thou canst, have pity on her and on me, and on all such.'

U. If the creed which he would fain have formulated for others' benefit, did not make him happy, neither did it make him lovely in his relations with others. When a man writes, 'Good is to be got out of no creature,' 'I have nobody whom it gladdens me to speak to,' or, 'No human word, or hardly any, once in the month, is uttered to me by any fellow mortal,' it is impossible not to know that the fault lies with him, not with the fellow-mortals. 'I had been at Mrs. Austen's,' he writes, 'heard Sidney Smith for the first time guffawing, other persons prating, jargoning. To me through these thin cobwebs Death and Eternity sat glaring. Mrs. Marcet, ill-looking, honest, rigorous, common-place. The rest babble babble. Woe's me that I in Meshech am.' It is the same strain through all his letters; self, self, in every form their theme—his health, his spirits, his comforts, his miseries—'*me miserum*' 'lonely, solitary almost as the dead,' 'wae and lonely,' 'my soul black with misery'—their constant burden. Never has there been a greater exhibition of wretched introspection, and power of extracting gall from everything which might have yielded sweetness. 'Such a cackle of grand-children here, with governesses, etc., whom he sees to be a mere bore to me, though such a joy to him,' is all he can find to say of Sir George Sinclair's home.

A. Yet what a vivid picture is drawn by those few words, like strokes of charcoal in a master's hand,—the happy merry troops of children, the indulgent grandfather, and the grim and honoured

guest, an anxiety to his host, and unable to find pleasure even in children's joy. If he had but seen what was lovely and admirable in most men, how full these volumes might be of exquisite word-portraits! One such he has left, of almost the only man whom he praises. 'By far the most interesting figure present,' he writes, after a ball at Bath House, 'was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms—truly a beautiful old man. I had never seen till now how beautiful and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old man when you see him close at hand. His very size had hitherto deceived me. He is a shortish, slightish figure, about five feet eight, of good breadth however, and all muscle or bone. 'His legs, I think, must be the short part of him, for certainly on horseback I have always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable . . . He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room and I saw him no more.'

U. It is a relief to turn to words of respect and admiration. The most painful thing in his speech of others is, I think, his taking it for granted that those who believed in Christianity were at the best talking 'sincere cant,' while most he sets down as consciously dishonest. 'He *knew*,' we are gravely told, 'that since late discoveries in science no man whose mind and heart were sound could any longer sincerely believe in the Christian creed.' What can we think of his judgment of Cardinal Newman as 'not having the intellect of a moderate sized rabbit,' or of other words only disgraceful to the writer and to him who made them public? The latter certainly does not conceal from us his 'master's' character, yet just after telling us that 'his own discomforts, real or imaginary, left no room for thought of others,' and speaking of outbursts which for a fortnight at a time made his wife feel 'as if she was keeper in a mad-house,' Froude can write, 'I felt for myself that in him there could be nothing really wrong, and that he was as good as he was great.' Mrs. Carlyle, whose 'drawn, suffering face,' Froude says, 'haunted me afterwards like a sort of ghost,' writes of her husband to his mother as not knowing 'what patience and self-denial mean,' but if we are to believe Froude, there is 'nothing really wrong' in the absence of these virtues. What would life either at home or in 'society' be without them, or where would the great lives of heroes be if there is nothing really wrong in their opposite, or in an 'habitual want of self-restraint,' even though 'coupled with tenderness of conscience when conscience was awake and could speak?'

A. Sincerity and truth are continually dwelt upon both by Carlyle and his biographer as that which he must have at any price. 'For

men who said one thing and meant another, who entered the Church as a profession, and throve in the world by it, while they emasculated the creeds, and watered away the histories,—for them,' we are told 'Carlyle had no toleration. Religion, if not honest, was a horror to him. Those alone he thought had any right to teach Christianity who had no doubts about its truth. Those who were uncertain ought to choose some other profession, and if compelled to speak should show their colours faithfully.' And yet the few clergy who were among his friends exactly answer this description. He goes to stay with Bishop Thirlwall, though speaking of his episcopal functions as a farce to be got through; and Dean Stanley was one of the few whom he 'almost loved'; his 'strong regard' for him inducing him once to go to Westminster Abbey, in hopes of hearing him preach. Yet as he passes him in the Park, he says to Froude:—'There goes Stanley, boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England.' He was quite too clear-sighted not to see that Dean Stanley, the enthusiastic defender of Bishop Colenso, was using his opportunities as one of the crew to sink the ship in which he sailed. But it is hard to reconcile Carlyle's 'strong regard' and 'love' for Stanley, and others, with what is said of his horror of those who 'emasculated the creeds and watered away the histories.' Certainly his position towards these men turns a great deal of his own rhapsodies about truth, and fierce denunciations of insincerity into so much sound and fury. O, the pity of it! Let us turn to something in the book upon which we can dwell with pleasure.

U. Here is a beautiful little poetic vision among his native hills, 'I saw the Sweet Milk well yesterday, flowing for the last four thousand years, from its three sources on the hill-side . . . and noted the little dell it had hollowed out all the way, and the huts of Adam's posterity, built sluttishly along its course, and a sun shining overhead ninety millions of miles off, and eternity all round, and life a vision, dream and yet fact, woven with uproar in the loom of time.' And this:—'Very strange, very sad, yet very soothing, is this multitudinous everlasting moan of the Frith of the Selgovæ, vexed by its winds, swinging in here and again out, like a huge pendulum hung upon the moon—ever—ever—as in the days of Pliny, and far earlier.'

A. Here and there also, we come upon utterances of a naturally religious mind, which never lost the influence of his early teaching. 'One asks,' he writes, 'is man alone born to sorrow that has neither healing nor blessedness in it? All nature from all corners of it answers no—for all the wise, no. God is good; all this life is a heavenly miracle, great, though stern and sad. Speak as we will, there is nothing more to be spoken but even this; God is great; God is good; God's will be done. Flesh and blood do rebel, but the spirit within us all answers: yes, even so.' 'Death, I account always as a great deliverance, a dark door into peace, into everlasting Hope. But it is also well-named, as from old, the King of Terrors—a huge

demon-falcon rising miraculously we know not whence, to snatch us away from one another's sight, we know not whither! Had not a God made this world, and made death too, it were an insupportable place. Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him. Even so! In whom else, or in what else?' How full of tenderness are his thoughts of the departed! 'God's earth! It is good for me, also to be left quite alone here,' he writes to his wife, after her mother's death, 'alone with my griefs and my sins, even as in the presence of one sainted and gone into the eternal clearness. God most High is over us both. As sure as we live we shall yet go to her; we shall before long join her and be united, we and all our loved ones, even in such a way as God Most High has seen good; which way, of all conceivable ways, is it not verily the best?' And this is beautiful:—'Alas! how all the faults and little infirmities of the departed seem now what they really were, mere virtues imprisoned, obstructed in the strange sensitive, tremulous elements they were sent to live in!'

U. When one thinks of what the burning of the first part of his great prose poem of the French Revolution must have involved, the months of almost hopeless endeavour to recover what had been struck off at white heat, these words are very noble and calm: 'It has given me very great trouble, this poor book; and providence, in the shape of human mismanagement, sent me the severest check of all. However, I still trust to get it sufficiently written, and if thou even cannot write it (as I have said to myself in late days), why then be content with that too. God's creation will get along exactly as it should do without the writing of it.'

A. Carlyle evidently suffered at times from finding words inadequate for the expression of thought, and also from certain losses in English. 'It often seems to me' he says, 'though with many intrinsic merits and lost capabilities, one of the most barbarous tongues now spoken by civilised creatures, a language chiefly adapted for invoices, drill sergeant words of command, and such-like. The dropping of the *g* (*ge* in German) from our preterite participles, so that participle and aorist, except by position, are undistinguishable, is an immense loss of resource; your sentence is thus foot-shackled to an amazing extent. Other losses, virtual loss of declension (all but one case), of inflection (almost altogether); these also, though a gain of speed for invoices, &c., are a sad loss for speech or writing, and shackle you very sore, yet Shakespeare wrote in English. Honour the Shakespeare who subdued the most obstinate material, and made it melt before him.' 'Know thy thought,' he writes to his brother of English composition, 'believe it, front heaven and earth with it, in whatsoever words nature and art have made readiest for thee. If one has thoughts not hitherto uttered in English books, I see nothing for it but you must use words *not* found there, must *make* words, with moderation and discretion of course.'

U. Of all that we have learned of Carlyle, that with which I am

most entirely in admiring sympathy, is his real, earnest, indignant feeling for the poor. He felt their condition as perhaps only one peasant-born could do, and who, in the years that followed the great war had seen the severe suffering of the poor, especially in the north, borne on the whole with silent patience; hundreds of thousands of labourers and artisans out of work, the gentry meanwhile collecting their rents, and shooting their grouse and partridges, with a deep unconsciousness that anything else was demanded of them; although 'England and Scotland were not yet like France, where the poor had asked for bread and had been scornfully told to eat grass.' His father, we are told, 'though too wise a man to meddle in active politics, would sternly say that the existing state of things could not last and ought not to last, and all his life he had been meditating on the problem of the working man's existence in this country at the present epoch; her wealth was growing, but the human toilers grew none the better, mentally or bodily, only more numerous, and liable, on any check to trade, to sink into squalor and famine. He had heard his father talk of the poor masons, dining silently upon water and watercresses. Himself a working man's son, bred in a peasant home, all his sympathies were with his own class, but he knew well that violence would be no remedy, that there lay only madness and deeper misery. That the apostles of freedom might destroy but could never build again. He believed that the root of the mischief was the forgetfulness on the part of the upper classes that they owed any duty to those under them beyond the payment of wages at market price. 'One thing I can see,' he wrote, in 1871 'in these murderous ragings by the poorest classes in Paris, that they are a tremendous proclamation to the upper classes in all countries; our condition, after eighty-two years of struggling, O ye quack upper classes, is still unimproved; more intolerable from year to year, and from revolution to revolution; and by the eternal powers, if you cannot mend it, we will blow up the world, along with ourselves and you.'

He writes of Lord Ashley's bill to restrict the hours of factory labour to twelve, with two allowed for meals, 'I rejoice greatly that the government has in any way begun to deal with that horrid business, the state of the working people . . . I told him (Lord Elliot) the government were absolutely bound to try whether they could do some good to this people, or to draw them out in line and openly shoot them with grape. That would be mercy in comparison.'

A. A story has lately been told of his taking one who disbelieved in the existence of the evil one to sundry parts of London, saying from time to time, 'Do ye believe in a devil noo?' Alas! he did not himself believe in the stronger than he, Who on the world's great battlefield, Calvary, fought and won the decisive conflict between good and evil. Had Carlyle ranged himself under His banner and worked in His strength, what might he not have accomplished for

our English poor ! There were men whom he scorned and reviled as self-deceivers at best, spending their lives amid the misery which he deplored,—comforting, restoring, healing. They were happy amidst constant hardships, and self-denial and unlovely surroundings, while one of the greatest of English writers, having achieved honour, fame, success and riches, parts from us with these mournful words :

‘Very sad, sunless, is the hue of this now almost empty world to me. World about to vanish for me in eternities that cannot be known. Infinite longings for my loved ones,—towards Her almost a kind of mournful worship, this is the one celestial element of my new existence ; otherwise in general “ wae and weary ”—“ wae and weary.”’

**'WE FIRST SAW THE SOUTHERN CROSS UPON
ASCENSION DAY.'**

'Letter from the Cape.'

'In hoc signo vinces.'

Of old it was a sign from heaven
That bade the sages roam,
They knew not where that sign would lead,
But trusting, left their home.

That sign by moving soon they lost,
Yet still that sign obeyed,
And as they neared the Holy Place
Once more it lent its aid.

With joy and wonder they perceive
Their Heavenly Guide once more,
Nor does it leave them, till it stands
Where they, at length, adore.

And now we leave our Northern home
By God's most Holy Will;
Not 'wandering in self-chosen ways,'
But following Duty still.

What wonder then, if as of old,
When from our home afar,
The long-loved sign should reappear,
In night's dark gloom a star!

We feel how much we leave behind;—
Home, and the loved ones there,
And things we hardly knew we priz'd,
We find our love did share.

But courage! There are better things
Space cannot take away:
Our God, our Church remains the same,
Our Hope, our Faith, our Stay!

And Holy days together kept
Bind us in closer bond
With those who far behind are left,
Those loving hearts, and fond.

So though wide ocean parts us now,
With them our Feast we keep,
And hail our Lord's Ascension Day
Though tossing on the deep.

And as we gaze up into heaven
Like those who mourn'd their loss,
What glorious sign now meets our eyes?
What but the Holy Cross!

Our Lord has left us not alone,
Though He is gone above,
His Cross shines brightly through the night
Speaking of Home and Love.

A sign of pain, yet triumph too,
Nor think the trial long,
For 'in this sign we'll conquer still,'
And sing the Lord's own Song!

SOME OF MY FRIENDS.

I HAVE had a good many friends in the course of my life, and some of them very faithful, loving and true, and as I think it is possible that others may be interested in hearing about them, I am going to write down what I can remember of their lives, and will begin with *Dicky* my first 'friend.' But perhaps I ought to explain that these 'friends' of mine were not boys and girls, or men and women, but merely birds, dogs, horses, what are often called members of the "brute" creation, but none the less good and faithful friends.

To begin then, as I said, with *Dicky*: he was nothing but a goldfinch, but such a clever little bird, with so much character and will of his own. He was caught, when quite young, in our house at Rome, and it was supposed that he had escaped from a bouquet into which he had been tied to be thrown from a carriage or window, as was then a cruel custom of the Romans at the Carnival. He soon became very tame, and we brought him to England with us, where he lived to a good old age; later I shall have more to tell you about him, but must first mention my other foreign, 'friends;' there was *Ciuccio* the great donkey, almost as big and as fast as the horses with whom he used to be taken on long riding expeditions, never shewing fatigue or being left behind; I was too little to ride him, but used to pat his soft brown nose and admire him, and he was very kind to me. His end was a sad one: he was brought to England, where he was immensely admired, but during the winter that followed, the family left home for some time, and the man who had the care of *Ciuccio*, forgetting that he was not hardy, like English donkeys, but was a native of a warm climate and had been accustomed to care and attention like a horse, put him in a cold out-house, where poor *Ciuccio* caught a chill and died.

Then there was *Bruin*, a beautiful little black 'Spitz,' dog (such as one often sees tied to the Roman wine-carts): she was fond of us all, but quite devoted to Joseph, the fat old coachman, who was her real master. She too came to England, and lived many happy years with us.

I well remember Joseph's departure from Rome, and a very funny sight it was. The times were troublous, and it was considered wise to send away our horses, for fear the Patriots should transfer them to their own stables and forget to pay for them, so they were despatched under Joseph's care to go by sea from Civita Vecchia and

round by Gibraltar to England.* I can remember the four horses were harnessed to a great yellow vehicle, somewhat like a diligence, hired for the occasion, and piled inside and out with luggage; Joseph drove from the box, and on each side of him sat Bruin and a favourite cat: Ciuccio was towed behind like a little boat at a ship's stern, and on the top of all were Dicky's cage, and another which contained Oliver and Downie, the doves. They all arrived safely at our English home, where all, poor Ciuccio excepted, lived long and happily.

Oliver, the dove, was a droll bird: he would walk about the room and bow and coo to every bright object that met his vision: I have often seen him gravely perform this ceremony to each of the brass castors of a table in turn. He and *Downie* and their daughter *Rosa* were very tame, hopping on to the breakfast-table to peck crumbs from the loaf, and flying on to our shoulders to nestle against our cheeks.

Later on I had two canaries given me which I called *Duke* and *Duchess*. The poor Duke, who was crippled in one of his feet, led a sad life, for I am sorry to say that the Duchess tyrannised over him in a most shameful way! She never would allow him to taste any of the dainties given them, and when I have tried the experiment of putting two pieces of sugar between the wires, would not allow herself time for a peck, but would fly from one lump to the other to prevent the poor little Duke from getting his share of the goodies! When, too, he had gone comfortably to bed on the top perch, with his head under his wing, she would come behind and, giving him a shove, knock him right off: she did this so often that at last he was driven to abandon his attic, and sleep on the ground floor! Dicky took the greatest interest in these canaries, and was never tired of watching them, and highly disapproved of the Duchess's malpractices, regularly scolding her in bird-language. One day, being in the next room, we heard Dicky making a great noise and fluttering about his cage, and going to see what was the matter, we found that the Duchess had escaped from her's and was perched close to the open window: the Goldfinch's agitation was certainly very remarkable, and the moment the Duchess was caught and returned to her cage he became perfectly pacified and happy. He was a very handsome bird, not in the least affectionate, but as brave as a lion, and to handle him was far from a pleasant operation, as he would show fight gallantly, and nip one's fingers with his sharp little bill till the blood came.

In those nursery days at home I can remember riding a donkey in a Spanish saddle, but I fear I never appreciated poor Primrose, although she no doubt had many excellent qualities both of head

* The very day after they went, all horses belonging to private owners were seized 'for the good of the Republic,' and the gates of Rome were shut.

and heart. Never, however, shall I forget the day when, my eyes being first blind-folded, my dress was changed, I was carried down-stairs, and when the handkerchief was taken from my eyes, I discovered that I was wearing a long-skirted riding habit, and that *Sambo* was standing at the door carrying a brand-new side-saddle! *Sambo* was already an old 'friend' having been the first mount of both my brothers. He was a very small Shetland pony, and my delight was unbounded when, after submitting to a leading-rein for some time, I was at last emancipated and allowed to have supreme control over my steed. I must say, however, that no horse I have ever ridden was as difficult, nay, impossible to manage as *Sambo* when his wishes did not happen to coincide with his rider's. If I wanted to go to the right and he to the left I might take the right rein in both hands, pulling with all my might, until his nose touched the saddle, and still he would sidle away to the left, and vice-versa. No one could manage him but old Joseph, and if his gruff voice was heard shouting, 'now then, you little rascal, what are you about!' *Sambo* would immediately repent himself of his contumacy and become a model of submission. No *man* could sit on his back for a moment, for *Sambo* invariably and instantaneously kicked off a grown-up rider.

When I grew too big for *Sambo* I was promoted to *Gipse*y, a handsome Dartmoor Pony, about 13 hands high, very fast and strong and active as a cat, and she was my faithful little 'friend' and servant for many a long year.

Another red-letter day of my childhood was when I was allowed to call myself the mistress of *Brownie*, a little son of Bruin's. I am afraid he did not inherit his mother's beauty, his brown coat was too short, his ears too floppy and his nose too square; but for intelligence and affection I thought him unrivalled, and I really believe he was an unusually clever little dog. Judge then of my grief when sentence of banishment was passed upon him by the higher powers, on account of his hunting propensities; malicious people went so far as to accuse him of eating the wild turkeys' eggs, but this I am convinced was a gross libel; I am afraid, however, it is true that he led his old mother into evil courses, and that she, who had always been stay-at-home and well conducted, was now often to be seen out poaching with her ne'er-do-well son; so poor *Brownie* vanished from the scene, and I lamented him with many tears.

I did not have a dog of my own again for a long time, but I had plenty of canine friends for all that. There was my brother's beautiful fawn-coloured greyhound, *Fly*. Perhaps I cannot exactly call her a *friend*, for although I was very fond of her, she did not care a straw for me, or, indeed, for anyone but her master, to whom she devoted the whole of her great, loving heart. It was touching to see her watch his every movement, ready to spring to his side at his smallest sign, and seeming to ask with her glorious brown eyes (I

never saw such eyes as Fly's), whether there was nothing she could do to give expression to the love and devotion for him which seemed to be the one thought of her life. She hated the water, would not wet the tips of her dainty feet if she could avoid it, yet she once swam a good quarter of a mile after his departing boat, and had to be taken on board to save her from being drowned. He took her to Oxford with him, where it was supposed to be contrary to rules to keep her in College; but Fly and her master soon learnt to evade these unnatural laws. She would saunter along, pretending to have nothing to do with him, when, at a sign from him, she would dash through the college gate like a flash of lightning, and before the astonished porter could rub his eyes would be safely hidden under her master's bed. I have always been persuaded that, owing to her remarkable beauty and intelligence, her presence was winked at by the authorities, for she was too big a dog to be regularly and successfully concealed from them. She had one fault, she was a great thief, or shall I say, as is now the fashion, she 'suffered from kleptomania,' and many a leg of lamb or piece of cold beef has she abstracted from the dining-room side-board, and buried in the garden to enjoy at her leisure! My brother's servant happened to be looking out of window one day at Oxford, when he saw Fly creeping out of the kitchen with a cold chicken in her mouth. Looking round to make sure she was not observed, she sprang on to the top of a high wall, where she laid herself down perfectly flat, so that it was impossible for those below to discover her. In a minute, out came all the college cooks in hot pursuit, but no Fly could they find, as she remained perfectly immovable during the hue and cry. The avengers had to retire, baffled, while the delighted William saw her, from his window, as soon as her pursuers had departed, quietly eat her chicken, and then, coming down from her exalted position, she returned home, happy in the consciousness of having played a clever trick and enjoyed a good dinner. Fly's speed was extraordinary, and she could jump better than any other greyhound I ever saw; in leaping a gate she once covered thirty feet of ground, and would take a standing jump over the shoulder of my brother's horse, as he sat in the saddle, without touching either horse or rider. She lived to a green old age, and lies buried in a shady nook in the garden.

Of several puppies Fly presented us with, I have not much to tell, except of an extraordinary leap taken by one of them. The carriage and pair of horses came to the door, driven by a postillion, and the young dog having followed it, my brother called her in-doors, and took her up to his room, which was on the first floor. She was terrified at finding herself in a house for the first time, and looking wildly round for some means of escape, saw the open window, and at once sprang out, clearing the postillion and horses, and alighting without hurting herself! The boy on the horse was much startled at suddenly seeing a dark body pass over his head.

My brother had another dog, *Don*, who was one of my greatest 'friends,' and quite devoted to me. He was a handsome black retriever, and such a dear old fellow.

When out walking, Don would follow me like my shadow, for, although by this time I had risen from the nursery to the school-room, he evidently considered that I was far too young and giddy to take care of myself, and that, therefore, it behoved him to look after me and see that I came to no harm. It was this feeling that led him, on one occasion, to give proof of really astonishing sagacity. My governess and I, knowing how unfit Don thought me to be left alone, concocted a little scheme to try him. She locked me inside a garden, the gate of which was too high for him to jump, and surmounted by sharp spikes, then, calling him, she insisted on his accompanying her, and proceeded on her way homeward. Poor Don followed her most reluctantly, looking over his shoulder with sad eyes fixed upon where I stood forlornly behind the iron-barred gate. After going some way, my governess, without speaking, quietly dropped the key, which Don instantly pounced upon, and returned to me with it in his mouth, as fast as he could run; then raising himself against the gate so as to get his fore-paws between the spikes, he dropped the key on the other side at my feet! His delight when I let myself out, and he found that he had done the right thing, and was praised accordingly, was unbounded: he nearly wriggled himself out of his curly coat, and wagged his bushy tail off!

I am sorry to add that, owing to the frequent absences of the family from home, Don got bored, and struck up acquaintance with the artillery quartered at a neighbouring fort; they, we suppose, described the attractions of the service to Don in such a persuasive manner, that we believe he enlisted: at any rate, when that battery of Royal Artillery changed its quarters, Don disappeared and was seen no more.

A FOURTH VIEW OF FRIENDSHIP.

(From D.)

MY DEAR C.

Why do you, A. and B. discuss such an interesting topic when I am not there to say my say? I maintain that the alternative from that 'passion of the imagination' which you describe so well, is not necessarily the mere 'friendly acquaintance' with which A. appears to be satisfied. That imaginative passion is a real and beautiful thing; though, as you say, every one is not capable of it; and I should be disposed to emphasize the dangers attending it, much more strongly than you do. But there is a friendship, which is worthy to rank with 'the sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, or of wife,' which has never been conscious of the sort of 'physical attraction,' of which you speak, and which, calm, certain and still, never knows any agitations till life teaches the fear of loss, and the soul wakes to know what the world would be without those friends in it. 'Count on helpful offices?' Yes! as you would count on mother or sister. But there can be no jealousy, because the relation is so sure that there can be no change; one could as soon change oneself. There is such friendship, as I do from my heart believe that there is *such* religious faith; which needs to know no sudden conscious conversion, but is nevertheless bound up with the life itself. And in the same relation as your passion of the imagination stands to the love of lovers, so this sort of friendship stands to the love of kindred, and is altogether another thing from 'friendly acquaintance' however intimate and pleasant. Your words are good, both as explanation and warning, and I suppose they will not teach 'premature truth,' since those in A's state of experience will not receive them. And as they are so good for those who may be carried away by the mischief and follies of the 'lower passion;' so I hope mine may help some to have patience, and to believe in their lifelong friendships, when currents of thought, and changes of condition seem to set against them, for indeed with patience they will survive them all.

Yours ever,
D.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

APATHY wishes for fuller criticisms! They should be given if there were room. She is very brief on the Septuagint as are E. B. and Partridge. Autumn, Weaver, fair; Cook Robin, tolerable, but confused; Moonraker, excellent; the choice is not easy between her and Grasshopper.

The Perseus Myth is fairly but rather dryly told by Sphinx and Apathy; Grasshopper begins poetically, but then gets facetious in a way that does not agree well with the opening; A. Bee has best told the legend, but Arachne has ventured to give Spinning Jenny's parable of life, rather than hers.

THE SEPTUAGINT AND THE VULGATE.

The Septuagint is that Greek translation of the Old Testament which was in common use among the Jews, in the first days of the Christian Era. But though it has undoubtedly existed for over two thousand years, the manner of its origin and the reason for its title seem equally problematical.

The best known explanation is that supported by S. Irenæus. He tells us that Ptolemy Lagos, when furnishing the Alexandrian Library, wished, among other things, for a copy of the Jewish Scriptures. An embassy was sent to Jerusalem to ask for competent translators, and six elders from every tribe returned with the ambassadors to Egypt. They were taken to the Island of Pharos, and there confined in separate cells, that each might make his translation independently of his colleagues. In seventy-two days the seventy-two Greek versions were ready, and agreed, by Divine Inspiration, in every single word.

Another account is given in the 'Letter of Aristæus,' agreeing with the former as to the Embassy of Ptolemy, but asserting that the seventy-two performed the work in common. According to both statements, the title was derived from the number of the translators, but others are of opinion that the book was called the Septuagint, from having been approved by the Sanhedrim or Council of Seventy.

Unluckily, none of these legends can stand examination. The first may be dismissed at once as a most presumptuous invention. Had the translation been Divinely inspired it would assuredly have been correct; but, on the contrary, many passages betray insufficient knowledge of Hebrew.

As regards the letter of Aristæus, its authenticity is doubtful; neither does it seem possible that the same body of men can have accomplished the entire work. The marks of various hands may be

seen in various books; the same writers would scarcely have rendered the Passover as *πάσχα* in the Pentateuch, and as *πασέκ* in the Second Book of Chronicles.

These facts, then, make it unlikely either that the translators were men of learning, or that the Sanhedrim should have given to the Septuagint the dignity of an authorised version. In Jerusalem, at least, the study of the Law and the Prophets was thorough; the Pharisees who strained at a gnat were not the men to give approval to any linguistic blemishes.

The most probable history of the Septuagint is as follows. The Jewish Colony at Alexandria early ceased to be familiar with the Hebrew of their forefathers. They needed a version of the Scriptures that should be intelligible to their children, and, though having no great scholars among them, took the work of translation on themselves. The different books of the Old Testament seem to have been the work of different periods; the Pentateuch was, almost certainly, the first, being by far the most faithful translation.

That the various manuscripts were collected by Ptolemy and placed in the Alexandrian Library there seems no reason to doubt. Aristobulus affirms distinctly that there was, at that time, a Greek version, though he does not speak of it as the 'Septuagint.' The name was, perhaps, not given until many years later, and was consequent on the unfounded fable of the seventy-two scribes.

Yet, whatever the literary imperfections of the Septuagint may be, it has preserved almost uninjured the *spirit* of the original; the outer shell is rough, sometimes seriously deformed, but the more valuable inner kernel has suffered little in comparison.

And we are apt to look upon this Greek version with the same reverence as on the Hebrew, for it has, as it were, been sanctioned by a Higher than the Sanhedrim. From the Septuagint were taken the quotations of our Lord.

The Vulgate was called forth by the same need as its predecessor, and seems to have originated also in the same place, namely, in the north of Africa. The early Roman Church was essentially Greek in its character; the early church of Africa was as essentially Latin. Thus the Gospels which were comprehensible in Italy, were incomprehensible here.

In Europe the Apostolic writings were multiplied by simple copies; in Africa each fresh manuscript was written not in Greek, but Latin. Every scribe translated on his own responsibility, and often with very slender scholarship to assist him in his task.

'Any one,' says S. Augustine, 'who gained possession of a Greek manuscript, and fancied he had a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin, ventured to translate it.' Thus the number of Latin versions became, in course of time, bewildering, as few agreed with the original, and fewer still with each other.

What version, or what combination of versions, became at length universal, is unknown; but Tertullian speaks plainly of one which seems to have supplanted the rest. It contained most, if not all, of the New Testament, and was known as the 'Vulgata Editio,' or Vulgate. It was characterised by much 'rudeness and simplicity,' the translation being too literal to flow smoothly, and the Greek idiom, as in our own Revised Version, being, in many places, preserved.

But when Latin began to predominate in all the western Churches,

the many provincialisms of the received edition proved displeasing to cultivated ears. This led, in the fourth century, to a revision of the Gospels, and the new version, now set forth, became known as the 'Itala.' But the work of revision, once entered on, proved popular among scholars; and soon the multitude of conflicting copies became a serious danger to orthodoxy. S. Jerome was accordingly requested by Pope Damasus, towards the end of the fourth century, to revise the Latin text by the light of the original Greek.

There were more faults to be remedied than inaccurate interpretations; omissions and additions had been freely made by scribes, and the Gospels, in particular, had been most presumptuously treated. These, accordingly, required the most frequent alterations, and it has been even doubted whether S. Jerome corrected the rest of the New Testament. That he did so, however, seems, from his letters to Marcella, to be an indisputable fact.

His next work was the re-translation of the Psalms, undertaken from the Septuagint. Not satisfied with his first production, he followed it by a second, the former being known as the Roman, the latter as the Gallican Psalter. But both these were but preliminaries to the '*magnum opus*' of his life, the translation of the Old Testament directly from the Hebrew.

After fourteen years of toil, the entire Bible was completed. The Apocryphal books, which are included in the Septuagint, were set aside as doubtful, and an account of the Hebrew Canon was given in a Prologue.

The new translation met, at first, with decided opposition, and the term '*Vulgata Editio*' continued to signify the older version or even, occasionally, the Septuagint. But the superiority of S. Jerome's work was recognised at last, and, by the end of the seventh century, it had become emphatically the '*Vulgate*.'

Both the Vulgate and the Septuagint have undergone much handling. The latter was thoroughly revised by Origen, and compared both with the Hebrew and with other Greek editions. The Sistine and Clementine texts are the chief versions of the Vulgate; this translation was formally sanctioned by a decree of the Council of Trent, and is the present '*Authorised Version*' of the Roman Catholic Church.

We have debts of gratitude, not only to S. Jerome, but to the compilers of the earliest '*Vulgate*.' Christianity had awakened new emotions in mankind—emotions for which there was no expression in the existing Latin tongue. 'When new spiritual forces are at work with a people,' says Archbishop Trench, 'they make claims on their language which never were made on it before.' The want of adequate words was recognised, and was almost instantly supplied; the greater part of our ecclesiastical terms, those which seem most bound up with our higher and hidden life, '*Redemption*,' '*Sacrament*,' and '*Communion*,' and others of similar nature, we owe, in their present meaning, to the translators of the Vulgate.

GRASSHOPPER.

THE STORY OF PERSEUS AND ITS RESEMBLANCES.

Perseus was, in Greek mythology, the great hero of Argos. Acrisius, king of that country, had one only daughter, Danaë, and

being warned by an oracle that her son would be his murderer, he determined to prevent this by shutting her up in a brazen tower, so that she should never become acquainted with any man; but human means were of no avail against the gods, and Jupiter came to visit her, entering in the form of a golden shower. When in course of time Perseus was born, Acrisius, enraged at finding himself foiled, put Danaë and the babe into an open boat and cast them adrift on the sea. But again the gods favoured Danaë, and she was landed on the island Seriphos, where she found a home with a fisherman, Dictys. Here Perseus grew up to be a tall, strong man, but with his mother, on account of her refusing to marry the king Polydectes, was forced to work as a slave.

Athené, seeing how well grown he had become, laid a command upon him to go forth and slay the Gorgon Medusa, and for the purpose, armed him with the sandals and sword of Hermes, a bright polished shield, and a goatskin with which to cover the head of the Gorgon. Thus provided, he started on his unknown journey, and arrived in the land of the Graiæ. Here lived the three old sisters, who possessed but one eye and one tooth between them, which they handed from one to the other, and it was not till he had seized upon the eye, that he could prevail upon them to tell him the direction he must further take. They told him to go southward, till he came to the giant Atlas and the garden of the Hesperides, but he found also from the giant that he would first have to procure from Hades the cap of darkness which would make him invisible. This, one of the Nymphs of Hesperides fetched for him from Hades, and he went on and on westward till he came to the place where the three Gorgons lay asleep. Knowing that whoever looked upon Medusa would be turned into stone, he only gazed earnestly at her reflection on the polished surface of his shield, and unsheathing the sword of Hermes, boldly cut off her head and wrapping it in the goatskin, fled as fast as the winged sandals would bear him from the avenging sisters.

On once more safely reaching Atlas, that mighty giant begged to be allowed to gaze upon the fearful head, and thus rest from his ceaseless labour of holding apart the heavens and earth, by becoming stone. Once more directed by the Nymphs, Perseus pursued his way, but Poseidon, angry at the death of the Gorgon, raised a storm which drove him out of his course, so that he arrived in Egypt. The people, hearing he had slain Medusa, treated him well, but he did not remain there long, going on his way till he came to the coast of the Ethiopia. Here he found, chained to a rock, the fair maiden Andromeda, condemned by the priests of that country to be offered in sacrifice to a great sea monster. Perseus, waiting till the monster appeared, ready to devour the maiden, swooped down upon it with the Gorgon's head, at sight of which, it was changed into a rock. Then he carried Andromeda back to her parents, who being greatly rejoiced, gave her as a bride to Perseus. After some time, Perseus and Andromeda sailed back to Seriphos to rejoin his mother, and finding Polydectes and his wicked companions seated at a feast, showed them the Gorgon's head, so that they became stone. Thus he released his mother from slavery, and the whole island from the cruelty of Polydectes, and the fisherman Dictys became king in his stead.

After this Perseus restored to Athené the weapons she had given him, together with the Gorgon's head, which she placed in her Ægis.

Then Perseus took his mother and bride on to Argos, which, as Acrisius had fled, he claimed for his own, and was accepted by the people. Later on he sailed to the city of Larissa, and joined in the games that he found going on, without making himself known; but whilst throwing quoits, one was carried aside by a gust of wind and fell upon Acrisius, who was watching the game, and killed him, and in this way Perseus unwittingly fulfilled the oracle made before his birth. Being much grieved at this mishap he returned to Argos, and after his death, the gods placed him and Andromeda among the constellations of the heavens.

The counterpart of this story may be found in many other Greek legends, as for instance in that of *Cedipus*, we read of the same warning oracle, and consequent exposure as a child; the life of toil for others, also shared by *Heracles*, *Theseus* and *Bellerophon*; while the slaying of a monster, is repeated in the case of *Phœbus* slaying *Python*; *Heracles*, *Hydra*; *Theseus*, *Minotaur*; *Bellerophon*, the *Chimæra*, and *Cedipus*, the *Sphinx*. In each case the conquering of the monster is followed by the marriage of the hero with the maiden, given as a reward for his bravery by the State he had delivered.

There is no legend in Latin mythology exactly agreeing with that of *Perseus*. In Hindoo mythology the slaying of *Vritra* the great dragon by *Indra*, the god of heaven, which story also appears in the Persian under the names of *Verehagna*, slayer of *Verethra*, not only corresponds with the Greek and Latin, but with the Norse legend of *Sigurd*, who slew the dragon *Fafnir*, receiving for the purpose the invincible sword *Gram*. After this exploit *Sigurd* delivered *Brynhild* from the fire, and was betrothed to her, although in this case she never became the bride of her deliverer.

If we look at the meaning of this story we can easily understand how it is that it thus enters into the mythology of different nations. In their simplicity the ancients regarded the elements of nature as gods to be worshipped, and naturally the sun held a prominent place in their veneration. All these legends show the fanciful way in which they regarded the course of the sun. Most of the heroes travel from east to west, always toiling for others and destroying all that is noxious and bad, whilst upholding that which is useful and good. As the sun has power to dry up marshes and swamps which would breed pestilences and fevers, so in almost every case we find the great dragon or monster, slain by the hero, to have been a snake or sea monster. Even *Medusa*, the *Gorgon*, is represented with snakes in her hair and the drops of blood which fell from her head became adders and serpents as they reached the ground. This idea of a dragon slayer frequently appears even in Christian legends, as in the case of *St. Florent*, who killed a dragon which haunted the *Loire*, and *St. Romain* of *Rouen*, who killed a dragon of the *Seine* called *La Gargouille*. Persian mythology, however, gives a deeper meaning to these legends, considering them as showing the triumph of good over evil, and this is also the meaning of the other Christian legends of *St. George* of *England*, *St. Margaret*, *Pope Silvester*, and many others.

A. BEE.

THE MYTH OF PERSEUS AND ANY RESEMBLANCES TO IT.

May we venture to offer a suggestion that there are resemblances to Perseus in every man, who strives to resist the world, to overcome evil, and to attune men's minds to a higher pitch than the music of commonplace respectability raises them? Every child born into the world, which by Sin has been made into a prison house, is by creation a son of the All Father. In the arms of his Mother, the Church, he is lowered into the waters of Baptism, where Divine Power upbears him. The land whereon he is received has been indeed a place for 'banished men,' since the hour when the gate of Paradise closed behind Adam and he found himself an exile in a barren land. The world, or Polydectes, receives him good-naturedly enough, and does not interfere with him till his powers are sufficiently developed for him to withstand his encroachments. The son of the Church knows that she is the bride of a heavenly King, and the World, who would like to be her lord and master, tries to quench the young fresh spirit of his adversary, by bidding him grapple with and overcome the evil he deplures, and display the proofs of his victory. The eager hero-spirit sets to work. First he learns from Experience how to get help from Nature, to 'lay himself low in the hearts of the flowers.' Nature increases his capacity for receiving knowledge; gives him hope, for hope is 'swift and flies on swallows' wings; kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings; and when he 'considers the lilies' he learns a lesson of self-effacement, by mingling humility with self-sacrifice, a union which produces truly a 'holiness upon the head.' In the course of his preparation he acquires worldly prudence also, and heavenly Wisdom, the one teaching him how to use the other, so that when he is in the presence of that Doubting Spirit which is the result of Presumption and paralyses mankind with Despair, he conquers by means of Reason guided by Faith, although he does but see 'as in a glass darkly.' The victory is won for himself and danger lessened for others, though poisonous suggestions of evil spring up irresistibly. Self-effacement saves him from being overcome by pride and vain-glory, and the signs of his victory, which he is bound to carry about with him, help him to overcome the cold distrust which his religious professions arouse in the minds of those who trust in riches. Then comes the appeal to the chivalry of his nature. Womanhood demands succour, help, and defence, from every evil which would assail it, and excites tenderness and love. The love of a Perseus is pure and self-sacrificing, and while asking for justice to be done to it, rids itself of selfish passion. He does not allow this earthly love to hold him back from filial service to the Church, when he is able to rescue her from the encroaching power of the world. By such a spirit as this the tone of the world is, for the time, altered, even as the purer Dictys, who respected Danae, was made to fill the throne of Polydectes. A Perseus, be he ancient or modern, having accomplished his work, offers up to Him who gave them the talents by which he wrought it, and henceforth, as far as the world is concerned, his life is as invincible as if it were covered with the helmet of Hades. But we know that our Perseus-like heroes, whether still on barren

Seriphos or whether they have crossed the stream, are at peace, though ever working as powerful examples.

SPINNING-JENNY.

Stamps Received.—Apathy ; Cook Robin ; Weaver.

Corrections Received.—Diaper from Greek diaspron (pure white); Dimity Greek *dis* and *mitos*, two thread ; Crape, French, *crêpe*, crisp ; Jean, Jaen in Spain ; Soap from Latin, *sapo* ; *Gant*, old German word, in Swedish, *vante*.

Additions.—Cordwainer (Cordova) ; Peach (Persia) ; Mayduke (Medoc) ; Gaskin (Gascony) ; Chestnut (Castanea) ; Eschalot (Ascalon) ; Quince (Cydon) ; Spinach (Hispana) ; Barb (Barbary) ; Roan (Rouen) ; Loadstone (Lydia) ; Magnet (Magnesia) ; Crayon (Crete) ; Gingham (Guineamp) ; Lumber (Lombardy) ; Frieze (Friesland) ; Shawl (Valley in Cashmere) ; Dollar, Thaler, silver from Joachim's thal ; Old name for Dollar, Joachim ; Mantua, Milliner (Milan).

R. F. L.

SPIDER QUESTIONS.

Describe your favourite walk.

Sketch the sovereigns of Europe in the year 1700.

Notices to Correspondents.

M. J. R.—The translations of 'Christians Awake' should follow the rules of French poetry.

E. M. D.—Stories inserted in the Christmas Number are paid for according to merit and length.

Inexperienced Cottage Visitor.—We know of no one book uniting all you want, but you would find helpful, *Gems from the Bible* (Nisbet) ; Hugh Taylor's *Gospel plan in Easy Texts* (Eliot Stock) ; Fosbury's *Hymns for the Sick and Suffering* ; Neale's *Hymns for the Sick* ; *The Invalid's Friend* (S. P. C. K.) ; Emily Orr's *Thoughts for Men and Women* (S. P. C. K.).

The Hedwig of the *Saint's Tragedy* is St. Hedwig, daughter of Berthold, Duke of Carniola, and wife of Henry, Duke of Silesia and Poland. She is called Ste. Avoie in France. She is to be carefully

distinguished from Hedwig, *Queen* of Poland, who belongs to a later date.

R. F. L.

Muriel.—The name and publisher of a poem called 'Lazarus.'

M.—The question has been answered before.

Priscilla.—Russia continues to observe Old Style. Sometimes this affects the reckoning of the time of the full moon after the 21st of March. 2. Oast is probably from the Dutch *est* or *ast*, a kiln.

R. L. C.—It is humiliating to have to ask for the present address of so old a correspondent, but it is mislaid. Carlo's Maria Maggi's poem has been kindly sent, but is too long to insert, and awaits a letter from you.

Rev. Canon Hemmans would be much obliged if any one can tell him the name of the poem in which these lines occur—and the author. He came across them thirteen years ago, and cannot trace them.

'It is written on the Rose in its glory's full array,
Read what these buds disclose—passing away.
It is written on the Skies of the soft blue summer day,
It is traced in sunset dyes—passing away.

Oh, if this may be so, speed, speed their closing day,
How blest from Earth's vain shows—to pass away.'

WIMBLEDON ART COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

MADAM,—Allow me to inform your readers we have a scholarship vacant at this college now. It is of the value of £30 per annum for two years in aid of the payment of £70, which is our inclusive annual charge. Competitors must be unable to pay the full fee, between 17 and 23 years of age, and their names must be sent in before June 14. Printed particulars of the competition and the rules of the scholarship can be had by applying to the Honorary Secretary, at the College.

Yours, &c.,

L. J. BENNETT,

Hon. Lady Superintendent.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

This month I have received few contributions and many apologies for not sending. It seems that owing to the backward season, the flowers named for the month cannot be collected. If that should occur again, I think it would be well for the members to collect them, and send them the following month. The additional trouble to me would be very small, and it would be a pity for any member to miss the opportunity of studying the plants named.

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON, May 15.

To the Friends & Supporters of the Mission of All Hallows, Southwark.

THE closing of the District Accounts for the financial year renders it necessary for me once more to remark upon the Balance Sheet, and give a short account of the twelve months' work.

As the mouthpiece of all who are engaged in working in the District, I must offer heartfelt thanks to Almighty God for the continued prosperity He has granted to the Mission, both in spiritual and temporal matters.

The Services of the Church have been carried on uninterruptedly, and attended by good congregations, 215 persons have been Baptized, 42 have been Confirmed, and 3,666 Communion have been made.

During the past year I have been greatly helped by the services of an admirable lay assistant, whose stipend was provided by the liberality of some friends. That fund is now entirely exhausted, and I trust that, on reading this report, many supporters of the parish will be good enough to send money for his stipend for the coming year, and thus prevent the loss of his services.

Last year, in reviewing the Balance Sheet, I had to draw your attention to the fact that the expenditure was in excess of the receipts. This year the receipts have exceeded the expenditure by £3, but the Annual Subscriptions have fallen from £99 to £91. May I again say that we should be often spared much anxiety if our income from this source were larger. I should be very thankful if the number of Annual Subscribers could, in the coming year, be largely increased.

The Crèche, which in 1883 was in difficulties, has this year, through the exertions of some kind friends, succeeded in paying its way, and has a small balance in hand of £3 3s. 4d.

Our expenditure for Convalescent cases has, you will see, been £52 7s. 2d., against which we only received £38 10s. 6d. May I earnestly urge upon you the great need there is for a much larger sum available for this purpose. There is hardly any way in which the poor can be better helped, for it assists them at a time when even the thrifty are in straitened circumstances.

In my last report I mentioned that before long we hoped to establish a "Home for Working Boys." This has been done. In December last we opened No. 61, Orange Street for the purpose, with 11 boys. Our experience of the past eleven months justifies the hope I expressed last year, that, when full, the Home will be self-supporting. The boys' payments during the time have been £113 4s.,—this sum ought to have been larger, but soon after our opening several of the boys fell out of work for a considerable time, and we have made some bad debts. As it is, the money received exceeds the expenditure for food, coals, and cook's wages, by £25 9s. 6d. I think, therefore, that I am right in my assertion that eventually the work will succeed.

Great praise is due to the lady who has kindly undertaken the management of the housekeeping, for the very skilful manner in which she has carried out her duties.

The "Home for Factory Girls" continues its work as satisfactorily as before. During the year, 82 girls have found a shelter there, and the present number of inmates is 48. Situations have been found for 18; 3 have been sent to Canada. Five cases have proved unsatisfactory, and of these three were new girls who stopped at the Home for a few days only. It is necessary to call attention to the fact that the balance at the Bank is exhausted, and I must make an urgent appeal for funds applicable for maintenance. For the reasons adduced last year, it is impossible to make the Home self-supporting. I hope, therefore, that the girls may find as many generous friends to help them *now*, as in past years. No doubt the fund for buying and altering the house intended for the future "Girls' Home," has diverted many sums which otherwise would have been sent for current expenses, and, whilst I gratefully thank the friends who have generously contributed to the "Building Fund," I trust they will not object to be reminded that, though the girls must be housed, they must also be fed and clothed.

The School buildings in Victoria Place, which came into our hands at the close of last year, have proved the greatest boon to the parish. You will notice the large amount expended on the Schools in the District Account. This was caused by the bad state of repair in which we found them, and which rendered a large outlay absolutely necessary. During the year the walls have been beautifully decorated by the members of the Kyrle Society, to whom our warm thanks are given.

The Sunday School attendance has very much increased this year, but I am sorry to say that the number of teachers has not grown in proportion. I should be glad if anyone with leisure time between 3 o'clock and 4.30 on Sunday afternoons would volunteer for the work. It is a very real and useful one, for it is the only chance most of our poor children have for definite dogmatic teaching.

As in former years, the Sunday Breakfasts to destitute children were provided during several months. As many as 250 children have sat down to them on one day.

Three times a week 50 children from the Orange Street Board School have been provided with dinner, the cost of which is paid by friends of the Head Mistress.

On Christmas Day 1153 persons were supplied with meat.

I once more sincerely thank many kind friends for their liberal donations to the "Treats Fund." Especially the young ladies of the Kensington High School, who provided and dressed the Christmas Tree; also several friends, who have at various times and places entertained parties of our people in the country. I also thank those who have sent us so many letters for Dispensaries, Hospitals, and Convalescent Homes. Miss Maine has again most generously given us her bed at Southsea, and, as before, defrayed most of the expenses. We have, this year, paid for a cot at the Children's Hospital, Emsworth, but we shall need help if it is to be continued during next year.

I have also to thank the senders of parcels of new and cast-off clothing. I trust that we may receive next year many of these useful presents, clothing for youths of ages from 15 to 20 is much valued.

I spoke above of the proposed new "Home for Factory Girls." We have been forced to seek a fresh abode for our girls, as the present houses are both required by the South Eastern Railway Company. I am glad to say that we have secured very suitable premises in Nelson Square, but the purchase of the freehold, and necessary alterations, have laid a heavy

burden on us, which I trust you will help to relieve. All who have witnessed the wonderful work which has been wrought on the girls who have come within the influence of the Home, will endorse my appeal.

During the year a "Home Mission Aid Society," for the benefit of the Parish, was set on foot by some ladies who are unable to give personal service in District Visiting, &c. Thirty-five ladies joined it, and £24 was received in Subscriptions and Donations. This was expended on special cases which had been submitted beforehand to the members. Any lady who would like to join the Society during the coming season will receive full particulars from Mrs. G. W. Berkeley, 47, Nelson Square, S.E.

I must also say a word for the Church Building Fund. I have to thank very sincerely those who responded to my appeal last year to clear off the trade debt on the Chancel. Owing to the success which attended the December "Sale of Work," and the Donations of many kind friends, this, I am thankful to record, has been accomplished. I am now able to urge upon you the completion of the Church, which is very necessary for the welfare of the Parish, and ought not to be lost sight of. Already the Temporary Church is far too small for the hosts of children who attend the Sunday Schools, and it looks as if the adult congregations will soon be crowded out. I would that it might enter into the heart of some of those whom God has blessed with abundant wealth to send to our Building Fund the substantial help we sometimes hear of in other places, we should then be able to look forward to the end. When the Church is consecrated, certain sums of money at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will be available for the benefit of the Parish, but we cannot obtain these until the Consecration has taken place, and that can be only when the Church is finished.

In conclusion, I would remind you that the Bank of the Mission is The Central Bank of London (Blackfriars Branch), Stamford Street, S.E.; and that Donations and Subscriptions should be made payable to

ISABELLA MARY COOPER
(*Sister in Charge*),
127, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

47, Nelson Square, S.E.,
All Saints, 1884.

GEORGE W. BERKELEY,
Vicar.

The following are suggested as objects to which Donations and Subscriptions may be paid:—

Church Building (*Completion*) Fund.
Mission (*General*) Fund.
Lay Assistant's Stipend. *Most urgent.*
Convalescent Cases and Child's Cot at Emsworth.
Sunday School Expenses.
Boys' Home.
Factory Girls' Home. (*Maintenance Fund.*)
Ditto. (*Purchase and Building Fund.*)
Sunday Breakfasts. (*For destitute children.*)
Organ Fund.

List of Subscriptions and Donations to All Hallows' Mission, for Poor, Schools, Homes, Crèche, &c., &c., from Oct. 1st, 1883, to Sept. 30th, 1884:—

Dowager Lady Milbanke, 5*l.* subs. Mrs. Frederick Maude, 5*l.* subs. Collected by Mrs. F. Maude, 3*l.* 10*s.* A. G. Whichelo, Esq., 1*l.* 1*s.* subs. Miss Leatham, 2*l.* Miss S. Warren, 5*s.* Miss Hodgkinson, 2*s.* 6*d.* Per Miss A. Sharpe, 16*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Perkins, 10*l.* subs. R. B. Griffiths, Esq., 3*l.* subs. L. E. Griffiths, Esq., 2*l.* subs. Miss Hoare, 3*l.* Miss Saintsbury, 1*l.* 1*s.* subs.

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List of Parcels received:—

A. E. T. Miss Blunt. St. Mark's Guild, Surbiton. Miss Allen. Mrs. Wallace. Miss Stenning. Miss Turner. Miss Tayton. Mrs. Ingram. F. E. Capel, Esq. Miss Peacock. Mrs. Hart. Miss Norman. Mrs. Paine. Hon. Miss K. Onslow. Miss Galen. Mrs. Pocock. Miss Blunt. Mrs. Sanders (Apples). Rev. T. P. Nunn (Apples). Mrs. Pocock. Miss Vivian. Lady Crawley. Mrs. Perkins. Mrs. H. D. Ilderton. Hon. Mrs. Parnell. Lady J. Swinburne and Daughters. J. H. Carter, Esq. Hon. Mrs. Lewis Bagot. Mrs. Crawley. Miss Humble. Mrs. Bentley. Miss Bankart. M. W. Kir, Esq. Miss Davies. Mrs. Waller. Mrs. H. Wetherby. Miss Bradford. Mrs. Stenning. Lady Milbanke. Working Party of the Diocese of Rochester. Mrs. Carr. Mrs. Hopper. Miss Turner. Miss Weston. Miss Faber. Miss Toppin. Miss Dyke. Miss Gossett (Tea). Miss Baker. Lady Braybrooke. Miss E. Richardson. Mrs. Hodgkinson. Mrs. Price. Streatham Dorcas Society, per Miss Haigh. Miss Warren. Miss M. Johnson. Miss E. H. Coline. Mrs. Fenton. Miss Parkinson. Mrs. Smith Masters. Binfield Working Party. The Misses Savile. Miss M. Flower. Mrs. Synge. Mrs. Clabon. Middlesex Industrial School. Miss Stenning's Work Party. Mrs. G. T. Hoare. Mrs. Wanklyn. Mrs.

Jones. Miss Warren. Miss Walton. Mrs. Vickers. Miss Commins. Miss Trollope. Mrs. C. Hall Hall. Miss Gillson. Mrs. Hart and Clergy Orphan School. Miss Macintosh. Miss Matthey. Mrs. Leatham's Working Party. Mrs. Capel. Mrs. Foster. Mrs. Kelly. Miss F. Foord. Mrs. Hampson's Working Party. Mrs. Robinson. Hon. Mrs. Chambers. Miss Lawson. Mrs. Bicknell. Per Mrs. Henniker. Miss O'Brien. Miss M. Mackay. Mrs. Hammond. Miss Palleson. Miss Sheppee. Miss L. Ravozzotti. Miss Jackson. Mrs. Elliott Cooper. Mr. George D. Hammond. Miss R. C. Davies. Miss Lee. Mrs. Blandy. Miss Vivian. Miss Meek. R. L. Lady Braybrooke. Mrs. Klanert. Miss Denston. Mrs. Kelly's Working Party. Miss Baker. The Misses Gladstone. Lady Lindsay's Working Party. Miss Moberley. Mrs. Harrison. F. Foster, Esq. Miss G. Palmer. Per Mrs. G. Hoare. Miss S. Orde. Mrs. Hillyard's Working Party. Mrs. Woodcock's Working Party. London Needlework Guild. Mrs. Barnett. Miss Lynn's Working Party. Mrs. Everett's Working Party. Mrs. S. Clark. Miss Scott. Miss Sherlock. Miss Emily England. Miss Elwes. Miss Norris. Miss Greenland. Mrs. Starky. Miss Bradley. Mrs. Leatham. Mrs. Blunt. Miss Commins. Miss Slade. Miss Kenbyshire. Miss Startcup. Mrs. Norton. Miss Peacock. Mrs. Walter A. MacGregor. Mrs. Birkett. Miss Owen Smith. Miss Corbett. Miss Johnson. Miss Hamlyn Fane. Miss Gunning. Mrs. Charles Tovey. Mrs. F. E. Gibson. Miss Madden. Miss Emma Bird. Miss Leadbeater. Mrs. Emerson. Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Beddoes. Miss Kay. Miss Hilton. Miss Clare. Mrs. Harrison. A Piano for the Boys' Home, from Mrs. Augustus Perkins.

Also flowers from many kind friends.

Donations to the Church Building Fund.

NOVEMBER.—Rev. R. H. Bramley, 1*l.* Miss Scott, 2*l.* J. Burrell, Esq., 2*l.* 2*s.* Miss Dawnay, 2*l.* Per Miss Lee, 5*l.* Mrs. Thornton West, 25*l.* Rev. H. Golding Palmer, 5*l.* J. A. Shaw-Stewart, Esq., 20*l.* All Saints' Day, 8*l.* 14*s.*

DECEMBER.—Proceeds of Sale, 167*l.* 10*s.* Rev. W. Milman, 2*l.* 2*s.*

† JANUARY.—Captain Shaw, C.B., 1*l.* T. Layman, Esq., 1*l.* 10*s.* Rev. H. King, 1*l.* Per Sister I. Mary, 5*l.* Rev. J. A. Pearson, 2*l.* Offertory, Jan. 13, 5*l.* Mrs. Owen Smith, 2*l.* Miss Owen Smith, 3*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* Miss Oliver, 5*l.*

FEBRUARY.—E. W. Du Buisson, Esq., 1*l.* 1*s.* Miss Owen Smith, 30*l.* Miss Palaiet, 50*l.* D. A. Taylor, Esq., 5*l.* Box, 1*l.*

MARCH.—Per Miss Heseltine, 5*l.* J. S. Lee & Son, 10*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. Barnard's Penny Association, 30*l.* Offertory, March 16, 50*l.*

SEPTEMBER.—Miss Dowson, 10*l.*

Also various small sums under 1*l.* amounting to 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

All Gallots, Southwark.

OCCASIONAL PAPER, No. 13.

THE HOME FOR WORKING GIRLS.

THE time has again come round for publishing our yearly account of the Working Girls' Home, and we have this year an event of special importance to record, viz., the move from Union Street into the house which has been purchased in Nelson Square.

This move was, as is well known to our readers, made absolutely necessary by the Railway alterations, which will pass through the two old houses.

The New Home was formally opened on the 16th of December by the Bishop of Rochester, who made a touching address, impressing upon the girls the fact that "Above and beyond the Sisters and any other friends who might live in the Home with them, there would always be *one* Friend there : Our Blessed Lord Himself." The Warden of Clewer, the Mother Superior, and many other friends were present. The Bishop inspected the house carefully, and showed a kindly interest in the girls by visiting them in the kitchen where they were having tea, and telling them that they were to look to him for their Christmas dinner.

The house holds 50 girls, and has been full all the year. A large dormitory has been built at the top of the house containing 20 beds. The remaining 30 girls sleep in smaller rooms on the two next floors, a Sister's room being on each floor. On the ground floor are two comfortable sitting rooms, opening into each other by folding doors, so that they can be used either as one room or two. Here the girls meet in the evenings for their classes and recreation. There is an Oratory, the fittings of which are all gifts from friends. This is used for evening prayers and for Bible and Communicant classes which are given by the Chaplain. We must not omit to mention two important features in the house—the kitchen, which serves

also as a refectory ; it has a large old-fashioned fireplace, which gives it a comfortable, home-like appearance, and round which the girls love to congregate on Sundays, or in any spare moments to hear a story ; and last, but not least, the lavatory and bath-room where the girls, probably for the first time in their lives, enjoy the luxury of a bath. They are learning thoroughly to appreciate the advantages of cleanliness both in their persons and in their clothes, and are never so happy as when washing and "getting up" their aprons and other articles of clothing.

Forty new girls have been admitted in the past year. 30 of them had lost one or both parents, and the remainder are the children of drinking parents. One young woman came to the Home in despair, her mother having pawned every article of clothing she possessed, even down to the clean apron in which she was to have gone to work next morning.

Some few of the girls who entered the Home this year were only admitted for a short time, *i.e.*, two Northampton fur pullers, who had tramped to London to seek for work—an orphan bag-maker who was afterwards lodged by her forewoman, and one who has obtained a situation as scullery-maid in a hospital.

The others still continue their usual avocations, and as the Home becomes better known, they are less often out of work, excepting from sickness. There are cocoa packers, paper bag makers, bonnet box makers, a fancy box maker, spice and powder packers, tie makers, mantle makers, shirt collar ironers, and a blind brush maker. Many others are in a printing factory, where they "take off" on the machines or bronze the work, and others are in a large cheese and ham warehouse, sewing up hams and weighing cheeses. Besides these, there are some who go to places of service by day, sleeping and spending their Sundays at the Home. In this way many are fitted to take situations as domestic servants. 21 have been placed out in service this year ; 3 of these are in Canada, and all are at present doing well. These often come to the Home for a holiday, sure of a welcome and of a helping hand in any difficulty.

Four Home girls have been baptized during the past year, 15 have just been confirmed. Several more are preparing for confirmation, and quite a body of Communicants is growing up.

It would be very desirable to start a Sick Club for the girls, but we need further subscriptions before we dare to attempt it.

A Burial Club has just been started, and the girls have entered into it with much interest.

The girls cannot all earn enough to support themselves, and new ones have to be kept free of charge till work is found for them, therefore though the strictest economy is practised, the deficit during the past year on the

food alone was £30, and this is an improvement upon former years. In addition, wages have to be paid to the matron and to the girls who do the work of the house to the amount of about 7s. 6d. a week, and there are also laundry expenses amounting to about 8s. 6d. a week.

Another great need, and one which we think might be easily supplied if it were only known, is cast off clothing, especially dresses, which are the great difficulty to procure.

If any ladies would undertake to provide, or to collect from their friends, one or more articles of clothing, old or new, each year, and send them to

THE WORKING GIRL'S HOME,
49, *Nelson Square*,
Blackfriar's Road.

they would be doing a very kind and useful action.

There have been the usual number of treats this year ; but perhaps the one best worth notice is the excursion which took place on Whit-Monday.

It was, as may be remembered, one of the most lovely days of an exceptionally fine summer ; and the whole party of 70 girls (including some living in their own homes, who join the Home girls in their evening classes, and who were allowed to take part in the treat), drove out in three vans (which were kindly provided by some of the Lady Students at the Art School of South Kensington) to the pretty village of Bridgen, near Bexley, about 16 miles from London. Here they spent a day of unmixed pleasure.

A charmingly situated field, with plenty of shade, was placed at their disposal by the kind owner of Bridgen Place. It was pleasant to see the delighted rush of the girls when they first felt themselves on the fresh grass, and caught sight of the swings which had been provided. Here they ate their picnic dinner which they had brought with them, and amused themselves for some hours swinging, playing spirited games of rounders, and strolling about the woods, which were in their first summer freshness. The only disappointment, and that a very small one, was caused to some of the girls by the nightingales—for which the place is famed—refusing to sing. We suppose they were frightened by the invasion of so large a party. The girls were much delighted with the gardens and pleasure grounds of Bridgen Place, which were a blaze of rhododendrons, and which were kindly thrown open to them. They were also shown the hot-houses, and conservatories, and the farm-yard, where they were much interested in the various animals, or, as some of the girls called them, "the wild beasts." At 5 o'clock the whole party repaired to the village schoolroom, which had been kindly lent by the Vicar of the parish for the occasion, and where tea was provided. After tea they returned to the field and danced merrily to the music of a concertina for an hour before starting on their homeward drive.

Between 30 and 40 of the most delicate girls have received great benefit from a week or a fortnight spent in the country. They have been sent two at a time when they happened to be out of work, or when they could get a holiday, either to board with a respectable labouring man and his wife or to stay in a lady's house, where they lived with superior servants, who encouraged them to wish to go into service themselves. It is satisfactory to notice that there have been no complaints of the behaviour of any of the girls on these holiday outings.

Help is urgently needed—

1st, to pay off the debt, amounting to £1,800, on the PURCHASE AND BUILDING FUND, which is a heavy burden on those responsible for it ;

2nd, subscriptions and donations to the MAINTENANCE FUND, so that it may be possible to keep up the full number of girls.

Contributions will be thankfully received, and any further information supplied by

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,
ALL HALLOWS' MISSION HOUSE,
127, UNION STREET, BOROUGH, S.E.

Post Office Orders payable to

ISABELLA MARY COOPER.

February, 1885.

Anonymous Donations.—M., £1 ; E. O., £1 (for Church, &c.)

ALL HALLOWS', SOUTHWARK.

DISTRICT ACCOUNT.

Dr.		From October 1st, 1883, to September 30th, 1884.			Cr.	
1883.						
Oct. 1.	To Balance	£	s.	d.		
	" Subscriptions
	" Donations.
	General Purposes
	Food, Coals, Blankets
	"
	Convalescents
	"
	School..
	"
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
	
				

BOYS' HOME ACCOUNT.

From October 1st, 1883, to September 30th, 1884.	
1883.	
Oct. 1.	To Balance
	" Subscriptions and Donations
	" Boys' Payments
	By Rent, Rates, Furniture, Superintendent's Salary (part)
	" Food
	" Coals
	" Cook's Wages
	" Balance in Hand, Petty Cash
	" Balance in Bank

FACTORY GIRLS' HOME ACCOUNT.

From October 1st, 1883, to September 30th, 1884.	
1883.	
Oct. 1.	To Balance at Bank
	" Do. in Hand. Petty Cash
	" Subscriptions and Donations
	" Small Donations for Special Purposes..
	" Girls' Payments
	By Rent, Taxes, Repairs
	" Coals, Gas, Washing, Matrons
	" Furniture, &c.
	" Food
	" Medicine, Journeys, Stationery
	" Clothing
	" Tea, Treats, Guild Expenses
	" Expenses at starting Workroom
	" Balance in Hand, Petty Cash

CRÈCHE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
From October 1st, 1883, to September 30th, 1884.			
1883.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Oct. 1.	To Balance in Hand	2 0 3	52 8 8
	" Subscriptions and Donations	70 9 0	20 6 4
	" Children's Payments	55 8 2	51 19 1
			3 3 4
		£127 17 5	£127 17 5

By Rent, Coals, Gas, &c.
 " Wages
 " Food
 " Balance in Hand

NUMBER OF ATTENDANCES, 4,597.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

From October 1st, 1883, to September 30th, 1884.			
1883.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Oct. 1.	To Balance at Bankers	151 19 0	558 16 11
	" District Account, Subscriptions and Donations, as per Account	561 17 7	209 2 7
	" Special Purposes, Parochial Treats, &c.	153 17 7	9 8 0
	" Boys' Home, Subscriptions and Donations	245 1 5	300 14 4
	" " Boys' Payments	113 4 0	310 2 4
	" Girls' Home, Subscriptions and Donations	358 5 5	16 5 8
	" " Petty Cash	5 7 2	702 15 5
	" " Subscriptions and Donations	292 19 2	719 1 1
	" " Special Donations	34 17 7	3 3 4
	" " Girls' Payments	340 19 5	124 14 1
	" Crèche, Petty Cash	694 3 4	127 17 5
	" " Subscriptions and Donations	2 0 3	33 18 8
	" " Children's Payments	70 9 0	33 15 0
		55 8 2	55 6 4
		£127 17 5	£123 0 0
		£2,048 0 4	£2,048 0 4

By District Account, Expenditure as per Account
 " Special Purposes, Parochial Treats, &c.
 " Boys' Home, Petty Cash
 " " Expenditure
 " Girls' Home, Petty Cash
 " " Expenditure
 " Crèche, Petty Cash
 " " Expenditure
 " Balances, District Account
 " " Special Purposes
 " " Boys' Home

October 7th, 1884. Examined and found correct, G. W. BERKELEY.

DO NOT CIRCULATE